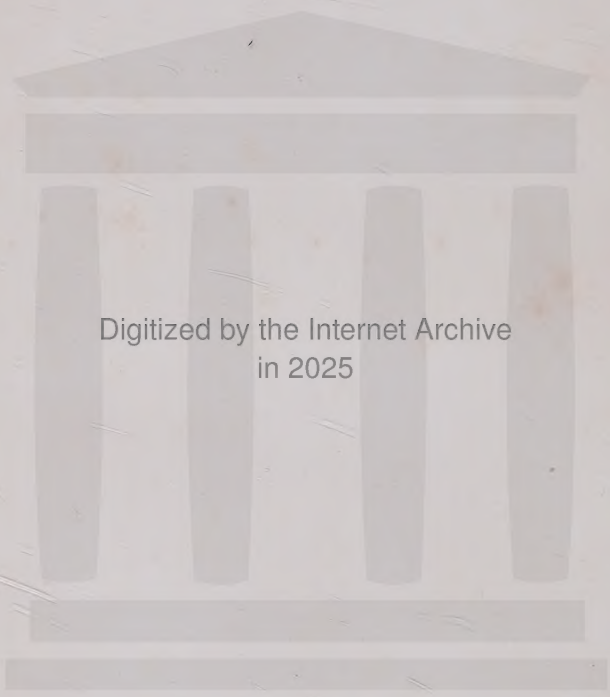
Vernon J. Watney,
Cornbury.



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LETTERS OF

HORACE WALPOLE

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE

HENRY FROWDE, M.A.
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
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Horace Walpole,
from a painting by J. G. Eckhardt.

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THE LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

FOURTH EARL OF ORFORD

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED

AND EDITED WITH NOTES AND INDICES

BY

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES

WITH PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES

VOL. V: 1760—1764

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AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

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CONTENTS OF VOL. V

	PAGES
List of Portraits	vi
List of Letters in Volume V	vii-xii
Letters 721-933	1-454

LIST OF PORTRAITS

HORACE WALPOLE . . . . . *Frontispiece*
From painting by J. G. Eckhardt *in* National Portrait Gallery.

LADY MARY COKE . . . . . *To face p.* 156
From a mezzotint after Ramsay.

MISS NELLY O'BRIEN . . . . . „ 294
From painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds *in* Hertford House Collection.

FRANCIS SEYMOUR CONWAY, FIRST EARL (afterwards FIRST MARQUIS) OF HERTFORD . . . „ 437
From painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds *in possession of the* Marquis of Hertford.

LIST OF LETTERS IN VOL. V

T			C
		1760.	
721	Thursday [Nov. 1760].	George Montagu.	696
722	Nov. 14, 1760.	Sir Horace Mann	697
723	Nov. 24, 1760.	George Montagu.	698
724	Nov. 27, 1760.	Rev. Henry Zouch	699
725	Dec. 5, 1760.	Sir Horace Mann	700
726	Dec. 11, 1760.	George Montagu.	701
727	[1760]	Earl of Bute.	
		1761.	
728	Jan. 2, 1761.	Sir Horace Mann	702
729	Jan. 3, 1761.	Rev. Henry Zouch	703
730	Jan. 7, 1760 [1761].	George Montagu.	646
731	Jan. 22, 1761.	George Montagu.	704
732	Jan. 27, 1761.	Sir Horace Mann	705
733	Feb. 7, 1761.	George Montagu.	706
734	Feb. 12, 1761.	Lady Mary Coke.	
735	Monday, five o'clock, Feb. 1761	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	707
736	March 3, 1761.	Sir Horace Mann	708
737	March 7, 1761.	Rev. Henry Zouch	710
738	March 13, 1761.	George Montagu.	713
739	Friday night.	Countess of Suffolk	719
740	March 17, 1761.	Sir Horace Mann	711
741	March 17, 1761.	George Montagu.	712
742	March 21, 1761.	George Montagu.	714
743	March 25, 1761.	George Montagu.	715
744	March [April] 7, 1761.	George Montagu.	709
745	April 10, 1761.	Sir Horace Mann	716
746	April 10, 1761.	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	717
747	April 14, 1761.	Sir David Dalrymple	718
748	April 16, 1761.	George Montagu.	720
749	April 28, 1761.	George Montagu.	721
750	May 5, 1761.	George Montagu.	722
751	May 14, 1761.	Sir Horace Mann	723
752	May 14, 1761.	George Montagu.	724

T			C
753	June 3, 1761	Lady Mary Coke.	
754	June 13, 1761	Countess of Ailesbury	725
755	June 18, 1761	George Montagu	726
756	July 5, 1761	George Montagu	727
757	July 5, 1761	Earl of Strafford	728
758	July 9, 1761	Sir Horace Mann	729
759	July 10, 1761	George Montagu	731
760	July 14, 1761	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	730
761	Sunday [July 19, 1761]	Grosvenor Bedford	732
762	July 20, 1761	Countess of Ailesbury	733
763	July 22, 1761	Earl of Strafford	734
764	July 22, 1761	George Montagu	735
765	July 23, 1761	Sir Horace Mann	736
766	July 23, 1761	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	737
767	July 28, 1761	George Montagu	738
768	[Aug. 5, 1761]	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	739
769	Aug. 17, 1761	Sir Horace Mann	740
770	Aug. 20, 1761	George Montagu	741
771	Tuesday morning [Sept. 1761]	Earl of Strafford	742
772	Sept. 9, 1761	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	743
773	Sept. 10, 1761	Sir Horace Mann	744
774	Sept. 23, 1761	Grosvenor Bedford	745
775	Sept. 24, 1761	George Montagu	746
776	Sept. 25, 1761	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	747
777	Sept. 27, 1761	Countess of Ailesbury	748
778	Sept. 28, 1761	Sir Horace Mann	749
779	Oct. 6, 1761	Sir Horace Mann	750
780	Oct. 8, 1761	George Montagu	751
781	Oct. 8, 1761	Sir Horace Mann	752
782	Oct. 10, 1761	Sir Horace Mann	753
783	Oct. 10, 1761	George Montagu	754
784	Oct. 10, 1761	Countess of Ailesbury	755
785	Oct. 12, 1761	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	756
786	Oct. 24, 1761	George Montagu	757
787	Oct. 26, 1761	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	758
788	Nov. 7, 1761	George Montagu	759
789	Nov. 14, 1761	Sir Horace Mann	760
790	Nov. 28, 1761	George Montagu	761
791	Nov. 28, 1761	Countess of Ailesbury	762
792	Nov. 30, 1761	Sir David Dalrymple	763
793	Dec. 8, 1761	George Montagu	764
794	Dec. 12, 1761	Sir Horace Mann	765

T			C
795	Dec. 21, 1761	Sir David Dalrymple	766
796	Dec. 23, 1761	George Montagu.	767
797	Dec. 28, 1761	Sir Horace Mann	768
798	Dec. 30, 1761	George Montagu.	769
		1762.	
799	Jan. 4, 1762	Sir Horace Mann	770
800	Jan. 26, 1762	George Montagu.	771
801	Jan. 29, 1762	Sir Horace Mann	772
802	Feb. 2, 1762	George Montagu.	773
803	Feb. 6, 1762	George Montagu.	774
804	Feb. 7, 1762	Rev. William Cole	775
805	Feb. 13, 1762	Rev. Henry Zouch	776
806	Feb. 15, 1762	Earl of Bute.	777
807	Feb. 22, 1762	George Montagu.	778
808	Feb. 24, 1762	Dr. Ducarel.	779
809	Feb. 25, 1762	Sir Horace Mann	780
810	Feb. 25, 1762	George Montagu.	781
811	March 5, 1762	Countess of Ailesbury	782
812	March 9, 1762	George Montagu.	783
813	March 20, 1762	Rev. Henry Zouch	784
814	March 22, 1762	Sir Horace Mann	785
815	March 22, 1762	George Montagu.	786
816	April 13, 1762	Sir Horace Mann	787
817†	April 20, 1762	Earl of Egremont (?).	
818	April 29, 1762	George Montagu.	788
819	April 30, 1762	Sir Horace Mann	789
820	May 14, 1762	George Montagu.	790
821	May 20, 1762	Rev. William Cole	791
822	May 25, 1762	George Montagu.	792
823	May 26, 1762	Sir Horace Mann	793
824	June 8, 1762	George Montagu.	795
825	June 20, 1762.	Sir Horace Mann	796
826	June 30, 1762.	Lady Mary Coke.	
827	Wednesday night.	George Montagu.	794
828	July 1, 1762	Sir Horace Mann	797
829	July 29, 1762	Rev. William Cole	798
830	July 31, 1762	Countess of Ailesbury	799
831	July 31, 1762	Sir Horace Mann	800
832	Aug. 5, 1762	Earl of Strafford.	801
833	Aug. 5, 1762	Rev. William Cole	802
834	Aug. 10, 1762.	George Montagu.	803

† Now printed for the first time.

T			C
835	Aug. 12, 1762 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	804
836	Aug. 19, 1762 . . .	Rev. William Cole . . .	805
837	Aug. 21, 1762 . . .	Rev. Thomas Warton . .	806
838	Aug. 29, 1762 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	807
839	Sept. 9, 1762 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	808
840	Sept. 9, 1762 . . .	Grosvenor Bedford . . .	809
841	Sept. 24, 1762. . .	Grosvenor Bedford . . .	810
842	Sept. 24, 1762. . .	George Montagu. . . .	815
843	Sept. 26, 1762. . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	816
844	Sept. 28, 1762. . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	817
845	Sept. 30, 1762. . .	Rev. William Cole . . .	818
846	Oct. 1, 1762 . . .	Lady Hervey	819
847	Oct. 3, 1762 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	820
848	Oct. 4, 1762 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	821
849	Oct. 14, 1762 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	822
850	Oct. 20, 1762 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	823
851	Oct. 29, 1762 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	824
852	Oct. 31, 1762 . . .	Lady Hervey	825
853	Nov. 4 [1762]. . .	George Montagu. . . .	826
854	Nov. 9, 1762 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	827
855	Nov. 13, 1762. . .	Rev. William Cole . . .	828
856	Nov. 21, 1762. . .	Henry Fox	830
857	Nov. 22, 1762. . .	Earl of Orford	831
858	Nov. 30, 1762. . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	833
859	Dec. 20, 1762 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	832
860	Dec. 20, 1762 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	834
861	Dec. 23, 1762 . . .	Rev. William Cole . . .	835

1763.

862	Jan. 28, 1763 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	836
863	Feb. 28, 1763 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	837
864	March 4, 1763 . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	838
865	March 14, 1763 . .	Earl of Bute.	
866	March 16, 1763 . .	Earl of Bute.	
867	March 16, 1763 . .	Viscount Nuneham.	
868	March 25, 1763 . .	George Montagu. . . .	839
869	April 6, 1763 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	840
870†	[April 1763] . . .	———	
871	Friday night, late .	George Montagu. . . .	841
872	April 10, 1763 . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	842
873	April 14, 1763 . .	George Montagu. . . .	843
874†	[April 1763] . . .	Contessa Rena.	

† Now printed for the first time.

T			C
875	April 22, 1763 . .	George Montagu. . . .	844
876	April 30, 1763 . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	845
877	May 1, 1763 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	846
878	May 2, 1763 . . .	Sir David Dalrymple . .	847
879	May 6, 1763 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	848
880	May 10, 1763 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	849
881	May 16, 1763 . . .	Rev. William Cole . . .	850
882	May 17, 1763 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	851
883	May 21, 1763 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	852
884	Saturday evening [May 28, 1763]	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	853
885	May 30, 1763 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	854
886	June 5, 1763 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	855
887	June 16, 1763. . .	George Montagu. . . .	856
888	June 30, 1763. . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	857
889	July 1, 1763 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	858
890	July 1, 1763 . . .	Sir David Dalrymple . .	859
891	July 1, 1763 . . .	Rev. William Cole . . .	860
892	July 10, 1763 . . .	Bishop of Carlisle.	
893	July 12, 1763 . . .	Rev. William Cole . . .	861
894	[July 1763] . . .	Rev. William Cole . . .	862
895	July 23, 1763. . .	George Montagu. . . .	863
896	July 25, 1763. . .	George Montagu. . . .	864
897	Aug. 8, 1763 . . .	Rev. William Cole . . .	865
898	Aug. 8, 1763 . . .	Dr. Ducarel	866
899	Aug. 9, 1763 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	867
900	Aug. 10, 1763. . .	Earl of Strafford. . . .	868
901	Aug. 11, 1763. . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	869
902	Aug. 15, 1763. . .	George Montagu. . . .	870
903	Sept. 1, 1763 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	871
904	Sept. 3, 1763 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	872
905	Sept. 7, 1763 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	873
906	Sept. 7, 1763 . . .	Hon. George Grenville . .	874
907	Sept. 13, 1763. . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	875
908	Oct. 3, 1763 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	876
909	Oct. 8, 1763 . . .	Rev. William Cole . . .	877
910	Oct. 17, 1763 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	878
911	Oct. 18, 1763 . . .	Earl of Hertford. . . .	879
912	Nov. 12, 1763. . .	George Montagu. . . .	880
913	Nov. 17, 1763. . .	Earl of Hertford. . . .	881
914	Nov. 17, 1763. . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	882
915	Nov. 20, 1763. . .	George Montagu. . . .	883
916	Nov. 25, 1763. . .	Earl of Hertford. . . .	884

T			C
917	Dec. 2, 1763	Earl of Hertford.	885
918	Dec. 6, 1763	Rev. William Cole	886
919	Dec. 9. 1763	Earl of Hertford.	887
920	Dec. 10, 1763	Miss Anne Pitt.	
921	Dec. 12, 1763	Sir Horace Mann	888
922	Dec. 16, 1763	Earl of Hertford.	889
923	Dec. 29, 1763	Earl of Hertford.	890
924	Dec. 29, 1763	Rev. William Mason.	891
		1764.	
925	Jan. 8, 1764	Sir Horace Mann	892
926	Jan. 11, 1764	George Montagu.	893
927	Jan. 18, 1764	Sir Horace Mann	894
928	Jan. 22, 1764	Earl of Hertford.	895
929	[Jan. 1764]	Countess Temple	896
930	Jan. 28, 1764	Countess Temple	897
931	Jan. 31, 1764	Rev. William Cole	898
932	Jan. 31, 1764	Sir David Dalrymple	900
933	Feb. 6, 1764	Earl of Hertford.	901

ERRATUM

P. 432, line 4 from below, *for* 'your brother General' *read* 'your brother [the] General.'

THE LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

721. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Thursday [1760].

As a codicil to my last letter, I send you the Bedchamber: there are to be eighteen Lords and thirteen Grooms; all the late King's remain, but your cousin Manchester[1], Lord Falconberg, Lord Essex, and Lord Hyndford, replaced by the Duke of Richmond, Lord Weymouth, Lord March, and Lord Eglinton[2]; the last at the earnest request of the Duke of York. Instead of Clavering, Nassau, and General Campbell, who is promised something else, Lord Northampton's brother[3] and Commodore Keppel are Grooms. When it was offered to the Duke of Richmond, he said he could not accept it, unless something was done for Colonel Keppel, for whom he has interested himself; that it would look like sacrificing Keppel to his own views: this was handsome. Keppel is to be Equerry.

Princess Amelia goes everywhere, as she calls it; she was on Monday at Lady Holderness's, and next Monday is to be at Bedford House; but there is only the late King's

Letter 721.—[1] Robert Montagu (*circ.* 1710–1762), third Duke of Manchester.

[2] Alexander Montgomerie (d. 1770), tenth Earl of Eglinton.

[3] Hon. Spencer Compton (1738–1796), brother of seventh Earl of Northampton, whom he succeeded in 1763.

set, and the court of Bedford: so she makes the houses of other people as trist as St. James's was. Good night.

Not a word more of the King of Prussia: did you ever know a victory mind the wind so?

722. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 14, 1760.

I am vexed, for I find that the first packet-boat that sailed after the death of the King was taken by the French, and the mail thrown overboard. Some of the parcels were cast on shore, but I don't know whether they were legible, or whether the letter I had written to you was among them, and is got to you. It must be very irksome to you not to hear from me on that occasion; and it is particularly so to me, as I had given you all the satisfaction imaginable that you would be safe. This is of much more consequence than the particulars of the news. I repeat it now, but I cannot bear to think that you feel any anxiety so long. Everything remains so much in the same situation, that there is no probability of your being removed. I have since given you a hint of purchasing medals, antiquities, or pictures for the King. I would give much to be sure those letters had reached you. Then, there is a little somebody of a German prince, through whose acre the post-road lies, and who has quarrelled with the Dutch about a halfpenny-worth of postage; if he has stopped my letters, I shall wish that some frow may have emptied her pail and drowned his dominions! There is a murmur of Mr. Mackenzie[1] being Vice-Chamberlain,—I trust you have been very well with him; I am so connected with the Campbells[2] that I can

Letter 722.—[1] James Stewart Mackenzie, brother of Lord Bute. *Walpole.*

[2] Not only Lady Ailesbury was a Campbell, but Lady Strafford, sister of Lady Eliz. Mackenzie, was

increase it. Why should not you write to him to offer your services for any commissions in virtù that the King may be pleased to give?

Lord Huntingdon [3] remains Master of the Horse; nothing else is decided yet. The changes in the Household, and those few, will constitute almost all the revolution. The King seems the most amiable young man in the world; you may trust me, who am not apt to be the Humorous Lieutenant [4] and fall in love with Majesty.

We are all in guns and bonfires for an unexpected victory of the King of Prussia over Daun; but as no particulars are yet arrived, there are doubters. The courier comes so exactly in cadence with the intended meeting of the Parliament, having set out before the late King's death could be known, that some people are disposed to believe it is a dispatch to the City, which he meant to take by surprise sooner than he will Dresden.

I make this a short letter, for I could only repeat the contents of my two last, which I have forgot, and which I will flatter myself you have received. Adieu!

723. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Monday, Nov. 24, 1760.

Unless I were to send you journals, lists, catalogues, computations of the bodies, tides, swarms of people that go to court to present addresses, or to be presented, I can tell you nothing new. The day the King went to the House, I was three-quarters of an hour getting through Whitehall: there were subjects enough to set up half a dozen petty kings. The Pretender would be proud to reign over the

a Campbell, and wife of the Earl of Strafford, one of Mr. Walpole's particular friends. *Walpole.*

[3] Francis Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon. *Walpole.*

[4] A play of Beaumont and Fletcher. *Walpole.*

footmen only—and, indeed, unless he acquires some of them, he will have no subjects left: all their masters flock to St. James's. The palace is so thronged, that I will stay till some people are discontented. The first night the King went to the play, which was civilly on a Friday, not on the opera-night, as he used to do, the whole audience sung *God save the King* in chorus. For the first act, the press was so great at the door, that no ladies could get to the boxes; and only the servants appeared there, who kept places. At the end of the second the whole mob broke in, and seated themselves. Yet all this zeal is not likely to last, though he so well deserves it. Seditious papers are again stuck up: one t'other day in Westminster Hall declared against a Saxe-Gothan Princess. The Archbishop, who is never out of the Drawing-room, has great hopes, from the King's goodness, that he shall make something of him—that is, something bad of him. On the Address, Pitt and his zany Beckford quarrelled, on the latter's calling the campaign languid. What is become of our *magnanimous ally* and his victory, I know not. In eleven days no courier was arrived from him; but I have been here these two days, perfectly indifferent about his magnanimity. I am come to put my *Anecdotes of Painting* into the press. You are one of the few that I expect will be entertained with it. It has warmed Gray's coldness so much, that he is violent about it—in truth, there is an infinite quantity of new and curious things about it; but as it is quite foreign from all popular topics, I don't suppose it will be much attended to. There is not a word of Methodism in it, it says nothing of the disturbances in Ireland, it does not propose to keep all Canada, it neither flatters the King of Prussia nor Prince Ferdinand, it does not say that the City of London are the wisest set of men in the world, it is silent about George Townshend, and does not abuse my Lord George Sackville—

how should it please? I want you to help me in a little affair that regards it. I have found in a MS. that in the church of Beckley[1], or Becksley, in Sussex, there are portraits on glass, in a window, of Henry the Third and his Queen. I have looked in the map, and find the first name between Bodiham and Rye, but I am not sure it is the place. I will be much obliged to you if you will write directly to your Sir Whistler[2], and beg him to inform himself very exactly if there is any such thing in such a church near Bodiham. Pray state it minutely, because if there is, I will have them drawn for the frontispiece to my work[3].

Did I tell you that the Archbishop tried to hinder *The Minor* from being played at Drury Lane? For once the Duke of Devonshire was firm, and would only let him correct some passages, and even of those the Duke has restored some. One that the prelate effaced was, 'You snub-nosed son of a bitch.' Foote says he will take out a licence to preach, Sam. Cant against Tom Cant.

The first volume of Voltaire's *Peter the Great* is arrived. I weep over it! It is as languid as the campaign; he is grown old. He boasts of the materials communicated to him by the Czarina's order—but, alas! he need not be proud of them. They only serve to show how much worse he writes history with materials than without. Besides, it is evident how much that authority has cramped his genius. I had heard before, that when he sent the work to Petersburgh for imperial approbation, it was returned with orders to increase the panegyric. I wish he had acted like a very

LETTER 723. — [1] Bexhill is the place referred to. The window was in 1774 presented to Horace Walpole by Lord Ashburnham, and was placed in the chapel at Strawberry Hill.

[2] Sir Whistler Webster, second Baronet, of Battle Abbey, Sussex; d. 1779.

[3] The portraits were engraved as a frontispiece to the first volume of the *Anecdotes of Painting*.

inferior author: Knyphausen once hinted to me that I might have some authentic papers, if I was disposed to write the life of his master [4]—but I did not care for what would lay me under such restrictions. It is not fair to use weapons against the persons that lend them—and I do not admire his master enough to commend anything in him but his military actions. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

724. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Arlington Street, Nov. 27, 1760.

You are extremely kind, Sir, in remembering the little commission I troubled you with. As I am in great want of some more painted glass to finish a window in my round tower, I should be glad, though it may not be a Pope, to have the piece you mentioned, if it can be purchased reasonably.

My Lucan is finished, but will not be published till after Christmas, when I hope you will do me the favour of accepting one, and let me know how I shall convey it. The *Anecdotes of Painting* have succeeded to the press: I have finished two volumes; but as there will at least be a third, I am not determined whether I shall not wait to publish the whole together. You will be surprised, I think, to see what a quantity of materials the industry of one man (Vertue) could amass! and how much he retrieved at this late period. I hear of nothing new likely to appear; all the world is taken up in penning Addresses, or in presenting them; and the approaching elections will occupy the thoughts of men so much that an author could not appear at a worse era.

[4] Frederick the Great.

725. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 5, 1760.

When I mentioned the brocadella two or three times to you, it was not from impatience for the patterns, but because I thought my first letter about them had miscarried.

I have now received the samples, but they are so small that I cannot form any judgement of the pattern. I will beg you to follow your own method, and send me some pieces by the first person that will bring them, that is, a quarter of a yard or thereabouts of each; but they must be of three colours. I am sure I remember such at Florence, particularly at Madame Rinuncini's or Madame Ricardi's, I think the former's; it was in a bedchamber where she saw company when she was with child. Of two colours they make them here very well, but they cannot arrive at three. I do not approve damask at all, for as there will be no pictures in the chamber, nothing is more trist than a single colour.

Don't think I took ill your giving away my books: I had really forgot them; you shall certainly have another set, and one for Lady Mary Wortley[1], who scolded me by Stosch. I shall send you a curious pamphlet, the only work I almost ever knew that changed the opinions of many. It is called *Considerations on the present German War*, and is written by a wholesale woollen-draper[2]; but the materials are supposed to be furnished by the faction of the Yorkes. The confirmation of the King of Prussia's victory near Torgau does not prevent the disciples of the

Letter 725.—[1] The famous Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who was then in Italy. *Walpole.*

[2] Isaac Mauduit. *Walpole.*—Israel (not Isaac) Mauduit (1708–1787).

pamphlet from thinking that the best thing which could happen for us would be to have that monarch's head shot off. There are letters from the Hague, that say Daun is dead[3] of his wounds. If he is, I shall begin to believe that the King of Prussia will end successfully at last. It has been the fashion to cry down Daun; but, as much as the King of Prussia may admire himself, I dare say he would have been glad to have been matched with one much more like himself than one so opposite as the Marshal.

I have heard nothing lately of Stosch, and am told he has been ill at Salisbury. This climate is apt to try foreign constitutions. Elisi, the first singer, cannot get rid of a fever, and has not appeared yet. The comic opera pleases extremely; the woman Paganini has more applause than I almost ever remember; every song she sings is encored.

I have little to tell you more of the new reign. The King is good and amiable in everything he does, and seems to have no view but of contenting all the world; but that is not just the most attainable point. I will tell you a *bon mot* of a Mrs. Hardinge, a physician's wife—and a *bon mot* very often paints truly the history or manners of the times. She says, it is a great question what the King is to burn in his chamber, whether Scotch-coal[4], Newcastle-coal, or Pitt-coal. The Bedchamber, I was going to say, is settled, but there are additions made to it every day; there are already twenty Lords and seventeen Grooms. To the King's own set are added all the late King's, but Lord Hyndford, Lord Essex, the Duke of Manchester, and Lord Falconberg; added, are the Duke of Richmond, Lord Weymouth, Lord March, and Lord Eglinton; and, since that, two Tory Lords, Oxford[5] and Bruce[6]. General Camp-

[3] He was dangerously wounded, but lived until 1766.

[4] Alluding to Lord Bute, the Duke of Newcastle, and Mr. Pitt. *Walpole.*

[5] Edward Harley (1726 – 1790), fourth Earl of Oxford.

[6] Afterwards Earl of Ailesbury.

bell, Mr. Nassau, and Mr. Clavering are omitted; Mr. Compton, and I forget who, are new Grooms, with three Tories, Norbonne Berkeley, George Pitt, whom you remember, and Northey. Worsley, Madame Suares' old *cicisbeo*, is made Surveyor of the Board of Works; he was this King's Equerry, and passes for having a taste for architecture, of which I told you the King was fond. Lord Rochford is amply indemnified by a pension on Ireland of two thousand a year. Of a Queen, the talk is dropped; and no other change is likely to be made yet. We have already been in danger of losing this charming young King; his horse threw him the day before yesterday, and bruised his head and shoulder; with difficulty they made him be blooded. He immediately wrote to the Princess that she might not be frightened, and was well enough to go to the play at night.

Thank you for your kindness to Mr. Strange; if he still persists in his principles, he will be strangely unfashionable at his return. I, who could make great allowances in the last reign, cannot forgive anybody being a Jacobite now.

As you have a print of my eagle, I will be obliged to you if you will employ anybody at Rome to pick me up an altar as like to the pedestal of the eagle as they can. I don't insist upon an exact resemblance; but should like it to be pretty much of the same height and size: it is for my Vespasian, which is to answer the eagle in a recess in my approaching gallery. Adieu!

P.S. As I was going to seal my letter, the post brought me one from Stosch, who is at the Bath, and says he shall be in town in a month. The secret expedition is beating about off Portsmouth.

726. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Dec. 11, 1760.

I THANK you for the inquiries about the painted glass, and shall be glad if I prove to be in the right.

There is not much of new to tell you; and yet there is much dissatisfaction. The Duke of Newcastle has threatened to resign on the appointment of Lord Oxford and Lord Bruce without his knowledge. His court rave about Tories, which you know comes with a singular grace from them, as the Duke never preferred any—Murray, Lord Gower, Sir John Cotton, Jack Pitt, &c., &c., &c., were all firm Whigs. But it is unpardonable to put an end to all faction, when it is not for factious purposes. Lord Fitzmaurice [1], made aide-de-camp to the King, has disgusted the army. The Duke of Richmond, whose brother [2] has no more been put over others than the Duke of Newcastle has preferred Tories, has presented a warm memorial in a warmer manner, and has resigned the Bedchamber, not his regiment—another propriety.

Propriety is so much in fashion, that Miss Chudleigh has called for the council books of the subscription concert, and has struck out the name of Mrs. Naylor—I have some thoughts of remonstrating that General Waldegrave is too *lean* to be a Groom of the Bedchamber.

Mr. Chute has sold his house to Miss Speed [3] for 3,000*l.*, and has taken one for a year in Berkeley Square.

Letter 726. — [1] William Petty (1737–1805), Viscount Fitzmaurice, eldest son of first Earl of Shelburne, whom he succeeded in 1761; cr. Marquis of Lansdowne, 1784. Entered the army in 1758, and was present at the battle of Minden and at the affair of Kampen; President of the Board of Trade, 1762–63; Secretary of State for the Southern Province, 1766–68; Foreign Secretary, 1782; First Lord of the Treasury (Prime Minister), 1782–83.

[2] Lord George Lennox.

[3] Henrietta Jane (d. 1783), daughter of Colonel Samuel Speed; m. (1761) Baron de la Peyrière, afterwards Comte de Viry. She resided

This is a very brief letter; I fear this reign will soon furnish longer. When the last King could be beloved, a young man with a good heart has little chance of being so. Moreover, I have a maxim, that *the extinction of party is the origin of faction.* Good night!

Yours ever,
H. W.

727. To the Earl of Bute.

My Lord,

Having heard that his Majesty was curious about his pictures, I recollected some catalogues of the royal collections which I had a little share in publishing some years ago. I dare not presume to offer them to his Majesty myself; but I take the liberty of sending them to your Lordship, that, if you should think they may contribute to his Majesty's information or amusement, they may come to his hand more properly from your Lordship than they could do from me. I have added some notes that illustrate a few particulars.

Having dabbled a good deal in this kind of things, if there is any point in which I could be of use to your Lordship for his Majesty's satisfaction, I should be very ready and happy to employ my little knowledge or pains. And permit me to say, my Lord, your Lordship cannot command anybody who will execute your orders more cheerfully or more disinterestedly, or that will trouble you less with any solicitations: an explanation which even esteem and sincerity are forced to make to one in your Lordship's situation. The mere love of the arts, and the joy of seeing

for many years with her relative, Lady Cobham, whose country seat was the Manor House, Stoke Poges. Here she made the acquaintance of Thomas Gray. She was one of the heroines of his *Long Story*, which was written after a call made upon him by herself and a friend.

Letter 727.—Not in C.; reprinted from Lord Orford's *Works*, vol. ii. pp. 376–7.

on the throne a prince of taste, are my only inducements for offering my slender services. I know myself too well to think I can ever be of any use but as a virtuoso and antiquarian; a character I should formerly have called very insignificant; though now my pride, since his Majesty vouchsafes to patronize the arts, and your Lordship has the honour to countenance genius, a rank of which at most I can be but an admirer.

I have the honour to be, &c.,
HOR. WALPOLE.

728. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 2, 1761.

I NEVER was so rich in letters from you before; I have received four packets at once this morning—there had been thirteen mails due. It is supposed that the packet-boats were afraid of French privateers, who swarmed about the Dutch coast, believing that the late King's jewels were coming over. I have not yet received the letter by Prince San Severino's[1] courier; but, as you mention the fans in a subsequent dispatch, I shall immediately provide them; but, as the packets have been detained so long, I fear any courier to Mr. Mackenzie must be departed some time: I shall send them by sea, with the books I promised you.

With regard to enlarged credentials, I cannot think this a likely time to obtain them. You yourself hold the compliment paid to the Emperor[2] extraordinary; undoubtedly

LETTER 728. — [1] The Neapolitan Minister. *Walpole.*

[2] 'The Grand Duke of Tuscany to whom [Mann] had been originally accredited, had enjoyed increase of dignity by becoming Emperor of Germany, and Mann suggested that such circumstances being considered, and his twenty years of service being remembered, he had fair claim to be elevated to a position above that of an Envoy, and to be furnished with additional means to illustrate the elevation.' (*Mann and Manners*, vol. ii. pp. 70–1.)

they would not make that civility greater. Should he send a minister in form, I should be glad if increasing your dignity would be thought a sufficient return; but, in my own opinion, the Peace will be the best season for pushing your request. When that will arrive, God knows! or who will be the person to whom application must be then made. Quiet as things are at present, no man living expects or believes they can continue so. Three separate ministers and their factions cannot hold together in a more phlegmatic country than this. The preferment of some Tories had already like to have overset the system; and, though Lord Bute avoids preferring his countrymen more sedulously than it was supposed he would try to prefer them, the clamour is still unreasonably great, nor can all his caution or the King's benignity satisfy.

With regard to foreign affairs, I beg you to be cautious. Stick to your orders, and give no opinion: make no declaration of the King's intentions, farther than you are authorized by Mr. Pitt's directions. He is too much a man of honour not to support you, if you act by his instructions; but don't exceed them. The German war is not so popular as you imagine, either in the closet or in the nation. Mystery, the wisdom of blockheads, may be allowable in a foreign minister; use it till you see farther. If I have any sagacity, such times are coming as will make people glad to have nothing to unsay. Judge of my affection for you, when a nature so open as mine prescribes reserve; but I wish your fortune to be firm, whatever happens. At present, there is no kind of news—everybody is in the country for the holidays. The laying aside of the expedition gave universal pleasure; as France had had so much time to be upon its guard, and the season is so far advanced, and so tempestuous.

We have lost poor Lord Downe[3], one of the most amiable

[3] H. Pleydell-Dawnay, Viscount Downe. *Walpole.*

men in the world. Frank, generous, spirited, and odd, with a large independent fortune, he had conceived a rage for the army. He received twelve wounds in the affair of Campen; and though one of them was in his knee, he was forced to walk five miles. This last wound was neglected, and closed too soon, with a splinter in it, not being thought of consequence; and proved mortal. He bid the surgeons put him to as much pain as they pleased, so they did but make him fit for the next campaign. He languished ten weeks; and not a mouth is opened but in praise or regret of him.

I question a little whether you will see the Duchess of Hamilton; these mails have brought so good an account of her that, unless she grows worse, they will scarce pass Lyons, where they are established for the winter. I never heard of that Lord Archibald Hamilton[4]; he would pass his time ill with General Campbell, who is not at all of a humour to suffer any impertinence to his wife.

Thank you much for the seeds; in return, behold a new commission, but, I trust, not a troublesome one. A friend of mine, one Mr. Hawkins[5], is writing the *History of Music*: the sooner you could send us the following books the better; if by any English traveller, we should be glad.

1. *Tutte le Opere di Giuseppe Zarlino.* Venezia, 1589; 2 vols. folio.

2. *History of Music*, in Italian, by Gio. Andr. Angelini Bontempi. 1695, folio.

3. *Dialogo della Musica antica e moderna, di Vincenzo Galilei.* Folio, 1602, or 1541, in Firenze.

4. *Musica vaga ed artifiziosa di Romano Michieli.* Folio, 1615, Venezia.

[4] Sir H. Mann did not know that he was half-brother of the late Duke of Hamilton. *Walpole.* — He succeeded his nephew as ninth Duke in 1799, and died in 1819.

[5] Afterwards Sir John Hawkins. His history was published in five volumes quarto. *Walpole.*

5. *Osservazioni di ben regolare il Coro della Cappella Pontificizia, fatte da Andrea Adami.* Quarto, 1714; in Roma.

Any other books of character on the subject will be very acceptable; but, when I review the list and see so many thundering folios, I don't expect that any gentleman will bring them in his breeches-pocket, or even in his cloak-bag.

Pray, is there any print of the Cardinal of York[6]? If there is, do send me one.

Adieu, my good child!

729. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Sir, Arlington Street, Jan. 3, 1761.

I stayed till I had the Lucan ready to send you, before I thanked you for your letter, and for the pane of glass, about which you have given yourself so much kind trouble, and which I have received; I think it is clearly Heraclitus weeping over a globe.

Illuminated MSS., unless they have portraits of particular persons, I do not deal in; the extent of my collecting is already full as great as I can afford. I am not the less obliged to you, Sir, for thinking of me. Were my fortune larger, I should go deeper into printing, and having engraved curious MSS. and drawings; as I cannot, I comfort myself with reflecting on the mortifications I avoid, by the little regard shown by the world to those sort of things. The sums laid out on books one should, at first sight, think an indication of encouragement to letters; but booksellers only are encouraged, not books. Bodies of sciences, that is, compilations and mangled abstracts, are the only salable commodities. Would you believe, what I know is fact,

[6] Younger brother of Prince Charles Edward, and after his death called, by the remaining adherents to his family, Henry IX. *Walpole.*

that Dr. Hill earned fifteen guineas a week by working for wholesale dealers? he was at once employed on six voluminous works of botany, husbandry, &c., published weekly. I am sorry to say, this journeyman is one of the first men preferred in the new reign: he is made gardener of Kensington, a place worth two thousand pounds a year. The King and Lord Bute have certainly both of them great propensity to the arts; but Dr. Hill, though undoubtedly not deficient in parts, has as little claim to favour in this reign, as Gideon, the stock-jobber, in the last; both engrossers without merit. Building, I am told, is the King's favourite study; I hope our architects will not be taken from the erectors of turnpikes.

730. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Jan. 7, 1760.

You must not wonder I have not writ to you a long time; a person of my consequence! I am now almost ready to say *We* instead of *I*. In short, I live amidst royalty—considering the plenty, that is no great wonder. All the world lives with them, and they with all the world. Princes and Princesses open shops in every corner of the town, and the whole town deals with them. As I have gone to one, I chose to frequent all, that I might not be particular, and seem to have views; and yet it went so much against me, that I came to town on purpose a month ago for the Duke's levee, and had engaged Brand to go with me—and then could not bring myself to it. At last, I went to him and Princess Emily yesterday. It was well I had not flattered myself with being still in my bloom; I am grown so old since they saw me, that neither of them knew me. When

Letter 730.—Misdated by Horace Walpole Jan. 7, 1760; evidently written in 1761. (See *Notes and Queries*, Aug. 4, 1900.)

they were told, he just spoke to me (I forgive him, he is not out of my debt, even with that), she was exceedingly gracious, and commended Strawberry to the skies. To-night I was asked to their party at Norfolk House. These parties are wonderfully select and dignified: one might sooner be a Knight of Malta than qualified for them; I don't know how the Duchess of Devonshire, Mr. Fox, and I, were forgiven some of our ancestors. There were two tables at loo, two at whisk, and a quadrille. I was commanded to the Duke's loo; he was set down; not to make him wait, I threw my hat upon the marble table, and broke four pieces off a great crystal chandelier. I stick to my etiquette, and treat them with great respect, not as I do my friend, the Duke of York—but don't let us talk any more of princes.—My Lucan appears to-morrow; I must say it is a noble volume. Shall I send it you, or won't you come and fetch it?

There is nothing new of public, but the violent commotions in Ireland[1], whither the Duke of Bedford still persists in going, Æolus to quell a storm.

I am in great concern for my old friend, poor Lady Harry Beauclerc; her lord dropped down dead two nights ago, as he was sitting with her and all their children. Admiral Boscawen is dead by this time—Mrs. Osborn[2] and I are not much afflicted. Lady Jane Coke[3] too is dead, exceedingly rich; I have not heard her will yet.

If you don't come to town soon, I give you warning, I will

[1] In consequence of a dispute with the Irish Privy Council, Bedford and his secretary, Rigby, had been burnt in effigy in Dublin. Bedford did not return to Ireland, and shortly afterwards resigned the viceroyalty.

[2] Sarah (d. 1775), only surviving daughter of first Viscount Torrington; m. John, eldest son of Sir John Osborne, Baronet, of Chicksands, Bedfordshire. She was the sister of Admiral Byng.

[3] Lady Jane Wharton, elder daughter of first Marquis of Wharton; m. 1. John Holt; 2. Robert Coke, of Longford, Derbyshire. Her fortune was left to Miss Draycott, afterwards Countess of Pomfret.

be a Lord of the Bedchamber, or a Gentleman Usher.—If you will, I will be nothing but what I have been so many years, my own and yours ever,

H. Walpole.

731. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Jan. 22, 1761.

I am glad you are coming, and now the time is over, that you are coming so late, as I like to have you here in the spring. You will find no great novelty in the new reign. Lord Denbigh is made Master of the Harriers, with two thousand a year; Lord Temple asked it, and Newcastle and Hardwicke gave in to it for fear of Denbigh's brutality in the House of Lords—does this differ from the style of George the Second?

The King designs to have a new motto; he will not have a French one, so the Pretender may enjoy *Dieu et mon droit* in quiet.

Princess Emily is already sick of being familiar; she has been at Northumberland House, but goes to nobody more. That party was larger, but still more formal than the rest, though the Duke of York had invited himself and his commerce-table. I played with Madam Emily, and we were mighty well together—so well, that two nights afterwards she commended me to Mr. Conway and Mr. Fox, but calling me *that Mr. Walpole*, they did not guess who she meant. For my part, I thought it very well, that when I played with her, she did not call me *that gentleman*. I was surprised at her being so vulgar; as she went away, she thanked my Lady Northumberland, like a parson's wife, for all her civilities,

I was excessively amused on Tuesday night; there was a play at Holland House acted by children; not all children,

for Lady Sarah Lenox[1] and Lady Susan Strangways[2] played the women. It was *Jane Shore*; one Price[3], Lord Barrington's nephew, was Gloster, and acted better than three parts of the comedians. Charles Fox[4], Hastings; a little Nichols, who spoke well, Belmour; Lord Ofaly[5], Lord Ashbroke[6], and other boys, did the rest—but the two girls were delightful; and acted with so much nature and simplicity, that they appeared the very things they represented. Lady Sarah was more beautiful than you can conceive, and her very awkwardness gave an air of truth to the shame of the part, and the antiquity of the time, which was kept up by her dress, taken out of Montfaucon. Lady Susan was dressed from Jane Seymour, and all the parts were clothed in ancient habits, and with the most minute propriety. I was infinitely more struck with the last scene between the two women than ever I was when I have seen it on the stage. When Lady Sarah was in white, with her hair about her ears, and on the ground, no Magdalen by Corregio was half so lovely and expressive. You would have been charmed too with seeing Mr. Fox's little boy[7] of six years

LETTER 731.—[1] Lady Sarah Lennox (1745–1826), seventh daughter and eleventh child of second Duke of Richmond; m. 1. (1762) Thomas Charles Bunbury, afterwards sixth Baronet, from whom she was divorced in 1776; 2. (1782) Hon. George Napier. She was the object of George III's early affection, and there seems no doubt that he would have married her but for the influence of his mother and Lord Bute. By her second husband she was the mother of Sir Charles Napier and Sir William Napier.

[2] Lady Susan Fox-Strangeways, eldest daughter of first Earl of Ilchester. In 1764 she made a runaway match with William O'Brien, an actor.

[3] Uvedale Price (1747–1829), son of Robert Price, of Foxley, Herefordshire, by Sarah, daughter of first Viscount Barrington; created a Baronet in 1828. He was a schoolfellow and friend of Charles Fox.

[4] Charles James Fox (1749–1806), third son of Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland; Lord of the Admiralty, 1770–72; Lord of the Treasury, 1772–74; Foreign Secretary (in Rockingham ministry), March–July, 1782; (in Coalition ministry) April–Dec., 1783; Feb.–Sept., 1806.

[5] George Fitzgerald (1748–1765), Lord Offaly, eldest son of twentieth Earl of Kildare; styled Earl of Offaly after the promotion of his father (whom he predeceased) to the Marquisate of Kildare. He was the first cousin of Charles Fox.

[6] William Flower (1744 – 1780), second Viscount Ashbrook.

[7] Henry Edward Fox (1755–1811),

old, who is beautiful, and acted the Bishop of Ely, dressed in lawn sleeves and with a square cap; they had inserted two lines for him, which he can hardly speak plainly. Francis[8] had given them a pretty prologue. Adieu!

You give me no account from Sir Whistler of the painted glass; do press him for an answer. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

732. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 27, 1761.

I should like Marshal Botta's[1] furniture, which you describe, if my tenure in Strawberry were as transitory as a Florentine commander's; but, in a castle built for eternity, and founded in the most flourishing age of the greatest republic now in the world, which has extended its empire into every quarter of the globe, can I think of a peach-coloured ground, which will fade like the bloom on Chloe's cheek? There's a pompous paragraph! A Grecian or a Roman would have written it seriously, and with even more slender pretensions. However, though my castle is built of paper, and though our empire should vanish as rapidly as it has advanced, I still object to peach-colour—not only from its fading hue, but for wanting the solemnity becoming a Gothic edifice: I must not have a round tower dressed in a *pet-en-l'air*. I would as soon put rouge and patches on a statue of St. Ethelburgh. You must not wonder at my remembering Rinuncini's hangings at the distance of nineteen or twenty years: my memory is exceedingly retentive of trifles. There is no hurry: I can

fourth son of Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland; entered the army in 1770, and became full general in 1808.

[8] Rev. Philip Francis, who was Charles Fox's tutor at Eton.

Letter 732.—[1] Commander of the troops in Tuscany for the Emperor Francis. *Walpole.*

wait till you send me patterns, and an account of that triple-coloured contexture, for which, in gratitude to my memory, I still have a hankering. Three years ago I had the ceiling of my china-room painted, from one I had observed in the little Borghese villa. I was hoarding ideas for a future Strawberry even in those days of giddiness, when I seemed to attend to nothing. The altar of the eagle is three feet two inches and a half high, by one foot eight inches wide. If that for the Vespasian should be a trifle larger, especially a little higher, it would carry so large a bust better; but I imagine the race of altar-tombs are pretty much of the same dimensions.

So much for myself—surely it is time to come to you. Mr. Mackenzie, by the King's own order and thought, was immediately named plenipotentiary. I fear you have not exactly the same pretensions; however, as I think services will be pretensions in this reign, the precedent I hope will not hurt you. The Peace seems the proper period for asking it.

I have delivered to your brother the famous pamphlet[2]; two sets of the *Royal and Noble Authors* for yourself and Lady Mary Wortley; a Lucan, printed at Strawberry, which, I trust, you will think a handsome edition; and six of the newest-fashioned and prettiest fans I could find —they are really genteel, though one or two have caprices that will turn a Florentine head. They were so dear, that I shall never tell you the price; I was glad to begin to pay some of the debts I owe you in commissions. All these will depart by the first opportunity; but the set for Lady Mary will, I suppose, arrive too late, as her husband is dead, and she now will probably return to England. I pity Lady Bute[3]: her mother will sell to whoever does not know

[2] See letter to Mann, Dec. 5, 1760.

[3] Mary, Countess of Bute, only daughter of Lady Mary Wortley. *Walpole.*

her, all kinds of promises and reversions, bestow lies gratis and wholesale, and make so much mischief, that they will be forced to discard her in three months, and that will go to my Lady Bute's heart, who is one of the best and most sensible women in the world; and who, educated by such a mother, or rather with no education, has never made a false step. Old Avidien[4], the father, is dead, worth half a million. To his son[5], on whom six hundred a year was settled, the reversion of which he has sold, he gives 1,000*l.* a year for life, but not to descend to any children he may have by any of his many wives. To Lady Mary, in lieu of dower, but which to be sure she will not accept, instead of the thirds of such a fortune, 1,200*l.* a year; and after her to their son for life; and then the 1,200*l.* and the 1,000*l.* to Lady Bute and to her second son[6]; with 2,000*l.* to each of her younger children; all the rest, in present, to Lady Bute, then to her second son, taking the name of Wortley, and in succession to all the rest of her children, which are numerous; and after them to Lord Sandwich, to whom, in present, he leaves about 4,000*l.* The son, you perceive, is not so well treated by his own father as his companion Taaffe[7] is by the French court, where he lives, and is received on the best footing; so near is Fort l'Évêque to Versailles. Admiral Forbes told me yesterday, that in one of Lady Mary's jaunts to or from Genoa, she begged a passage of Commodore Barnard. A storm threatening, he prepared her for it, but assured her there was no danger. She said she was not

[4] Edward Wortley Montagu, husband of Lady Mary. Both were remarkably avaricious, and are satirized by Pope in one of his Imitations of Horace, under the names of *Avidien and his Wife*. *Walpole.*

[5] Edward Wortley Montagu, jun., their only son, whose adventures deserve better to be known than his own writings. *Walpole.*

[6] Hon. James Stuart (d. 1818), afterwards Stuart-Wortley-Mackenzie.

[7] Theobald Taaffe, an Irish adventurer, was, with his associate, Wortley Montagu, imprisoned in Fort l'Évêque at Paris, for cheating and robbing a person with whom they had gamed. *Walpole.*

afraid, and, going into a part of the gallery not much adapted to heroism, she wrote these lines on the side:

Mistaken seaman, mark my dauntless mind,
Who, wrecked on shore, am fearless of the wind.

On landing, this magnanimous dame desired the commander to accept a ring: he wore it as a fine emerald, but being over-persuaded to have it unset before his face, it proved a bit of glass.

I know nothing of Stosch, and have all your letters for him still. A fortnight Knyphausen[8] told me he was every day expected in town.

News we have of no sort—Ireland seems to be preparing the first we shall receive. The *good* Primate[9] has conjured up a storm, in which, I believe, he will not employ the archiepiscopal gift of exorcism. Adieu!

733. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Feb. 7, 1761.

I have not written to you lately, expecting your arrival. As you are not come yet, you need not come these ten days, if you please, for I go next week into Norfolk, that my subjects of Lynn may at least once in their lives see me. 'Tis a horrible thing to dine with a mayor! I shall profane King John's cup[1], and taste nothing but water out of it as if it was St. John Baptist's.

Prepare yourself for crowds, multitudes. In this reign all the world lives in one room. The capital is as vulgar as a county town in the season of horse-races. There were no fewer than four of these throngs on Tuesday last, at the Duke of Cumberland's, Princess Emily's, the Opera, and

[8] The Prussian Resident. *Walpole.*
[9] Dr. Stone, Archbishop of Armagh. *Walpole.*

Letter 733.—[1] A cup possessed by the Lynn Corporation.

Lady Northumberland's—for even operas, Tuesday's operas, are crowded now. There is nothing else new. Last week was a magnificent ball at Norfolk House: the two royal Dukes and Princess Emily were there. He of York danced; the other and his sister had each their table at loo. I played at hers, and am grown a favourite—nay, have been at her private party, and was asked again last Wednesday, but took the liberty to excuse myself—and yet am again summoned for Thursday. It is trist enough: nobody sits till the game begins, and then she and the company are all on stools. At Norfolk House were two armchairs placed for her and the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of York being supposed a dancer, but they would not use them. Lord Huntingdon arrived in a frock, pretending he was just come out of the country; unluckily, he had been at court, full-dressed, in the morning. No foreigners were there but the son and daughter-in-law of Monsieur de Fuentes: the Duchess told the Duchess of Bedford that she had not invited the ambassadress, because her rank is disputed here—you remember the Bedford took place of Madame de Mirepoix —but Madame de Mora danced first, the Duchess of Norfolk saying she supposed that was of no consequence.

Have you heard what immense riches old Wortley has left? One million three hundred and fifty thousand pounds. It is all to centre in my Lady Bute; her husband is one of fortune's prodigies. They talk of a print, in which her mistress is reprimanding Miss Chudleigh—the latter curtseys, and replies, 'Madame, chacun a son But.'

Have you seen a scandalous letter in print, from Miss Ford[2] to Lord Jersey? with the history of a boar's head—

[2] Anne (1737–1824), only child of Thomas Ford, Clerk of the Arraigns; m. (1762), as his third wife, Philip Thicknesse, Gainsborough's friend and patron. She was celebrated for her beauty and talents for music. For her letter to Lord Jersey and his reply see *Gent. Mag.* 1761, pp. 33–34 and 79–80.

George Selwyn calls him Meleager. Adieu! this is positively my last.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

734. To Lady Mary Coke.

Newmarket, Feb. 12, 1761.

You would be puzzled to guess, Madam, the reflections into which solitude and an inn have thrown me. Perhaps you will imagine that I am regretting not being at loo at Princess Emily's, or that I am detesting the corporation of Lynn for dragging me from the amusements of London; perhaps that I am meditating what I shall say to a set of people I never saw; or—which would be more like me—determining to be out of humour the whole time I am there, and show how little I care whether they elect me again or not. If your absolute sovereignty over me did not exclude all jealousy, you might possibly suspect that the Duchess of Grafton has at least as much share in my chagrin as Pam himself. Come nearer to the point, Madam, and conclude I am thinking of Lady Mary Coke, but in a style much more becoming so sentimental a lover than if I was merely concerned for your absence. In short, Madam, I am pitying you, actually pitying you! how debasing a thought for your dignity! but hear me. I am lamenting your fate; that you, with all your charms and all your merit, are not yet immortal! Is not it provoking that, with so many admirers, and so many pretensions, you are likely to be adored only so long as you live? Charming, in an age when Britain is victorious in every quarter of the globe, you are not yet enrolled in the annals of its fame! Shall Wolfe and Boscawen and Amherst be the talk of future ages, and

LETTER 734.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. pp. xi–xii.

the name of Mary Coke not be known? 'Tis the height of disgrace! When was there a nation that excelled the rest of the world whose beauties were not as celebrated as its heroes and its orators? Thais, Aspasia, Livia, Octavia—I beg pardon for mentioning any but the last when I am alluding to you—are as familiar to us as Alexander, Pericles, or Augustus; and, except the Spartan ladies, who were always locked up in the two pair of stairs making child-bed linen and round-eared caps, there never were any women of fashion in a gloriously civilized country, but who had cards sent to invite them to the table of fame in common with those drudges, the men, who had done the dirty work of honour. I say nothing of Spain, where they had so true a notion of gallantry, that they never ventured having their brains knocked out, but with a view to the glory of their mistress. If her name was but renowned from Segovia to Saragossa they thought all the world knew it and were content. Nay, Madam, if you had but been lucky enough to be born in France a thousand years ago, that is fifty or sixty, you would have gone down to eternity hand in hand with Louis Quatorze; and the sun would never have shined on him, as it did purely for seventy years, but a ray of it would have fallen to your share. You would have helped him to pass the Rhine and been coupled with him at least in a *bout rimé*.

And what are we thinking of? Shall we suffer posterity to imagine that we have shed all this blood to engross the pitiful continent of America? Did General Clive drop from heaven only to get half as much as Wortley Montagu? Yet this they must suppose, unless we immediately set about to inform them in authentic verse that your eyes and half a dozen other pair lighted up all this blaze of glory. I will take my death your Ladyship was one of the first admirers of Mr. Pitt, and all the world knows that his

eloquence gave this spirit to our arms. But, unluckily, my deposition can only be given in prose. I am neither a hero nor a poet, and, though I am as much in love as if I had cut a thousand throats or made ten thousand verses, posterity will never know anything of my passion. Poets alone are permitted to tell the real truth. Though an historian should, with as many asseverations as Bishop Burnet, inform mankind that the lustre of the British arms under George II was singly and entirely owing to the charms of Lady Mary Coke, it would not be believed—the slightest hint of it in a stanza of Gray would carry conviction to the end of time.

Thus, Madam, I have laid your case before you. You may, as you have done, inspire Mr. Pitt with nobler orations than were uttered in the House of Commons of Greece or Rome; you may set all the world together by the ears; you may send for all the cannon from Cherbourg, all the scalps from Quebec, and for every nabob's head in the Indies; posterity will not be a jot the wiser, unless you give the word of command from Berkeley Square in an ode, or you and I meet in the groves of Sudbrook [1] in the midst of an epic poem. 'Tis a vexatious thought, but your Ladyship and this age of triumphs will be forgotten unless somebody writes verses worthy of you both.

I am your Ladyship's
Most devoted slave,
Hor. Walpole.

735. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Monday, five o'clock, Feb. 1761.

I am a little peevish with you—I told you on Thursday night that I had a mind to go to Strawberry on Friday

[1] Near Kingston-on-Thames; the seat of the Dowager-Duchess of Argyll, Lady Mary Coke's mother.

without staying for the Qualification Bill. You said it did not signify—No! What if *you* intended to speak on it? Am I indifferent to hearing you? More—am I indifferent about acting with you? Would not I follow you in anything in the world?—This is saying no profligate thing. Is there anything I might not follow you in? You even did not tell me yesterday that you had spoken. Yet I will tell you all I have heard; though if there was a point in the world in which I could not wish you to succeed where you wish yourself, perhaps it would be in having you employed. I cannot be cool about your danger; yet I cannot know anything that concerns you, and keep it from you. Charles Townshend called here just after I came to town to-day. Among other discourse he told me of your speaking on Friday, and that your speech was reckoned hostile to the Duke of Newcastle. Then, talking of regiments going abroad, he said, . . .[1]

With regard to your reserve to me, I can easily believe that your natural modesty made you unwilling to talk of yourself to me. I don't suspect you of any reserve to me: I only mention it now for an occasion of telling you, that I don't like to have anybody think that I would not do whatever you do. I am of no consequence: but at least it would give me some, to act invariably with you; and that I shall most certainly be ever ready to do. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

736. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 3, 1761.

Well, are not you peevish that the new reign leaves our correspondence more languid than the old? In all February

Letter 735.—[1] So in 4to (1798) ed. of Lord Orford's *Works*, in which this letter was first printed.

not an event worth packing up and sending to you! Neither changes, nor honours, nor squabbles yet. Lord Bute obliges everybody he can, and people seem extremely willing to be obliged. Mr. Pitt is laid up with a dreadful gout in all his limbs; he did not sleep for fourteen nights, till one of his eyes grew as bad as his hands or feet. He begins to mend.

Whatever mysteries or clouds there are, will probably develop themselves as soon as the elections are over, and the Parliament fixed, which now engrosses all conversation and all purses; for the expense is incredible. West Indians, conquerors, nabobs, and admirals, attack every borough; there are no fewer than nine candidates at Andover. The change in a Parliament used to be computed at between sixty and seventy; now it is believed there will be an hundred and fifty new members. Corruption now stands upon its own legs—no money is issued from the Treasury; there are no parties, no pretence of grievances, and yet venality is grosser than ever! The borough of Sudbury has gone so far as to advertise for a chapman! We have been as victorious as the Romans, and are as corrupt: I don't know how soon the Prætorian militia will set the empire to sale. Sir Nathaniel Curzon[1] has struck a very novel stroke; advertising that the King intended to make him a peer; and, therefore, recommending his brother[2] to the county of Derby for the same *independent* principles with himself. He takes a peerage to prove his independence, and recommends his brother to the opposition to prove his gratitude!

Ireland is settled for the present; the Duke of Bedford relinquishes it, with some emoluments, to his court. Lord Kildare's neutrality is rewarded with a marquisate—he has

LETTER 736. — [1] Created Baron Scarsdale. *Walpole.*

[2] Assheton (1730-1820), second son of Sir Nathaniel Curzon, fourth Baronet, of Kedleston, Derbyshire; cr. Baron Curzon, 1794, and Viscount Curzon, 1802. He was not elected for Derby county.

been prevailed upon to retain the oldest title in Europe, instead of Leinster, which he had a mind to take[3]. Lord Temple has refused that island, very unwillingly, I believe, or very fearfully; but Mr. Pitt was positive, having nobody else in the House of Lords—and what is such an only one! Some who are tolerably shrewd, think this indicates more, and that Mr. Pitt would not let Lord Temple engage in Ireland, when he himself may be thinking of quitting in England. Lord Halifax, I believe, will be Lord-Lieutenant.

Mr. Conway is going to Germany[4], to his great contentment, as his character is vindicated at last. It may show he deserved to lose no glory, but the ensuing campaign does not open much prospect of his gaining any.

The new peerages will soon be declared. Legge[5] is not of the number; and yet has had an intimation to resign, being extremely out of favour in the new court, where he had been so well, and which he had officiously contrived to disoblige very late in the day. Lord Barrington will be Chancellor of the Exchequer; Charles Townshend Secretary at War; and Lord Talbot, who is to be an earl, and is much a favourite, will succeed Lord Halifax in the Board of Trade[6].

Voltaire has been charmingly absurd. He who laughed at Congreve for despising the rank of author and affecting the gentleman, set out post for a hovel[7] he has in France, to write from thence, and style himself *Gentleman of the Bedchamber* to Lord Lyttelton, who, in his *Dialogues of the Dead*, had called him an exile. He writes in English, and not a sentence is tolerable English. The answer is very civil and sensible.

[3] And which he afterwards took, with a dukedom. *Walpole.*

[4] To command under Lord Granby.

[5] Henry Bilson Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer. *Walpole.*

[6] Lord Sandys succeeded Lord Halifax at the Board of Trade.

[7] Voltaire wrote from 'my castle of Ferney in Burgundy.' For his letter, and Lyttelton's reply, see Phillimore's *Memoirs of Lyttelton*, vol. ii. pp. 555–8.

There has been a droll print: her mistress[8] reproving Miss Chudleigh for her train of life. She replies, 'Madame, chacun a son *But*.'

Pray, is there a print of the Cardinal of York, or any medal of him? If there is, do be so good to send them to me. Adieu!

737. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Arlington Street, March 7, 1761.

Just what I supposed, Sir, has happened; with your good breeding. I did not doubt but you would give yourself the trouble of telling me that you had received the Lucan, and as you did not, I concluded Dodsley had neglected it: he has in two instances. The moment they were published, I delivered a couple to him, for you, and one for a gentleman in Scotland. I received no account of either, and after examining Dodsley a fortnight ago, I learned three days since from him, that your copy, Sir, was delivered to Mrs. Ware, bookseller, in Fleet Street, who corresponds with Mr. Stringer, to be sent in the first parcel; but, says he, as they send only once a month, it probably was not sent away till very lately.

I am vexed, Sir, that you have waited so long for this trifle: if you neither receive it, nor get information of it, I will immediately convey another to you. It would be very ungrateful in me to neglect what would give you a moment's amusement, after your thinking so obligingly of the painted glass for me. I shall certainly be in Yorkshire this summer, and as I flatter myself that I shall be more lucky in meeting you, I will then take what you shall be so good as to bestow on me, without giving you the trouble of sending it.

[8] The Princess-Dowager. *Walpole.*

If it were not printed in the *London Chronicle*, I would transcribe for you, Sir, a very weak letter of Voltaire to Lord Lyttelton, and the latter's answer: there is nothing else new, but a very indifferent play, called *The Jealous Wife*[1], so well acted as to have succeeded greatly. Mr. Mason, I believe, is going to publish some Elegies: I have seen the principal one, on Lady Coventry; it was then only an unfinished draft.

The second and third volumes of *Tristram Shandy*, the dregs of nonsense, have universally met the contempt they deserve: genius may be exhausted;—I see that folly's invention may be so too.

The foundations of my gallery at Strawberry Hill are laying. May I not flatter myself, Sir, that you will see the whole even before it is quite complete?

P.S. Since I wrote my letter, I have read a new play of Voltaire's, called *Tancred*, and I am glad to say that it repairs the idea of his decaying parts, which I had conceived from his *Peter the Great*, and the letter I mentioned. *Tancred* did not please at Paris, nor was I charmed with the two first acts; in the three last are great flashes of genius, single lines and starts of passion of the first fire: the woman's part is a little too Amazonian.

738. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, March 13, 1761.

I CAN now tell you, with great pleasure, that your cousin[1] is certainly named Lord-Lieutenant—I wish *you* joy. You will not be sorry too to hear that your Lord North is

LETTER 737. — [1] A comedy by George Colman, produced in 1761 at Drury Lane.

LETTER 738.—Wrongly dated in C. March 19.

[1] The Earl of Halifax.

much talked of for succeeding him at the Board of Trade. I tell you this with great composure, though to-day has been a day of amazement. All the world is staring, whispering, and questioning—Lord Holderness has resigned the Seals, and they are given to Lord Bute—which of the two Secretaries of State is first minister? the latter or Mr. Pitt? Lord Holderness received the command but yesterday, at two o'clock, till that moment thinking himself extremely well at court—but it seems the King said he was tired of having two Secretaries, of which one would do nothing, and t'other could do nothing; he would have a Secretary who both could act and would. Pitt had as short notice of this resolution as the sufferer, and was little better pleased. He is something softened for the present by the offer of Cofferer for Jemmy Grenville, which is to be ceded by the Duke of Leeds, who returns to his old post of Justice in Eyre, from whence Lord Sandys is to be removed, some say to the head of the Board of Trade. Newcastle, who enjoys this fall of Holderness, who had deserted him for Pitt, laments over the former, but seems to have made his terms with the new favourite—if the Bedfords have done so too, will it surprise you? It will me, if Pitt submits to this humiliation—if he does not, I take for granted the Duke of Bedford will have the other Seals.

The temper with which the new reign has hitherto proceeded seems a little impeached by this sudden act, and the Earl now stands in the direct light of a minister, if a House of Commons should choose to cavil at him.

Lord Delawar kissed hands to-day for his earldom; the other new peers are to follow on Monday.

There are horrid disturbances about the militia[2] in

[2] *Gent. Mag.* 1761. Monday, March 9: 'A terrible riot happened at Hexham, in Northumberland, on the deputy-lieutenants meeting to ballot for the militia. A great number of pit-men, &c. having attacked a party of the Yorkshire Militia, who were sent for to prevent mischief, the

Northumberland, where the mob have killed an officer and three of the Yorkshire militia, who, in return, fired and shot twenty-one.

Adieu! I shall be impatient to hear some consequence of my first paragraph.

Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. Saturday.

I forgot to tell you that Lord Hardwicke has writ some verses to Lord Lyttelton, upon those the latter made on Lady Egremont[3]. If I had been told that he had put on a bag, and was gone off with Kitty Fisher, I should not have been more astonished!

Poor Lady Gower[4] is dead this morning of a fever in her lying-in: I believe the Bedfords are very sorry—for there is a new opera this evening.

739. To the Countess of Suffolk.

Friday night.

We are more successful, Madam, than I could flatter myself we should be. Mr. Conway (and I need say no more) has negotiated so well, that the Duke of Grafton is disposed to bring Mr. Beauclerk[1] in for Thetford. It will be expected, I believe, that Lord Vere should resign Windsor[2] in a handsome manner to the Duke of Cumberland. It must be your Ladyship's part to prepare this—which I hope will be the

men were obliged to fire, which they did with such fury for near ten minutes, that forty-two were killed, or have since died of their wounds, and forty-eight were wounded.'

[3] For Lord Lyttelton's verses, and Lord Hardwicke's addition to them, see *Ann. Reg.* 1761, pp. 240–2.

[4] Countess Gower was sister-in-law of the Duchess of Bedford.

Letter 739.—Misplaced in C. (See *Notes and Queries*, Feb. 7, 1900.) Collated with original in Brit. Museum.

[1] Hon. Aubrey Beauclerk (1740–1802), only son of first Baron Vere of Hanworth, whom he succeeded in 1781; succeeded his cousin as fifth Duke of St. Albans, 1787. He was elected as one of the members for Thetford on March 28, his colleague being General Conway.

[2] The borough of New Windsor.

means of putting an end to these unhappy differences. My only fear now is, lest the Duke should have promised the Lodge: Mr. Conway writes to Lord Albemarle, who is yet at Windsor, to prevent this, if not already done, till the rest is ready to be notified to the Duke of Cumberland. Your Ladyship's good sense and good heart make it unnecessary for me to say more.

I am your Ladyship's
Most obedient Servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

740. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 17, 1761.

You will have no reason to complain now that there is a barrenness of events. Here are changes enough to amount to a revolution, though it is all so gilded and crowned that you can scarce meet a face that is not triumphant. On Friday last it was notified pretty abruptly to Lord Holdernesse that he must quit the Seals[1], which the King thought proper to give to Lord Bute. This measure was as great a secret as it was sudden. Mr. Pitt heard it as late as his colleague himself. To soften, however, the disagreeableness of his not being consulted, and whatever else might be unpleasant to him in the measure, Mr. Pitt was acquainted that the King bestowed the Cofferer's place on Mr. James Grenville, and would restore the department of the West Indies, which had been disjoined to accommodate Lord Halifax, to the Secretary of State. As Mr. Pitt's passion is not the disposal of places, and as he has no dependants on whom to bestow them, this feather is not likely to make him amends for the loss of his helmet, which it is supposed Lord Bute intends to make useless; and, as he has hitherto

LETTER 740.—[1] As Secretary of State for the Southern Province.

behaved with singular moderation, it is believed that his taking the Seals in so particular a juncture was determined by the prospect of his being able to make a popular peace, France having made the most pressing offers. Nothing else, I think, could justify Lord Bute to himself for the imprudence of this step, which renders him the responsible minister, and exposes him to all the danger attendant on such a situation. As Groom of the Stole, he had all the credit of favourite without the hazard. The world does not attribute much kindness to the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke, who advised him to this measure.

Lord Halifax goes to Ireland; Lord Sandys succeeds him in the Board of Trade, which is reduced to its old insignificance; and the additional thousand pounds a year granted to Lord Halifax are turned over to the Duke of Leeds, who is forced to quit the Cofferer's place to James Grenville, and to return to his old post of Justice in Eyre, which Lord Sandys had;—but to break the fall, the Duke is made cabinet counsellor, a rank that will soon become indistinct from Privy Counsellor by growing as numerous. You will ask what becomes of Lord Holdernesse;—truly, he is no unlucky man. For a day or two he was to be Groom of the Stole, with an addition of 1,000*l.* a year,—at last he has the reversion of the Cinque Ports for life, after the Duke of Dorset, who is extremely infirm.

When you have digested all this in your head—have you?—I shall open a new vein of surprise,—a new favourite! Lord Talbot is made an earl, and his son-in-law, Rice[2], a Lord of Trade;—stay, this is nothing: the new Earl is made Lord Steward too! To pave his way, Lord Huntingdon is removed to Groom of the Stole, and the duke of Rutland to

[2] George Rice.

Master of the Horse;—you see great dukes are not immovable as rocks. The comments on this extraordinary promotion are a little licentious, but, as I am not commentator enough to wrap them up in Latin, I shall leave them to future expounders; and the rest of the changes, which have less mystery, I shall reduce to a catalogue.

Legge, turned out from Chancellor of the Exchequer, succeeded by Lord Barrington, Secretary at War; he by Charles Townshend, Treasurer of the Chambers; and he by Sir Francis Dashwood, at the solicitation of Lord Westmorland. Mr. Elliot succeeds James Grenville in the Treasury. Lord Villiers[3] and your friend T. Pelham, Lords of the Admiralty. Rice, John Yorke, and Sir Edm. Thomas, Lords of Trade. The new peers, *Earl* Talbot and *Earl* of Delawar; Mr. Spencer, *Lord* Viscount Spencer; Sir Richard Grosvenor, a Viscount or Baron, I don't know which, nor does he, for yesterday, when he should have kissed hands, he was gone to Newmarket to see the trial of a race-horse. Dodington, Lord Melcombe; Sir Thomas Robinson, Lord Grantham; Sir William Irby, Lord Boston; Sir Nathaniel Curzon, Lord Scarsdale; and Lady Bute, Lady Mount-Stuart of Wortley. This is a sensible way of giving the English peerage to her family regularly, and approved by all the world, both from her vast property and particular merit, which is not at all diminished by the torrent of her fortune. Lord Carpenter is made Earl of Tyrconnel, in Ireland; and a Mr. Turnour, a Lord[4] there. The next shower is to rain red ribands, but those I suppose you are in no hurry to learn.

The Parliament rises in two days. Mr. Onslow quits the chair and the House; George Grenville is to be Speaker[5].

[3] George Bussy Villiers (1735–1805), Viscount Villiers, succeeded his father as fourth Earl of Jersey, 1769.

[4] Lord Winterton. *Walpole.*

[5] This did not happen.

You will not wonder that in a scene so busy and amusing, I should be less inquisitive about the Jesuitical war at Rome. The truth is, I knew nothing of it, nor do we think more of Rome here than of a squabble among the canons of Liège or Cologne. However, I am much obliged to you for your accounts, and beg you will repay my anecdotes with the continuation of them. If Pasquin should reflect on any Signora Rezzonica for recommending a major domo [6] to his Holiness, pray send me his epigram.

Thank you for the trouble you have had about the books on music; I paid Stosch eight guineas for the Burgundy, and your brother has repaid me.

If our political campaign should end here, and our German one where it is, we still are not likely to want warfare. The colliers in Northumberland are in open hostilities with the militia, and in the last battle at Hexham the militia lost an officer and three men, and the colliers one-and-twenty. If this engagement, and a peace abroad, had happened in the late reign, I suppose Prince Ferdinand would have had another pension on Ireland for coming over to quell the colliers. Adieu!

741. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, March 17, 1761.

If my last letter raised your wonder, this will not allay it. Lord Talbot is Lord Steward! The stone which the builders refused is become the head-stone of the corner. My Lady Talbot, I suppose, would have found no charms in Cardinal Mazarin. As the Duke of Leeds was forced to give way to Jemmy Grenville, the Duke of Rutland has been obliged to make room for this new Earl. Lord

[6] The name of the then Pope was Rezzonico. The major domo alludes to Lord Talbot's being Lord Steward. *Walpole.*

Huntingdon is Groom of the Stole, and the last Duke I have named, Master of the Horse—the red liveries cost Lord Huntingdon a pang. Lord Holderness has the reversion of the Cinque Ports for life, and I think may pardon his expulsion.

If you propose a fashionable assembly, you must send cards to Lord Spencer, Lord Grosvenor, Lord Melcomb, Lord Grantham, Lord Boston, Lord Scarsdale, Lady Mountstewart, the Earl of Tirconnel, and Lord Wintertown. The two last you will meet in Ireland. No joy ever exceeded your cousin's or Dodington's. The former came last night to Lady Hilsborough's to display his triumph. The latter too was there, and advanced to me. I said, 'I was coming to wish you joy.' 'I concluded so,' replied he, 'and came to receive it.' He left a good card yesterday at Lady Harrington's, 'A very young Lord to wait on Lady Harrington, to make her Ladyship the first offer of himself.' I believe she will be content with the Exchequer [1]. Mrs. Grey [2] has a pension of £800 a year.

Mrs Clive is at her villa for Passion week; I have writ to her for the box, but I don't doubt of its being gone—but considering her alliance [3], why does not Miss Rice bespeak the play and have the stage box?

I shall smile if Mr. Bentley and Müntz and their two Hannahs meet at St. James's. So I see neither of them, I care not where they are.

Lady Hinchinbrook and Lady Mansel [4] are at the points

Letter 741.—[1] Lord Barrington, who was apparently an admirer of Lady Harrington (see letter to Montagu of Dec. 23, 1759), had just been appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer.

[2] Lucy, daughter of Sir Joseph Danvers, Baronet, of Swithland, Leicestershire; m. (1748) Hon. John Grey, second son of third Earl of Stamford.

[3] Miss Rice's brother was married to the only child of Earl Talbot, the King's 'new favourite.'

[4] Lady Barbara Villiers (d. June 11, 1761), daughter of second Earl of Jersey; m. 1. Sir William Blackett; 2. Bussy Mansel, fourth Baron Mansel.

of death. Lord Hardwicke is to be Poet-Laureate, and, according to modern usage, I suppose it will be made a cabinet counsellor's place. Good night!

Yours ever,

H. W.

742. To George Montagu.

March 21, 1761.

Of the enclosed, as you perceive, I tore off the seal, but it has not been opened.

I grieve at the loss of your suit, and for the injustice done you—but what can one expect but injury, when forced to have recourse to law? Lord Abercorn asked me this evening if it was true that you are going to Ireland? I gave a vague answer, and did not resolve him how much I knew of it. I am impatient for the reply to your compliment.

There is not a word of newer news than what I sent you last. The Speaker[1] has taken leave, and received the highest compliments, and substantial ones too—he did not overact, and it was really a handsome scene.

I go to my election on Tuesday, and, if I do not tumble out of the chair and break my neck, you shall hear from me at my return. I got the box for Miss Rice. Lady Hinchinbrook is dead.

Yours ever,

H. W.

743. To George Montagu.

Houghton, March 25, 1761.

Here I am at Houghton! and alone! in this spot, where (except two hours last month) I have not been in sixteen years! Think, what a crowd of reflections!—no, Gray, and forty churchyards, could not furnish so many; nay, I know

Letter 742.—[1] Arthur Onslow.

one must feel them with greater indifference than I possess, to have patience to put them into verse. Here I am, probably for the last time of my life, though not for the last time —every clock that strikes tells me I am an hour nearer to yonder church—that church, into which I have not yet had courage to enter, where lies that mother on whom I doted, and who doted on me! There are the two rival mistresses of Houghton, neither of whom ever wished to enjoy it! There too lies he who founded its greatness, to contribute to whose fall Europe was embroiled—there he sleeps in quiet and dignity, while his friend and his foe, rather his false ally and real enemy, Newcastle and Bath, are exhausting the dregs of their pitiful lives in squabbles and pamphlets!

The surprise the pictures gave me is again renewed—accustomed for many years to see nothing but wretched daubs and varnished copies at auctions, I look at these as enchantment. My own description of them[1] seems poor—but shall I tell you truly—the majesty of Italian ideas almost sinks before the warm nature of Flemish colouring! Alas! don't I grow old? My young imagination was fired with Guido's ideas—must they be plump and prominent as Abishag to warm me now? Does great youth feel with poetic limbs, as well as see with poetic eyes? In one respect I am very young; I cannot satiate myself with looking—an incident contributed to make me feel this more strongly. A party arrived, just as I did, to see the house, a man and three women in riding dresses, and they rode post through the apartments—I could not hurry before them fast enough—they were not so long in *seeing* for the first time, as I could have been in one room, to examine what I knew by heart. I remember formerly being often diverted with this kind of *seers*—they come, ask what such a room is called, in which Sir Robert lay, write it down,

LETTER 743.—[1] In the *Aedes Walpolianae.*

admire a lobster or a cabbage in a market-piece, dispute whether the last room was green or purple, and then hurry to the inn for fear the fish should be over-dressed—how different my sensations! not a picture here but recalls a history; not one, but I remember in Downing Street or Chelsea, where queens and crowds admired them, though *seeing* them as little as these travellers!

When I had drunk tea, I strolled into the garden—they told me it was now called the *pleasure-ground*—what a dissonant idea of pleasure—those groves, those *allées*, where I have passed so many charming moments, are now stripped up or overgrown; many fond paths I could not unravel, though with a very exact clue in my memory—I met two gamekeepers, and a thousand hares! In the days when all my soul was tuned to pleasure and vivacity (and you will think, perhaps, it is far from being out of tune yet), I hated Houghton and its solitude—yet I loved this garden; as now, with many regrets, I love Houghton—Houghton, I know not what to call it, a monument of grandeur or ruin! How I have wished this evening for Lord Bute! how I could preach to him! For myself, I do not want to be preached to—I have long considered, how every Balbec must wait for the chance of a Mr. Wood.

The servants wanted to lay me in the great apartment—what, to make me pass my night as I have done my evening! It were like proposing to Margaret Roper to be a duchess in the court that cut off her father's head, and imagining it would please her. I have chosen to sit in my father's little dressing-room, and am now by his scrutore, where, in the height of his fortune, he used to receive the accounts of his farmers, and deceive himself—or us, with the thoughts of his economy—how wise a man at once, and how weak! For what has he built Houghton? for his grandson to annihilate, or for his son to mourn over! If

Lord Burleigh could rise and view his representative driving the Hatfield stage, he would feel as I feel now—poor little Strawberry! at least it will not be stripped to pieces by a descendant!—You will think all these fine meditations dictated by pride, not by philosophy—pray consider through how many mediums philosophy must pass, before it is purified—

. . . how often must it weep, how often burn!

My mind was extremely prepared for all this gloom by parting with Mr. Conway yesterday morning—moral reflections on commonplaces are the livery one likes to wear, when one has just had a real misfortune.—He is going to Germany—I was glad to dress myself up in transitory Houghton, in lieu of very sensible concern. To-morrow I shall be distracted with thoughts—at least images, of very different complexion—I go to Lynn, and am to be elected on Friday. I shall return hither on Saturday, again alone, to expect Burleighides[2] on Sunday, whom I left at Newmarket—I must once in my life see him on his grandfather's throne.

Epping, Monday night, thirty-first.

No, I have not seen him, he loitered on the road, and I was kept at Lynn till yesterday morning. It is plain I never knew for how many trades I was formed, when at this time of day I can begin electioneering, and succeed in my new vocation. Think of me, the subject of a mob, who was scarce ever before in a mob! addressing them in the town-hall, riding at the head of two thousand people through such a town as Lynn, dining with above two hundred of them, amid bumpers, huzzas, songs, and tobacco, and finishing with country dancing at a ball and sixpenny whisk! I have borne it all cheerfully; nay, have sat hours in *conversation*, the thing upon earth that I hate, have been

[2] His nephew, the Earl of Orford.

to hear misses play on the harpsichord, and to see an alderman's copies of Reubens and Carlo Marat. Yet to do the folks justice, they are sensible, and reasonable, and civilized; their very language is polished since I lived among them. I attribute this to their more frequent intercourse with the world and the capital, by the help of good roads and postchaises, which, if they have abridged the King's dominions, have at least tamed his subjects—well! how comfortable it will be to-morrow, to see my perroquet, to play at loo, and not to be obliged to talk seriously—the Heraclitus of the beginning of this letter will be overjoyed on finishing it to sign himself

Your old friend,
DEMOCRITUS.

P.S. I forgot to tell you that my ancient aunt Hammond came over to Lynn to see me—not from any affection, but curiosity—the first thing she said to me, though we have not met these sixteen years, was, 'Child, you have done a thing to-day, that your father never did in all his life; you sat as they carried you; he always stood the whole time.' 'Madam,' said I, 'when I am placed in a chair, I conclude I am to sit in it—besides, as I cannot imitate my father in great things, I am not at all ambitious of mimicking him in little ones.'—I am sure she proposes to tell her remark to my uncle Horace's ghost, the instant they meet.

744. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, March [April] 7, 1761.

I REJOICE, you know, in whatever rejoices you, and though I am not certain what your situation is to be, I am glad you

LETTER 744.—Dated by Horace Walpole March 7, 1761, but evidently written in April. (See *Notes and Queries*, May 12, 1900.)

go, as you like it. I am told it is Black Rod[1]. Lady Anne Jekyll[2] said she had writ to you on Saturday night. I asked when her brother was to go, if before August? she answered, 'Yes, if possible.' Long before October you may depend upon it; in the quietest times no Lord-Lieutenant ever went so late as that. Shall not you come to town first? You cannot pack up yourself, and all you will want, at Greatworth.

We are in the utmost hopes of a peace; a congress is agreed upon at Ausbourg; but yesterday's mail brought bad news. Prince Ferdinand has been obliged to raise the siege of Cassel, and to retire to Paderborn; the Hereditary Prince having been again defeated[3], with the loss of two generals, and to the value of five thousand men, in prisoners and exchanged. If this defers the Peace it will be grievous news to me, now Mr. Conway is gone to the army.

The town talks of nothing but an immediate Queen; yet I am certain the ministers know not of it. Her picture is come, and lists of her family given about; but the latter I do not send you, as I believe it apocryphal. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. Have you seen the advertisement of a new noble author? *A Treatise of Horsemanship*, by Henry Earl of Pembroke—as George Selwyn said of Mr. Greville[4], so far from being a writer, I thought he was scarce a courteous reader.

[1] Montagu had been appointed Usher of the Black Rod by his cousin the Earl of Halifax, the newly-appointed Viceroy.

[2] Lady Anne Montagu (d. 1766), second daughter of first Earl of Halifax; m. Joseph Jekyll. She was Montagu's first cousin. See Table II.

[3] By Broglie, near Grünberg, in Hesse.

[4] Fulke Greville, author of *Maxims and Characters*.

745. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 10, 1761.

Well, I have received my cousin Boothby[1] and the packet. Thank you for the trouble you have given yourself; but, another time, I will trust my memory rather than my taste. Rinuncini's brocadella is frightful; how could I treasure up an idea of anything that consisted of such a horrid assemblage as green and yellow? Those that have red, green, and white, are very pretty, and as soon as I can determine the quantity I shall want, I will take the liberty of employing you for the manufacture. The gallery advances by large strides, and when that is complete, I shall furnish the Round Tower. My cousin Boothby is my cousin; my mother and his were first cousins; but his, happening not to be the most amiable person in the world, we have had so little connection, that it was perfectly nothing at all.

If I can find an opportunity of presenting the account of the statues, I certainly will, and in a manner not to hurt you. Strange's information is, I believe, by no means ill-founded, and I give up my advice. Kings, though the representatives of Heaven, have none of its all-seeingness inserted in their patents, and being obliged to use many pair of eyes besides their own, no wonder if they are made to pay for all the light they borrow. The young King has excellent and various dispositions—just so many occasions for being imposed upon! Whatever a king loves, is ready money to those who gratify his inclinations—except he loves what his grandfather did, the money itself. I who love the arts, like the King, have found that even I was worth cheating.

Blessed be Providence! we are going to have peace; I do

Letter 745.—[1] Thomas Boothby Schrimshire, Esq. *Walpole.*

not regret it, though the little dabs I save would be almost doubled if the stocks continued at low-water mark. France, who will dictate even in humiliation, has declared to Sweden that she must and will make peace; that even their Imperial Furiousnesses, Tisiphone and Alecto[2], would be content with less perdition of the King of Prussia than they had meditated; and when snakes smile, who can help hoping? France adds, that she will even let the Peace be made *vis-à-vis du Roi de la Grande Bretagne.* It is to be treated here, and the imps of the two Empresses are to reside at Paris, to communicate their instructions; the congress will be afterwards held, for form, at Augsbourg. All Canada is offered. I don't believe we shall be intractable, as all Prince Ferdinand's visionary vivacities are vanished into smoke; his nephew is again beaten, himself retired to Paderborn, and the siege of Cassel raised. Luckily, the French cannot pursue their success for want of magazines.

And so you don't think we are obliged to Mr. Pitt? Yes, I am sure you do. Who would have believed five years ago that France would send to Whitehall to beg peace? And why would they not have believed it? Why, because nobody foresaw that the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke would not be as absolute as ever. Had they continued in power, the Duke of Newcastle would now be treating at Paris to be *Intendant* of Sussex, and Sir Joseph Yorke would be made a Prince of the Empire for signing the cession of Hanover. 'Tis better as it is, though the City of London should burn Mr. Pitt in effigy upon the cessation of contracts and remittances. And so you and I are creeping near to one another again; we shall be quite sociable when there is only *all* France betwixt us. Will you breakfast in the Holbein chamber the first week in June?

[2] The two Empresses of Germany and Russia. *Walpole.*

I must announce a loss to you, though scarce a misfortune, as you never saw her. Your *dear* brother's second daughter[3] is dead of a consumption. She was a most soft-tempered creature, like him, and consequently what he much loved.

As the elections are now almost over, people will begin to think of something else, or at least will consider what they intend to think about next winter—no matter what! Let us sheathe the sword, and fight about what we will. Adieu!

746. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, April 10, 1761.

If Prince Ferdinand had studied how to please me, I don't know any method he could have lighted upon so likely to gain my heart, as being beaten out of the field before you joined him. I delight in a hero that is driven so far that nobody can follow him. He is as well at Paderborn, as where I have long wished the King of Prussia, the other world. You may frown if you please at my imprudence, you who are gone with all the disposition in the world to be well with your commander; the Peace is in a manner made, and the anger of generals will not be worth sixpence these ten years. We peaceable folks are now to govern the world, and you warriors must in your turn tremble at our subjects the mob, as we have done before your hussars and court-martials.

I am glad you had so pleasant a passage[1]. My Lord Lyttelton would say that Lady Mary Coke, like Venus, smiled over the waves, *et mare praestabat eunti.* In truth, when she could tame me, she must have had little trouble

[3] Sarah, second daughter of Galfridus Mann.

Letter 746.—[1] From Harwich to Helvoetsluys. *Walpole.*

with the ocean. Tell me how many burgomasters she has subdued, or how many would have fallen in love with her if they had not fallen asleep? Come, has she saved twopence by her charms? Have they abated a farthing of their impositions for her being handsomer than anything in the seven provinces? Does she know how political her journey is thought? Nay, my Lady Ailesbury, you are not out of the scrape; you are both reckoned *des Maréchales de Guébriant*[2], going to fetch, and *consequently* govern the young Queen. There are more jealousies about your voyage, than the Duke of Newcastle would feel if Dr. Shaw had prescribed a little ipecacuanha to my Lord Bute.

I am sorry I must adjourn my mirth, to give Lady Ailesbury a pang; poor Sir Harry Ballendene[3] is dead; he made a great dinner at Almack's[4] for the house of Drummond, drank very hard, caught a violent fever, and died in a very few days. Perhaps you will have heard this before; I shall wish so; I do not like, even innocently, to be the cause of sorrow.

I do not at all lament Lord Granby's leaving the army, and your immediate succession. There are persons in the world who would gladly ease you of this burden. As you are only to take the viceroyalty of a coop, and that for a few weeks, I shall but smile if you are terribly distressed. Don't let Lady Ailesbury proceed to Brunswick: you might have had a wife[5] who would not have thought it so terrible to fall into the hands (*arms*) of hussars; but as I don't take *that* to be your Countess's turn, leave her with the Dutch,

[2] The Maréchale de Guébriant was sent to the King of Poland with the character of Embassadress by Louis XIII to accompany the Princess Marie de Gonzague, who had been married by proxy to the King of Poland at Paris. *Walpole.*

[3] Uncle to the Countess of Ailesbury. *Walpole.*—Sir Harry Ballenden, Knight, Usher of the Black Rod.

[4] Almack's (afterwards Brooks's) Club in Pall Mall, founded by William Almack (d. 1781), a former valet of the Duke of Hamilton.

[5] The Countess of Harrington, with whom Conway was formerly in love.

who are not so boisterous as Cossacks or Chancellors of the Exchequer[6].

My love, my duty, my jealousy, to Lady Mary, if she is not sailed before you receive this—if she is, I shall deliver them myself. Good night! I write immediately on the receipt of your letter, but you see I have nothing yet new to tell you.

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

747. To Sir David Dalrymple.

SIR, Arlington Street, April 14, 1761.

I have deferred answering the favour of your last, till I could tell you that I had seen *Fingal*. Two journeys into Norfolk for my election, and other accidents, prevented my seeing any part of the poem till this last week, and I have yet only seen the first book. There are most beautiful images in it, and it surprises one how the bard could strike out so many shining ideas from a few so very simple objects, as the moon, the storm, the sea, and the heath, from whence he borrows almost all his allusions. The particularizing of persons, by 'he said,' 'he replied,' so much objected to Homer, is so wanted in *Fingal*, that it in some measure justifies the Grecian Highlander; I have even advised Mr. Macpherson[1] (to prevent confusion) to have the names prefixed to the speeches, as in a play. It is too obscure without some such aid. My doubts of the genuineness are all vanished.

I fear, Sir, from Dodsley's carelessness, you have not

[6] See note on letter to Montagu of March 17, 1761.

LETTER 747.—[1] James Macpherson (1736–1796), the 'editor' of *Fingal*, which had recently appeared in London. At a subsequent period Macpherson's historical writings and newspaper defences of Lord North's ministry made him the object of Horace Walpole's special dislike and contempt.

received the Lucan. A gentleman in Yorkshire, for whom I consigned another copy at the same time with yours, has got his but within this fortnight. I have the pleasure to find that the notes are allowed the best of Dr. Bentley's remarks on poetic authors. Lucan was muscular enough to bear his rough hand.

Next winter I hope to be able to send you Vertue's History of the Arts, as I have put it together from his collections. Two volumes are finished, the first almost printed and the third begun. There will be a fourth, I believe, relating solely to engravers. You will be surprised, Sir, how the industry of one man could at this late period amass so near a complete history of our artists. I have no share in it, but in arranging his materials. Adieu!

748. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, April 16, 1761.

You are a very mule—one offers you a handsome stall and manger in Berkeley Square, and you will not accept it.

I have chosen your coat, a claret colour, to suit the complexion of the country you are going to visit—but I have fixed nothing about the lace. Barret had none of gauze, but what were as broad as the Irish Channel. Your tailor found a very reputable one at another place, but I would not determine rashly; it will be two or three-and-twenty shillings the yard—you might have a very substantial real lace, and that would wear like your buffet, for twenty. The second order of gauzes are frippery, none above twelve shillings, and those tarnished, for the species is out of fashion. You will have time to sit in judgement upon these important points, for Hamilton[1], your secretary, told me at the Opera two nights ago, that he had taken a house near

Letter 748.—[1] William Gerard Hamilton, Chief Secretary for Ireland.

Bushy, and hoped to be in my neighbourhood for four months.

I was last night at your plump Countess's [2], who is so shrunk, that she does not seem to be composed of above a dozen hassocks. Lord Guildford rejoiced mightily over your preferment. The Duchess of Argyle was playing there, not knowing that the great Pan was just dead, to wit, her brother-in-law [3]. He was abroad in the morning, was seized with a palpitation after dinner, and was dead before the surgeon could arrive—there's the crown of Scotland too fallen upon my Lord Bute's head! Poor Lord Edgecumbe [4] is still alive, and may be so for some days; the physicians, who no longer ago than Friday se'nnight persisted that he had no dropsy, in order to prevent his having Ward, on Monday last proposed that Ward should be called in—and at night they owned they thought the mortification begun—it is not clear it is yet; at times he is in his senses, and entirely so, composed, clear, and most rational; talks of his death, and but yesterday, after such a conversation with his brother, asked for a pencil to amuse himself with drawing. What parts, genius, and agreeableness thrown away at a hazard table, and not permitted the chance of being saved by the villainy of physicians!

You will be pleased with the following anacreontic, written by Lord Middlesex upon Sir Harry Ballendine—I have not seen anything so antique for ages; it has all the fire, poetry, and simplicity of Horace.

> Ye sons of Bacchus, come and join
> In solemn dirge, while tapers shine
> Around the grape-embossed shrine
> Of honest Harry Bellendine.

[2] The Countess of Rockingham, Lord Guilford's third wife.

[3] Archibald Campbell, third Duke of Argyll.

[4] Richard Edgcumbe, second Baron Edgcumbe.

Pour the rich juice of Bourdeaux's wine,
Mix'd with your falling tears of brine,
In full libation o'er the shrine
Of honest Harry Bellendine.

Your brows let ivy chaplets twine,
While you push round the sparkling wine,
And let your table be the shrine
Of honest Harry Bellendine.

He died in his vocation, of a high fever, after the celebration of some orgies. Though but six hours in his senses, he gave a proof of his usual good humour, making it his last request to the sister Tuftons[5] to be reconciled—which they are. His pretty villa, in my neighbourhood, I fancy he has left to the new Lord Lorn[6]. I must tell you an admirable *bon mot* of George Selwyn, though not a new one; when there was a malicious report that the eldest Tufton was to marry Dr. Duncan, Selwyn said, 'How often will she repeat that line of Shakespear,

Wake Duncan with thy knocking—would thou couldst!'

I enclose the receipt from your lawyer. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

749. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, April 28, 1761.

I am glad you relish June for Strawberry. By that time I hope the weather will have recovered its temper. At present it is horridly cross and uncomfortable; I fear we

[5] The Ladies Mary and Charlotte Tufton, daughters of seventh Earl of Thanet. Lady Mary m. (1763) Dr., afterwards Sir William, Duncan, and died in 1806. Lady Charlotte died unmarried, 1803.

[6] General John Campbell, brother of the Countess of Ailesbury. He had become Marquis of Lorne in consequence of his father's succession to the Dukedom of Argyll.

shall have a cold season; we cannot eat our summer and have our summer.

There has been a terrible fire in the little traverse street, at the upper end of Sackville Street. Last Friday night[1] between eleven and twelve, I was sitting with Lord Digby[2] in the coffee-room at Arthur's. They told us there was a great fire somewhere about Burlington Gardens. I, who am as constant at a fire as George Selwyn at an execution, proposed to Lord Digby to go and see where it was. We found it within two doors of that pretty house of Fairfax, now General Waldegrave's. I sent for the latter, who was at Arthur's; and for the guard from St. James's. Four houses were in flames before they could find a drop of water; eight were burnt. I went to my Lady Suffolk, in Saville Row, and passed the whole night, till three in the morning, between her little hot bedchamber and the spot, up to my ankles in water, without catching cold. As the wind, which had sat towards Swallow Street, changed in the middle of the conflagration, I concluded the greatest part of Saville Row would be consumed. I persuaded her to prepare to transport her most valuable effects—*portantur avari Pygmalionis opes miserae.* She behaved with great composure, and observed to me herself how much worse her deafness grew with the alarm. Half the people of fashion in town were in the streets all night, as it happened in such a quarter of distinction. In the crowd, looking on with great tranquillity, I saw a Mr. Jackson, an Irish gentleman, with whom I had dined this winter at Lord Hertford's. He seemed rather grave—I said, 'Sir, I hope you don't live anywhere hereabouts.'—'Yes, Sir,' said he, 'I lodged in that house that is just burnt.'

LETTER 749.—[1] Friday, April 24. The fire broke out in some stables at the back of Swallow Street; fourteen houses were burnt.

[2] Henry Digby (1731-1793), seventh Baron Digby; cr. Earl Digby, 1790.

Last night there was a mighty ball at Bedford House; the royal Dukes and Princess Emily were there; your Lord-Lieut[en]ant, the great lawyer-lords, and old Newcastle, whose teeth are tumbled out, and his mouth tumbled in; hazard very deep; loo, beauties, and the Wilton Bridge in sugar, almost as big as the life. I am glad all these joys are near going out of town. The Graftons go abroad for the Duchess's health. Another climate may mend that—I will not answer for more. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

750. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, May 5, 1761.

We have lost a young genius, Sir William Williams[1]; an express from Belleisle, arrived this morning, brings nothing but his death. He was shot very unnecessarily, riding too near a battery: in sum, he is a sacrifice to his own rashness—and to ours—for what are we taking Belleisle[2]? I rejoiced at the little loss we had on landing—for the glory, I leave it [to] the Common Council. I am very willing to leave London to them too, and do pass half the week at Strawberry, where my two passions, lilacs and nightingales, are in full bloom. I spent Sunday as if it was Apollo's birthday; Gray and Mason were with me, and we listened to the nightingales till one o'clock in the morning. Gray has translated two noble incantations[3] from the Lord knows who, a Danish Gray, who lived the Lord knows when. They are to be

Letter 750.—[1] Sir William Peere Williams, fourth Baronet, M.P. for Shoreham, and captain in Burgoyne's Dragoons. At the request of his friend, Frederick Montagu, Gray wrote an epitaph on Williams.

[2] After a repulse on April 8, the English forces (under General Hodgson and Commodore Keppel) effected a landing on Belleisle on April 25, and finally took possession of the island on June 7.

[3] *The Fatal Sisters* and *The Descent of Odin*, paraphrases from the Icelandic.

enchased in a history of English bards, which Mason and he are writing, but of which the former has not writ a word yet, and of which the latter, if he rides Pegasus at his usual foot-pace, will finish the first page two years hence. But the true frantic *oestrus* resides at present with Mr. Hogarth; I went t'other morning to see a portrait he is painting of Mr. Fox—Hogarth told me he had promised, if Mr. Fox would sit as he liked, to make as good a picture as Vandyke or Rubens could. I was silent—'Why now,' said he, 'you think this very vain, but why should not one speak truth?' This *truth* was uttered in the face of his own Sigismonda, which is exactly a maudlin whore, tearing off the trinkets that her keeper had given her, to fling at his head. She has her father's picture in a bracelet on her arm, and her fingers are bloody with the heart, as if she had just bought a sheep's pluck in St. James's Market. As I was going, Hogarth put on a very grave face, and said, 'Mr. Walpole, I want to speak to you.' I sat down, and said I was ready to receive his commands. For shortness, I will mark this wonderful dialogue by initial letters.

H. I am told you are going to entertain the town with something in our way. W. Not very soon, Mr. Hogarth. H. I wish you would let me have it, to correct; I should be sorry to have you expose yourself to censure. We painters must know more of those things than other people. W. Do you think nobody understands painting but painters? H. Oh! so far from it, there's Reynolds, who certainly has genius; why, but t'other day he offered £100 for a picture that I would not hang in my cellar; and indeed, to say truth, I have generally found that persons who had studied painting least were the best judges of it—but what I particularly wanted to say to you was about Sir James Thornhill[4] (you know he married Sir James's daughter): I would not

[4] Sir James Thornhill, Knight (1675–1734), Sergeant-Painter to George I.

have you say anything against him; there was a book published some time ago, abusing him, and it gave great offence—he was the first that attempted history in England, and, I assure you, some Germans have said that he was a very great painter. W. My work will go no lower than the year 1700, and I really have not considered whether Sir J. Thornhill will come within my plan or not; if he does, I fear you and I shall not agree upon his merits. H. I wish you would let me correct it—besides, I am writing something of the same kind myself; I should be sorry we should clash. W. I believe it is not much known what my work is; very few persons have seen it. H. Why, it is a critical history of painting, is not it? W. No, it is an antiquarian history of it in England; I bought Mr. Vertue's MSS., and I believe the work will not give much offence. Besides, if it does, I cannot help it: when I publish anything, I give it to the world to think of it as they please. H. Oh! if it is an antiquarian work, we shall not clash. Mine is a critical work; I don't know whether I shall ever publish it—it is rather an apology for painters—I think it owing to the good sense of the English that they have not painted better. W. My dear Mr. Hogarth, I must take my leave of you, you now grow too wild—and I left him.—If I had stayed, there remained nothing but for him to bite me. I give you my honour this conversation is literal, and, perhaps, as long as you have known Englishmen and painters, you never met with anything so distracted. I had consecrated a line to his genius (I mean, for wit) in my Preface; I shall not erase it; but I hope nobody will ask me if he was not mad. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

751. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, May 14, 1761.

From your silence, I began to fear you was ill; but yesterday I received yours of the 25th of last month, with the account of your absence at Pisa. The little convulsions which surprised you so much in my letter of March 17th, subsided the moment they were settled; and if any factions design to form themselves, they will at least not bespeak their colours till next session of Parliament, or till the Peace. The latter is the present object, and the stocks at least give credit to the professions of France. The impertinent Bussy (who, I believe, will be a little more humble than formerly) is coming, exchanged with Mr. Stanley,—but with all the impatience of France to treat, they modestly proposed that Bussy[1] should come in the man-of-war that carried Stanley[2]. This was flatly refused; and an *Irish* arrangement is made; the one is to be at Dover, the other at Calais, on the 22nd, and if the same wind can blow contrary ways at once, they will sail at the same moment; if it cannot, I am persuaded the French weathercocks will not blow east till ours have been four-and-twenty hours in the west. I am not among the credulous, not conceiving why the court of Versailles should desire a peace at the beginning of a campaign, when they will have so much more in bank to treat with at the end of it. They will have Hesse and Hanover; shall we have the rock of Belleisle? That expedition engrosses as much attention as the Peace. Though I have no particular friends there, I tremble every day in expectation of bloody journals,

Letter 751.—[1] The Abbé de Bussy: he had been very insolent, even to the King, in a former negotiation for a neutrality for Hanover. *Walpole.*

[2] Hans Stanley, Esq. *Walpole.*

whether successful or disadvantageous. Sir William Williams, a young man much talked of, from his exceeding ambition, enterprising spirit, and some parts in Parliament, is already fallen there; and even he was too great a price for such a trumpery island—we have dozens as good in the north of Scotland, and of as much consequence. For the Empress Queen, she has marked her Christian disposition to peace sufficiently, by forbidding her Knights of Malta to assist their religion, lest it should offend the Turk, and take her off from pursuing the King of Prussia.

Your friend, Lord Huntingdon, is safe—at least till some new court earthquake. To Mr. Dodington you ask what you shall say? Nothing: but to my Lord Melcombe address as many lords and lordships as you please, and you cannot err: he is as fond of his title as his child could be, if he had one. Another of your friends, Lord Northampton, is named to return the compliment to Venice[3].

I rejoice that you have got Mr. Pitt[4]; make him a thousand speeches from me, and tell him how much I say you will like one another. You will be happy too in Sir Richard Lyttelton and his Duchess[5]; they are the best humoured people in the world. I promised you another Duchess, the famous beauty Duchess, she of Hamilton, but she is returning to England. In her room I announce her Grace of Grafton[6], a passion of mine—not a regular beauty, but one of the finest women you ever saw, and with more dignity and address. She is one of our first great ladies. She goes first to Genoa—an odd place for her health, but she is not very bad. The Duke goes with her, and as it is not much

[3] Lord Northampton had been appointed Ambassador to Venice.

[4] Thomas Pitt, of Boconnock. *Walpole.*

[5] Rachel, Duchess Dowager of Bridgwater, married to her second husband, Richard, brother of George, first Lord Lyttelton. *Walpole.*

[6] Anne Liddel, only child of Lord Ravensworth, was first married to Augustus Henry, Duke of Grafton, and, being divorced from him, secondly, to John Fitzpatrick, second Earl of Upper Ossory. *Walpole.*

from inclination that she goes, perhaps they will not agree whither they shall go next. He is a man of strict honour, and does not want sense, nor good-breeding; but is not particularly familiar, nor particularly good-humoured, nor at all particularly generous.

I sent your proposal to Dr. Dalton; the answer was, he was in Holland, but was expected in a week—neither the week nor he are arrived yet.

As we have a rage at present for burlettas, I wish you would send me the music of your present one, which you say is so charming. If pleasures can tempt people to stay in town, there will be a harvest all summer; operas at the little theatre in the Haymarket, and plays at Drury Lane.

I have lost one of the oldest friends I had in the world, Lord Edgecumbe; a martyr to gaming: with every quality to make himself agreeable, he did nothing but make himself miserable. I feel the loss much, though long expected; and it is the more sensible here, where I saw most of him. My towers rise, my galleries and cloisters extend—for what? For me to leave, or to inhabit by myself, when I have survived my friends! Yet, with these ungrateful reflections, how I wish once to see you here! And of what should we most talk?—of a dear friend we have both, alas! survived. Gal served me to talk to of you—now I can only talk to you of him! But I will not—I love to communicate my satisfactions—my melancholy I generally shut up in my own breast! Adieu!

752. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, May 14, 1761.

As I am here, and know nothing of our poor heroes at Belleisle, who are combating rocks, mines, famine, and Mr. Pitt's obstinacy, I will send you the victory of a

heroine—but must preface it with an apology, as it was gained over a sort of relation of yours. Jemmy Lumley[1] last week had a party of whisk at his own house; the combatants, Lucy Southwell[2], that curtseys like a bear, Mrs. Prujean, and a Mrs. Mackinsy. They played from six in the evening till twelve next day; Jemmy never winning one rubber, and rising a loser of two thousand pound. How it happened I know not, nor why his suspicions arrived so late, but he fancied himself cheated, and refused to pay. However, *the bear* had no share in his evil surmises. On the contrary, a day or two afterwards, he promised a dinner at Hampstead to Lucy and her virtuous sister[3]. As he went to the rendezvous his chaise was stopped by somebody, who advised him not to proceed. Yet no whit daunted, he advanced. In the garden he found the gentle conqueress, Mrs. Mackinsy, who accosted him in the most friendly manner. After a few compliments, she asked him if he did not intend to pay her—'No, indeed I shan't, I shan't; your servant, your servant.'—'Shan't you?' said the fair virago—and taking a horsewhip from beneath her hoop, she fell upon him with as much vehemence as the Empress-Queen would upon the King of Prussia, if she could catch him alone in the garden at Hampstead—Jemmy cried out murder; his servants rushed in, rescued him from the jaws of the lioness, and carried him off in his chaise to town. The Southwells, who were already arrived, and descended on the noise of the fray, finding nobody to pay for the dinner, and fearing they must, set out for London too, without it, though I suppose they had prepared tin pockets to carry off all that should be left. Mrs. Mackinsy is immortal, and in the Crown Office.

LETTER 752.—[1] Hon. James Lumley, son of first Earl of Scarborough; his sister married the Earl of Halifax, Montagu's uncle.

[2] Hon. Lucy Southwell, second daughter of first Baron Southwell.

[3] Hon. Frances Southwell.

I can tell you two more quarrels, that have not ended quite so bloodily. Long Herbert has lately made some alterations to his house in Berkeley Square: the workmen overturned three stone posts. Lady Mary Coke's servants disputed with his for the property, and she herself sent him a message about them. . . .[4]

The last battle in my military journal happened between the mother of the last-mentioned dame and Lord Vere. The Duchess, who always talks of puss and pug, and who, having lost her memory, forgets how often she tells the same story, had tired the company at Dorset House with the repetition of this narration; when the Duke's spaniel reached up into her lap, and placed his nose as critically . . .[5] 'See,' said she, 'see, how fond all creatures are of me.' Lord Vere, who was at cards, and could not attend to them from her gossipping, said peevishly, without turning round or seeing where the dog was, 'I suppose he smells puss.'—'What!' said the Duchess of Argyle, in a passion, 'do you think my puss stinks?'—I believe you have not three better stories in Northamptonshire.

Don't imagine that my gallery will be *prance-about-in-able*, as you expect, by the beginning of June; I do not propose to finish it till next year—but you will see some glimpse of it—and for the rest of Strawberry, it never was more beautiful. You must now begin to fix your motions: I go to Lord Dacre's the end of this month, and to Lord Ilchester's the end of the next—between those periods I expect you.

Saturday morning, Arl. Street.

I came to town yesterday for a party at Bedford House, made for Princess Emily; the garden was open, with French horns and clarionets, and would have been charming with one single zephyr that had not come from the north-east—

[4] Passage omitted.

[5] Passage omitted.

however, the young ladies found it delightful. There was limited loo for the Princess, unlimited for the Duchess of Grafton, to whom I belonged, a table of quinze, and another of quadrille. The Princess had heard of our having cold meat upon the loo-table, and would have some. A table was brought in, she was served so, others rose by turns and went to the cold meat; in the outward room were four little tables for the rest of the company. Think, if George the Second could have risen and seen his daughter supping pell-mell with men, as it were in a booth! The tables were removed, the young people began to dance to a tabor and pipe; the Princess sat down again, but to unlimited loo, we played till three, and I won enough to help on the gallery. I am going back to it, to give my nieces and their lords a dinner.

We were told there was a great victory come from Pondicherry[6], but it came from too far to divert us from liking our party better. Poor George Monson[7] has lost his leg there. You know that Sir W. Williams has made Fred Montagu heir to his debts. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

[6] *Gent. Mag.* 1761. 'Friday, May 15. Advice was received over land by the way of Bassora from the East Indies, that the garrison of Pondicherry had made a vigorous sally, but were repulsed with great loss, and that, on our side, Col. Monson had one of his legs shot off by a cannon ball. This account came by the Groine mail, and adds, that the English expected soon to be masters of the place, as they had learned by the prisoners that the garrison was in want of every necessary of life. Other accounts say, that the siege was obliged to be raised on account of the monsoons, but was to be resumed in Jan. (last).' Pondicherry surrendered to the English under Colonel (afterwards Sir Eyre) Coote and Admiral Stevens on Jan. 15, 1761.

[7] Colonel (afterwards Lieutenant-General) Hon. George Monson (1730–1776), third son of first Baron Monson, afterwards well known as an opponent of Warren Hastings.

753. To Lady Mary Coke.

Dear Madam, Strawberry Hill, June 3, 1761.

I will renounce my new vocation if my zeal hath eaten you up. I intended to laugh you out of danger, but I resign all the honour that has attended my preaching, if I have given you an uneasy moment or a disagreeable thought. You answer me too seriously upon the foot of looks; I wish I could always justify myself as well as I can on this chapter! Did ever any man tell a very pretty woman that she looked ill, but when it was in her power to look well, or when she was sure of looking well immediately? It is brutal—a behaviour I think your Ladyship cannot suspect me of—to tell a woman her beauty is gone; it is kind to warn her to preserve it, or to take care to recover it when it is clouded by sickness. I don't love to put myself too much in your power, but how are you sure that I was not jealous lest anybody should look better than you at the Birthday? I knew you would not borrow any bloom, I knew a little time would restore it; it is for the honour of my passion that you should never be seen without being admired, and it imported to my glory that Lady Mary Coke should rather be missed at the first Birthday of the King, than that a charm of hers should be missing. But I had a better reason than all these; I was seriously afraid of your hurting yourself, and my having staggered your resolution proves to me, that if our divines make no more converts, it is because they do not feel what they preach[1]. I was eloquent because I spoke from my heart.

I propose to be in town on Friday, and shall be happy to receive your commands for a visit from Strawberry—if Straw-

Letter 753.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. pp. xiv–xv.

[1] 'May 30. Wrote a mock sermon to dissuade Lady Mary Coke from going to the King's Birthday, as she had lately been ill.' (Horace Walpole, *Short Notes of my Life.*)

berry is not drowned. I have scarce been able to stir out of the house since Monday morning; my workmen are all at a stand, and the deluge seems to be arrived before my ark is half ready. Adieu! Madam.

Your most faithful
Humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

754. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Strawberry Hill, June 13, 1761.

I never ate such good snuff, nor smelt such delightful bonbons, as your Ladyship has sent me. Every time you rob the Duke's dessert, does it cost you a pretty snuff-box? Do the pastors at the Hague[1] enjoin such expensive retributions? If a man steals a kiss there, I suppose he does penance in a sheet of Brussels lace. The comical part is, that you own the theft, and send it me, but say nothing of the vehicle of your repentance. In short, Madam, the box is the prettiest thing I ever saw, and I give you a thousand thanks for it.

When you comfort yourself about the operas, you don't know what you have lost; nay, nor I neither; for I was here, concluding that a serenata for a Birthday would be as dull and as vulgar as those festivities generally are: but I hear of nothing but the enchantment of it. There was a second orchestra in the footman's gallery, disguised by clouds, and filled with the music of the King's chapel. The choristers behaved like angels, and the harmony between the two bands was in the most exact time. Elisi piqued himself, and beat both heaven and earth. The joys of the year do not end there. The under-actors open at Drury Lane to-night with a new comedy by Murphy, called *All in the*

Letter 754.—[1] Lady Ailesbury remained at the Hague while Mr. Conway was with the army during the campaign of 1761. *Berry.*

Wrong. At Ranelagh, all is fireworks and sky-rockets. The Birthday exceeded the splendour of Haroun Alraschid and the *Arabian Nights*, when people had nothing to do but to scour a lantern and send a genie for a hamper of diamonds and rubies. Do you remember one of those stories[2], where a prince has eight statues of diamonds, which he overlooks, because he fancies he wants a ninth; and to his great surprise the ninth proves to be pure flesh and blood, which he never thought of? Somehow or other, Lady Sarah is the ninth statue; and, you will allow, has better white and red than if she was made of pearls and rubies. Oh! I forgot, I was telling you of the Birthday: my Lord P—— had drunk the King's health so often at dinner, that at the ball he took Mrs. —— for a beautiful woman, and, as she says, 'made an improper use of his hands.' The proper use of hers, she thought, was to give him a box on the ear, though within the verge of the court. He returned it by a push, and she tumbled off the end of the bench; which his Majesty has accepted as sufficient punishment, and she is not to lose her right hand[3].

I enclose the list your Ladyship desired: you will see that the *plurality of Worlds* are Moore's[4], and of some I do not know the authors. There is a late edition with these names to them.

My Duchess[5] was to set out this morning. I saw her for the last time the day before yesterday at Lady Kildare's: never was a journey less a party of pleasure. She was so melancholy, that all Miss Pelham's oddness and my spirits could scarce make her smile. Towards the end of the

[2] The story of King Zeyn Alasnam.

[3] The old punishment for giving a blow in the King's presence. *Berry.*

[4] Edward Moore, author of sixty-one out of the two hundred and ten papers of the periodical called *The World*, which ceased to appear in 1757. A collected edition of the papers appeared in that year, and another in 1761. The mention of the *plurality of Worlds* is an allusion to Fontenelle's *Entretiens de la Pluralité des Mondes.*

[5] The Duchess of Grafton.

night, and that was three in the morning, I did divert her a little. I slipped Pam into her lap, and then taxed her with having it there. She was quite confounded; but taking it up, saw he had a telescope in his hand, which I had drawn, and that the card, which was split, and just waxed together, contained these lines:

Ye simple astronomers, lay by your glasses;
The transit of Venus [6] has proved you all asses:
Your telescopes signify nothing to scan it;
'Tis not meant in the clouds, 'tis not meant of a planet:
The seer who foretold it mistook or deceives us,
For Venus's transit is when Grafton leaves us.

I don't send your Ladyship these verses as good, but to show you that all gallantry does not centre at the Hague.

I wish I could tell you that Stanley and Bussy, by crossing over and figuring in, had forwarded the Peace. It is no more made than Belleisle is taken. However, I flatter myself that you will not stay abroad till you return for the Coronation, which is ordered for the beginning of October. I don't care to tell you how lovely the season is; how my acacias are powdered with flowers, and my hay just in its picturesque moment. Do they ever make any other hay in Holland than bulrushes in ditches? My new buildings rise so swiftly, that I shall not have a shilling left, so far from giving commissions on Amsterdam. When I have made my house so big that I don't know what to do with it, and am entirely undone, I propose, like King Pyrrhus [7], who took such a roundabout way to a bowl of punch, to sit down and enjoy myself; but with this difference, that it is better

[6] The transit of Venus took place on June 6, 1761.

[7] A reference to an anecdote related by Plutarch in his Life of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus. Pyrrhus, when asked by his friend Cineas what he intended to do when he should have conquered the world, replied that he proposed to pass his time in feasting and pleasure; whereupon Cineas asked Pyrrhus why he did not take his ease at once, instead of first undergoing the toils and perils of war?

to ruin one's self than all the world. I am sure you would think as I do, though Pyrrhus were King of Prussia. I long to have you bring back the only hero[8] that ever I could endure. Adieu, Madam! I sent you just such another piece of tittle-tattle as this by General Waldegrave: you are very partial to me, or very fond of knowing everything that passes in your own country, if you can be amused so. If you can, 'tis surely my duty to divert you, though at the expense of my character; for I own I am ashamed when I look back and see four sides of paper scribbled over with nothings. Your Ladyship's most faithful servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

755. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, June 18, 1761.

I AM glad you will come on Monday, and hope you will arrive in a rainbow and pair, to signify that we are not to be totally drowned. It has rained incessantly, and floated all my new works; I seem rather to be building a pond than a gallery. My farm too is all under water, and what is vexatious, if Sunday had not thrust itself between, I could have got in my hay on Monday. As the parsons will let nobody else make hay on Sundays, I think they ought to make it on that day themselves.

By the papers I see Mrs. Trevor Hampden[1] is dead of the smallpox. Will he be much concerned?

If you stay with me a fortnight or three weeks, perhaps I may be able to carry you to a play of Mr. Bentley's—you stare—but I am in earnest—nay, and *de par le roy*. In short, here is the history of it. You know the passion he

[8] Her husband, General Conway.

LETTER 755.—[1] Constantia, daughter of Peter Antony de Huybert, Lord of Van-Kruyningen in Holland; m. (1743) Hon. Robert Trevor (1706-1783), third son of first Baron Trevor. He took the name of Hampden in 1754; succeeded his brother as fourth Baron Trevor, 1764; and was created Viscount Hampden, 1776.

always had for the Italian comedy. About two years ago he writ one, intending to get it offered to Rich—but without his name.—He would have died to be supposed an author, and writing for gain. I kept this a most inviolable secret. Judge then of my surprise, when about a fortnight or three weeks ago, I found my Lord Melcomb reading this very Bentleiad in a circle at my Lady Hervey's. Cumberland[2] had carried it to him with a recommendatory copy of verses, containing more incense to the King, and my Lord Bute, than the Magi brought in their portmanteaus to Jerusalem. The idols were propitious, and to do them justice, there is a great deal of wit in the piece, which is called *The Wishes, or Harlequin's Mouth Opened.* A bank-note of 200*l.* was sent from the *Treasury* to the author, and the play ordered to be performed by the summer company. Foote was summoned to Lord Melcomb's, where Parnassus was composed of the peer himself, who, like Apollo, as I am going to tell you, was dozing, the two chief justices, and Lord Bute. Bubo[3] read the play himself, 'with handkerchief and orange by his side.' But the curious part is a prologue, which I never saw. It represents the god of verse fast asleep by the side of Helicon. The race of modern bards try to wake him, but the more they repeat their works, the louder he snores. At last 'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King,' is heard, and the god starts from his trance. This is a good thought, but will offend the bards so much, that I think Dr. Bentley's son will be abused at least as much as his father was. The prologue concludes with young Augustus, and how much he excels the ancient one by the choice of his friend. Foote refused to act this prologue, and said it was too strong. 'Indeed,' said Augustus's friend, 'I think it is.' They have softened it

[2] Richard Cumberland (1732–1811), dramatist, nephew of Richard Bentley the younger.

[3] Bubb Dodington, Lord Melcombe, called 'Bubo' by Pope in the *Prologue to the Satires*, from which (line 228) the quotation in the next line is taken.

a little, and I suppose it will be performed. You may depend upon the truth of all this; but what is much more credible is, that the *comely young* author appears every night in the Mall in a milk-white coat with a blue cape, disclaims any benefit, and says he has done with the play now it is out of his own hands, and that Mrs. Hannah Clio, *alias* Bentley, writ the best scenes in it. He is going to write a tragedy, and she, I suppose, is going—to court.

You will smile when I tell you that t'other day a party went to Westminster Abbey, and among the rest saw the ragged regiment [4]. They inquired the names of the figures. 'I don't know them,' said the man, 'but if Mr. Walpole was here he could tell you every one.'

Adieu! I expect Mr. John and you with impatience.

Yours ever, H. W.

756. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 5, 1761.

You are a pretty sort of a person to come to one's house and get sick, only to have an excuse for not returning to it. Your departure is so abrupt, that I don't know but I may expect to find that Mrs. *Jane* Truebridge, whom you commend so much, and call Mrs. *Mary*, will prove Mrs. *Hannah*. Mrs. Clive is still more disappointed; she had proposed to play at quadrille with you from dinner to supper, and to sing old Purcell to you from supper to breakfast next morning. If you cannot trust yourself from Greatworth for a whole fortnight, how will you do in Ireland for six months? Remember all my preachments, and never be in spirits at supper. Seriously I am sorry you are out of order, but am alarmed for you at Dublin, and though all the bench of bishops should quaver Purcell's hymns, don't let them warble you into a pint of wine—I wish you was going

[4] The wax effigies formerly carried in funeral processions.

among Catholic prelates, who would deny you the cup. Think of me and resist temptation. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

757. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Strawberry Hill, July 5, 1761.

I cannot live at Twickenham and not think of you: I have long wanted to write, and had nothing to tell you. My Lady Denbigh seems to have lost her sting; she has neither blown up a house nor a quarrel since you departed. Her wall, contiguous to you, is built, but so precipitate and slanting, that it seems hurrying to take water. I hear she grows sick of her undertakings. We have been ruined by deluges; all the country was under water. Lord Holdernesse's new *fossé*[1] was beaten in for several yards: this tempest was a little beyond the dew of Hermon, that fell on the *Hill of Sion*. I have been in still more danger by water: my parroquet was on my shoulder as I was feeding my gold-fish, and flew into the middle of the pond: I was very near being the Nouvelle Éloïse[2], and tumbling in after him; but with much ado I ferried him out with my hat.

Lord Edgecumbe has had a fit of apoplexy; your brother Charles[3] a bad return of his old complaint; and Lord Melcombe has tumbled down the kitchen stairs, and—waked himself.

London is a desert; no soul in it but the King. Bussy has taken a temporary house. The world talks of peace—would I could believe it! every newspaper frightens me: Mr. Conway would be very angry if he knew how I dread the very name of the Prince de Soubise.

Letter 757.—[1] At Sion Hill, near Brentford. *Walpole.*

[2] Rousseau's *Julie, ou la Nouvelle Éloïse*, recently published.

[3] Charles Townshend, married to Lady Greenwich, eldest sister to Lady Strafford. *Walpole.*

We begin to perceive the tower of Kew[4] from Montpellier Row[5]; in a fortnight you will see it in Yorkshire.

The apostle Whitfield is come to some shame: he went to Lady Huntingdon lately, and asked for forty pounds for some distressed saint or other. She said she had not so much money in the house, but would give it him the first time she had. He was very pressing, but in vain. At last he said, 'There's your watch and trinkets, you don't want such vanities; I will have that.' She would have put him off: but he persisting, she said, 'Well, if you must have it you must.' About a fortnight afterwards, going to his house, and being carried into his wife's chamber, among the paraphernalia of the latter the Countess found her own offering. This has made a terrible schism: she tells the story herself—I had not it from Saint Frances[6], but I hope it is true. Adieu, my dear Lord!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

P.S. My gallery sends its humble duty to your new front, and all my creatures beg their respects to my Lady.

758. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 9, 1761.

Was it worth while to write a letter on purpose to tell you that Belleisle was taken? I did not think the news deserved postage. I stayed, and hoped to send you peace. Yesterday I concluded I should. An extraordinary Privy Council of all the members in and near town was summoned by the King's own messengers, not by those of the Council, to meet *on the most urgent and important business.* To

[4] The pagoda in the royal garden at Kew. *Walpole.*

[5] In Twickenham.

[6] Lady Frances Shirley. *Walpole.*

sanctify or to reject the pacification, was concluded. Not at all—To declare a queen. *Urgent* business enough, I believe; I do not see how it was *important*. The handkerchief has been tossed a vast way; it is to a Charlotte[1], Princess of Mecklenbourg. Lord Harcourt is to be at her father's court—if he can find it—on the 1st of August, and the Coronation of both their Majesties is fixed for the 22nd of September. What food for newsmongers, tattle, solicitations, mantua-makers, jewellers, &c., for above two months to come!

Though exceedingly rejoiced that we are to have more young princes and princesses, I cannot help wishing the Council had met for a peace. It seems to be promised, but I hate delays, and dread the episode of a battle. Bussy has taken a temporary house, and is to be presented here as Stanley has been at Paris.

You will be pleased with a story from thence: Monsieur de Souvré[2], a man of wit, was at Madame Pompadour's, who is learning German. He said, 'Il me semble que depuis que Madame la Marquise apprenne l'Allemande, elle écorche le françois.' As the company laughed violently at this, the King came in, and would know what diverted them so much. They were forced to tell him. He was very angry, and said, 'Monsieur de Souvré, est-il longtems que vous n'avez pas été à vos terres?' 'Oui, Sire,' replied he; 'mais je compte d'y partir ce soir.' The frank *hardiesse* of the answer saved him.

Have you seen Voltaire's miserable imitation, or second part, or dregs, of his *Candide*? Have you seen his delightful ridicule of the *Nouvelle Éloïse*, called *Prédiction*?

I have often threatened you with a visit at Florence;

LETTER 758.—[1] Charlotte Sophia (1744–1818), daughter of Charles Louis, Prince of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. She reached England on Sept. 7, 1761, and was married to George III in the evening of Sept. 8.

[2] The Chevalier de Souvré, afterwards Marquis de Louvois.

I believe I shall now be forced to make you one, for I am ruining myself; my gallery, cabinet, and round tower, will cost immensely. However, if you can, find me a pedestal; it will at least look well in my auction. The brocadella I shall postpone a little, not being too impatient for a commission of bankruptcy.

I have not connection enough with the Northumberlands to recommend a governor for their son. I don't even know that he is going abroad. The poor lad[3], who has a miserable constitution, has been very near taking a longer journey. His brother[4] has as flimsy a texture; and they have just lost their only daughter[5].

Adieu! We shall abound with news for three or four months, but it will all be of pageants.

759. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Friday night, July 10, 1761.

I did not notify the King's marriage to you yesterday, because I knew you would learn as much by the *Evening Post*, as I could tell you. The solemn manner of summoning the Council was very extraordinary: people little imagined that *the urgent and important business* in the rescript was to acquaint them that his Majesty was going to lose his maidenhead. You may choose what complexion you please for the new Queen: every colour under the sun is given to her. All I can tell you of truth, is, that Lord Harcourt goes to fetch her, and comes back her Master of Horse.

[3] Earl Percy, eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland. *Walpole.*—He succeeded his father in 1786 as second Duke, and died in 1817.

[4] Lord Algernon Percy. Lord Northumberland was not made a duke till after the period of the letter above. *Walpole.*—He was so created in 1766. His second son succeeded him as Baron Lovaine in 1786, was created Earl of Beverley in 1790, and died in 1830.

[5] Lady Elizabeth Anne Frances Percy; d. May 27, 1761.

Letter 759.—Wrongly dated by C. July 16.

She is to be here in August, and the Coronation certainly on the 22nd of September. Think of the joy the women feel—there is not a Scotch peer in the Fleet, that might not marry the greatest fortune in England between this and the 22nd of September. However, the ceremony will lose its two brightest luminaries, my niece Waldegrave for beauty, and the Duchess of Grafton for figure. The first will be lying-in, the latter at Geneva—but I think she will come, if she walks to it, as well as at it. I cannot recollect but Lady Kildare and Lady Pembroke of great beauties. Mrs. Bloodworth and Mrs. Robert Brudenel, Bedchamber Women; Miss Wrottesley[1] and Miss Meadows, Maids of Honour, go to receive the Princess at Helvoet; what Lady I do not hear. Your cousin's Grace of Manchester, they say, is to be Chamberlain, and Mr. Stone, Treasurer—the Duchess of Ancaster[2] and Lady Bolinbroke[3] of her Bedchamber: these I do not know are certain, but hitherto all seems well chosen. Miss Molly Howe, one of the pretty Bishops, and a daughter of Lady Harry Beauclerc, are talked of for Maids of Honour. The great apartment at St. James's is enlarging, and to be furnished with the pictures from Kensington: this does not portend a new palace.

In the midst of all this novelty and hurry, my mind is very differently employed. They expect every minute the news of a battle between Soubise and the Hereditary Prince. Mr. Conway is, I believe, in the latter's army; judge if I can be thinking much of espousals and coronations! It is terrible to be forced to sit still, expecting such an event—in

[1] Mary, eldest daughter of Rev. Sir Richard Wrottesley, seventh Baronet; d. 1769.

[2] Mary, daughter of Thomas Panton; m. (1750) Peregrine Bertie, third Duke of Ancaster.

[3] Lady Diana Spencer (1734–1808), eldest daughter of third Duke of Marlborough; m. 1. (1757) Frederick St. John, second Viscount Bolingbroke, from whom she was divorced in 1768; 2. (1768) Topham Beauclerk, grandson of first Duke of St. Albans. She had considerable artistic talent, and executed for Horace Walpole a series of designs in illustration of his tragedy *The Mysterious Mother*.

one's own room one is not obliged to be a hero; consequently, I tremble for one that is really a hero!

Mr. H.[4], your secretary, has been to see me to-day; I am quite ashamed not to have prevented him. I will go to-morrow with all the speeches I can muster.

I am sorry neither you nor your brother are quite well, but shall be content if my Pythagorean sermons have any weight with you. You go to Ireland to make the rest of your life happy—don't go to fling the rest of it away! Good night!

Yours most faithfully,

H. W.

Mr. Chute is gone to his Chutehood.

760. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, July 14, 1761.

My dearest Harry, how could you write me such a cold letter as I have just received from you, and beginning *Dear Sir*! Can you be angry with me, for can I be in fault to you? Blamable in ten thousand other respects, may not I almost say I am perfect with regard to you? Since I was fifteen have not I loved you unalterably? Since I was capable of knowing your merit, has not my admiration been veneration? For what could so much affection and esteem change? Have not your honour, your interest, your safety been ever my first objects? Oh, Harry! if you knew what I have felt and am feeling about you, would you charge me with neglect? If I have seen a person since you went, to whom my first question has not been, 'What do you hear of the Peace?' you would have reason to blame me. You say I write very seldom: I will tell you what, I should almost be sorry to have you see the anxiety I have expressed about

[4] William Gerard Hamilton.

you in letters to everybody else. No; I must except Lady Ailesbury, and there is not another on earth who loves you so well and is so attentive to whatever relates to you.

With regard to writing, this is exactly the case: I had nothing to tell you; nothing has happened; and where you are, I was cautious of writing. Having neither hopes nor fears, I always write the thoughts of the moment, and even laugh to divert the person I am writing to, without any ill-will on the subjects I mention. But in your situation that frankness might be prejudicial to you: and to write grave unmeaning letters, I trusted you was too secure of me either to like them or desire them. I knew no news, nor could I: I have lived quite alone at Strawberry; am connected with no court, ministers, or party; consequently heard nothing, and events there have been none. I have not even for this month heard my Lady Townshend's extempore gazette. All the morning I play with my workmen or animals, go regularly every evening to the meadows with Mrs. Clive, or sit with my Lady Suffolk[1], and at night scribble my *Painters*—what a journal to send you! I write more trifling letters than any man living; am ashamed of them, and yet they are expected of me. You, my Lady Ailesbury, your brother, Sir Horace Mann, George Montagu, Lord Strafford—all expect I should write—of what? I live less and less in the world, care for it less and less, and yet am thus obliged to inquire what it is doing. Do make these allowances for me, and remember half your letters go to my Lady Ailesbury. I writ to her of the King's marriage, concluding she would send it to you: tiresome as it would be, I will copy my own letters, if you expect it; for I will do anything rather than disoblige you. I will send you a diary of the Duke of York's balls and Ranelaghs, inform you of

Letter 760.—[1] Henrietta Hobart, Countess of Suffolk, then living at Marble Hill. *Walpole.*

how many children my Lady Berkeley is with child, and how many races my nephew goes to. No; I will not, you do not want *such* proofs of my friendship.

The papers tell us you are retiring, and I was glad. You seem to expect an action—can this give me spirits? Can I write to you joyfully, and fear? Or is it fit Prince Ferdinand should know you have a friend that is as great a coward about you as your wife? The only reason for my silence, that can *not* be true, is, that I forget you. When I am prudent or cautious, it is no symptom of my being indifferent. Indifference does not happen in friendships, as it does in passions; and if I was young enough or feeble enough to cease to love you, I would not for my own sake let it be known. Your virtues are my greatest pride; I have done myself so much honour by them, that I will not let it be known you have been peevish with me unreasonably. Pray God we may have peace, that I may scold you for it!

The King's marriage was kept the profoundest secret till last Wednesday, when the Privy Council was extraordinarily summoned, and it was notified to them. Since that, the new Queen's mother is dead, and will delay it a few days; but Lord Harcourt is to sail on the 27th, and the Coronation will certainly be on the 22nd of September. All that I know fixed, is, Lord Harcourt Master of the Horse, the Duke of Manchester Chamberlain, and Mr. Stone Treasurer. Lists there are in abundance; I don't know the authentic: those most talked of are Lady Bute Groom of the Stole, the Duchesses of Hamilton and Ancaster, Lady Northumberland, Bolingbroke, Weymouth[2], Scarborough[3], Abergavenny,

[2] Lady Elizabeth Cavendish-Bentinck, eldest daughter of second Duke of Portland; m. (1759) Thomas Thynne, third Viscount Weymouth, afterwards Marquis of Bath.

[3] Barbara, daughter of Sir George Savile, sixth Baronet; m. (1752) Richard Lumley-Saunderson, fourth Earl of Scarborough; d. 1797.

Effingham[4], for Ladies; you may choose any six of them you please; the four first are most probable. Misses, Henry Beauclerc, M. Howe, Meadows, Wrottesley, Bishop, &c., &c. Choose your Maids too. Bedchamber Women, Mrs. Bloodworth, Robert Brudenel, Charlotte Dives, Lady Erskine; in short, I repeat a mere newspaper.

We expect the final answer of France this week. Bussy[5] was in great pain on the fireworks for Quebec, lest he should be obliged to illuminate his house: you see I ransack my memory for something to tell you.

Adieu! I have more reason to be angry than you had; but I am not so hasty: you are of a *violent, impetuous, jealous* temper—I, *cool, sedate, reasonable.* I believe I must subscribe my name, or you will not know me by this description.

Yours unalterably,

Hor. Walpole.

761. To Grosvenor Bedford.

Dear Sir, Strawb. Sunday[1].

I will beg you to copy the following lines[2] for me, and bring or send them, whichever is most convenient to you, to my house in Arlington Street on Tuesday morning. Pray don't mention them to anybody.

Yours, &c.,

H. W.

I hope you did not suffer by all the trouble I gave you yesterday.

[4] Elizabeth, daughter of Peter Beckford, of Jamaica; m. 1. (1745) Thomas Howard, second Earl of Effingham; 2. (1776) Field-Marshal Sir George Howard, K.B.; d. 1791.

[5] The Abbé de Bussy, sent here with overtures of peace. Mr. Stanley was at the same time sent to Paris. *Walpole.*

Letter 761.—[1] Probably July 19, 1761, which fell on Sunday.

[2] 'July 16, 1761. Wrote *The Garland*, a poem on the King, and sent it to Lady Bute, but not in my own hand, nor with my name, nor did ever own it.' (Horace Walpole, *Short Notes of my Life.*)

THE GARLAND.

In private life, where Virtues safely bloom,
What flow'rs diffuse their favourite perfume?
Devotion first the Garland's front commands,
Like some fair Lily borne by Angel hands.
Next, Filial Love submissive warmth displays,
Like Heliotropes, that court their parent rays.
Friendship, that yields its fragrance but to those
That near approach it, like the tender Rose,
As royal Amaranths, unchanging Truth;
And Violet-like, the bashful blush of youth.
Chaste Purity by no loose heat misled,
Like virgin Snowdrops in a winter bed.
Prudence, the Sensitive, whose leaves remove
When hands, too curious, would their texture prove.
Bounty, full-flush'd at once with fruit and flower,
As Citrons give and promise ev'ry hour.
Soft Pity last, whose dews promiscuous fall,
Like lavish Eglantines, refreshing all.
How blest a cottage where such Virtues dwell!
To Heaven ascends the salutary smell:
But should such virtues round imperial state
Their cordial gales in balmy clouds dilate,
Nations a long-lost Paradise would own,
And Happiness reclaim her proper Throne.
Hate, Discord, War, and each foul ill would cease,
And laurel'd Conquest only lead to Peace.
'Ah! vain Idea!' cries the servile Bard,
Who lies for hire, and flatters for reward;
'Such I have sung of—such have never seen—
My Kings were visions and a dream my Queen.
Point out the charming Phantom.'—— One there is
Un-nam'd—the world will own the Garland His:
Truth so exactly wove the wreath for one,
It must become his honest brow—or none.

762. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Strawberry Hill, July 20, 1761.

I blush, dear Madam, on observing that half my letters to your Ladyship are prefaced with thanks for presents:—

don't mistake; I am not ashamed of thanking you, but of having so many occasions for it. Monsieur Hop has sent me the piece of china: I admire it as much as possible, and intend to like him as much as ever I can; but hitherto I have not seen him, not having been in town since he arrived.

Could I have believed that the Hague would so easily compensate for England? nay, for Park Place! Adieu, all our agreeable suppers! Instead of Lady Cecilia's[1] French songs, we shall have Madame Welderen[2] quavering a confusion of d's and t's, b's and p's—*Bourquoi sçais du blaire*[3]?—Worse than that, I expect to meet all my mad relations at your house, and Sir Samson Gideon instead of Charles Townshend. You will laugh like Mrs. Tipkin[4] when a Dutch Jew tells you that he bought at two and a half per cent. and sold at four. Come back, if you have any taste left: you had better be here talking robes, ermine, and tissue, jewels and tresses, as all the world does, than own you are so corrupted. Did you receive my notification of the new Queen? Her mother is dead, and she will not be here before the end of August.

My mind is much more at peace about Mr. Conway than it was. Nobody thinks there will be a battle, as the French did not attack them when both armies shifted camps; and since that, Soubise has entrenched himself up to the whiskers:—whiskers I think he has, I have been so afraid of him! Yet our hopes of meeting are still very distant: the Peace does not advance; and if Europe has a *stiver* left in its pockets, the war will continue; though happily all parties

LETTER 762.—[1] Lady Cecilia West, daughter of John, Earl of Delawar, afterwards married to General James Johnston. *Walpole.*

[2] Anne (d. 1796), second daughter of William Whitwell, of Oundle, Northamptonshire, by Hon. Anne Griffin, second daughter of second Baron Griffin, and wife of Count Welderen, Envoy Extraordinary from the States General.

[3] The first words of a favourite French air. *Walpole.*

[4] A character in the *Tender Husband, or the Accomplished Fools. Walpole.*

have been so scratched, that they only sit and look anger at one another, like a dog and cat that don't care to begin again.

We are in danger of losing our sociable box at the Opera. The new Queen is very musical, and if Mr. Deputy Hodges and the City don't exert their veto, will probably go to the Haymarket. . . . George Pitt, in imitation of the Adonises in Tanzaï's[5] retinue, has asked to be her Majesty's grand harper. *Dieu sçait quelle râclerie il y aura*[6]*!* All the guitars are untuned; and if Miss Conway[7] has a mind to be in fashion at her return, she must take some David or other to teach her the new twing twang, twing twing twang. As I am still desirous of being in fashion with your Ladyship, and am, over and above, very grateful, I keep no company but my Lady Denbigh and Lady Blandford[8], and learn every evening, for two hours, to mash my English. Already I am tolerably fluent in saying *she* for *he*[9].

Good night, Madam! I have no news to send you: one cannot announce a royal wedding and a coronation every post. Your most faithful and obliged servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. Pray, Madam, do the gnats bite your legs? Mine are swelled as big as *one*, which is saying a deal for me.

July 22.

I had writ this, and was not time enough for the mail, when I received your charming note, and this magnificent

[5] *Tanzaï et Néadarmé*, a novel by the younger Crébillon.

[6] 'Ce Francisque venait de faire une sarabande qui charmait ou désolait tout le monde; . . . toute la guitarerie de la cour se mit à l'apprendre, et Dieu sait la râclerie universelle que c'était.' (Grammont, *Mémoires*, ch. ix.)

[7] The Honourable Anne Damer. *Walpole.*

[8] Maria Catherina, daughter of Peter de Jonge, of Utrecht; m. 1. (1729) William Godolphin, Marquis of Blandford; 2. (1734), as his second wife, Sir William Wyndham, third Baronet. She was the sister of Lady Denbigh. She died in 1779.

[9] A mistake which these ladies, who were both Dutch women, constantly made. *Berry.*

victory[10]! Oh! my dear Madam, how I thank you, how I congratulate you, how I feel for you, how I have felt for you and for myself! But I bought it by two terrible hours to-day—I heard of the battle two hours before I could learn a word of Mr. Conway—I sent all round the world, and went half round it myself. I have cried and laughed, trembled and danced, as you bid me. If you had sent me as much old china as King Augustus gave two regiments for[11], I should not be half so much obliged to you as for your note. How could you think of me, when you had so much reason to think of nothing but yourself?—And then they say virtue is not rewarded in this world. I will preach at Paul's Cross, and quote you and Mr. Conway; no two persons were ever so good and so happy. In short, I am serious in the height of all my joy. God is very good to you, my dear Madam; I thank him for you; I thank him for myself: it is very unalloyed pleasure we taste at this moment!—Good night! My heart is so expanded, I could write to the last scrap of my paper; but I won't.

Yours most entirely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

763. To the Earl of Strafford.

MY DEAR LORD, Strawberry Hill, July 22, 1761.

I love to be able to contribute to your satisfaction, and I think few things would make you happier than to hear

[10] Of Kirckdenkirck. *Walpole.*—Kirch-Denkern, in Westphalia, where, on July 16, 1761, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick defeated the French under Broglie. Conway commanded the centre of the allied forces.

[11] The following extract from the unpublished Journal of Captain John Floyd, of the Fifteenth Light Dragoons (afterwards General Sir John Floyd, first Baronet), explains Horace Walpole's allusion: — 'Dresden — Monday, 22nd September, 1777. *China-ware.* "Saw the collection of Dresden and Indian China, curious enough to Conoisseurs, of which I am not, it contained, however, the progress of the Dresden or Meissen Manufactory and 22 jars of Indian china which the late King of Prussia gave the King of Poland for eight hundred Dragoons mounted and equipped."'

that we have totally defeated the French combined armies, and that Mr. Conway is safe. The account came this morning: I had a short note from poor Lady Ailesbury, who was waked with the good news before she had heard there had been a battle. I don't pretend to send you circumstances, no more than I do of the wedding and Coronation, because you have relations and friends in town nearer and better informed. Indeed, only the blossom of victory is come yet. Fitzroy is expected, and another fuller courier after him. Lord Granby, to the mob's heart's content, has the chief honour of the day—rather, of the two days[1]. The French behaved to the mob's content too, that is, shamefully: and all this glory cheaply bought on our side. Lieutenant-Colonel Keith[2] killed, and Colonel Marlay and Harry Townshend wounded. If it produces a peace, I shall be happy for mankind—if not, shall content myself with the single but pure joy of Mr. Conway's being safe.

Well! my Lord, when do you come? You don't like the question, but kings will be married and must be crowned—and if people will be earls, they must now and then give up castles and new fronts for processions and ermine. By the way, the number of peeresses that propose to excuse themselves makes great noise; especially as so many are breeding, or trying to breed, by commoners, that they cannot walk. I hear that my Lord Delawar, concluding all women would not dislike the ceremony, is negotiating his peerage in the City, and trying if any great fortune will give fifty thousand pounds for one day, as they often do for one night. I saw Miss —— this evening at my Lady Suffolk's, and fancy she does not think my Lord —— quite so ugly as she

LETTER 763.—[1] Broglie attacked the English troops on July 15, but retired after a few hours' cannonade. [2] Keith was not killed.

did two months ago. Adieu, my Lord! This is a splendid year!

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

764. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 22, 1761.

For my part, I believe Mademoiselle Scudéri drew the plan of this year—it is all royal marriages, coronations, and victories; they come tumbling so over one another from distant parts of the globe, that it looks just like the handiwork of a lady romance writer, whom it costs nothing but a little false geography to make the Great Mogul in love with a Princess of Mecklemburg, and defeat two marshals of France as he rides post on an elephant to his nuptials. I don't know where I am! I had scarce found Mecklemburg-Strelitz with a magnifying-glass before I am whisked to Pondicherri[1]—well, I take it, and raze it—I begin to grow acquainted with Colonel Coote[2], and to figure him packing up chests of diamonds, and sending them to his wife against the King's wedding—thunder go the Tower guns, and behold, Broglio and Soubise are totally defeated—if the mob have not a much stronger head and quicker conceptions than I have, they will conclude my Lord Granby is become nabob. How the deuce in two days can one digest all this? Why, is not Pondicherri in Westphalia? I don't know how the Romans did, but I cannot support two victories every week. Well, but you will want to know the particulars. Broglio and Soubise being united, attacked our army on the 15th, but were repulsed—the next day,

Letter 764.—[1] Pondicherry surrendered to the English, under Admiral Stevens and Colonel Coote, on January 15, 1761.

[2] Lieutenant-Colonel Eyre Coote (1726–1783); K.B., 1771; Commander-in-Chief in India, 1777; Lieutenant-General, 1777.

the Prince Mahomet Alli Cawn[3]—no, no, I mean Prince Ferdinand, returned the attack, and the French threw down their arms and fled, run over my Lord Harcourt, who was going to fetch the new Queen—in short, I don't know how it was, but Mr. Conway is safe, and I am as happy as Mr. Pitt himself. We have only lost a Lieutenant-Colonel Keith—a Colonel Marlay and Harry Townshend are wounded.

I could beat myself for not having a flag ready to display on my round tower, and guns mounted on all my battlements. Instead of that, I have been foolishly trying on my pictures upon my gallery—However, the oratory of our Lady of Strawberries shall be dedicated next year on the anniversary of Mr. Conway's safety—think with his intrepidity, and delicacy of honour wounded, what I had to apprehend! You shall absolutely be here on the sixteenth of next July. Mr. Hamilton tells me your King[4] does not set out for his new dominions till the day after the Coronation—if you will come to it, I can give you a very good place for the procession—where[5], is a profound secret, because, if known, I should be teased to death, and none but my first friends shall be admitted. I dined with your secretary[6] yesterday; there were Garrick and a young Mr. Burk[7], who wrote a book in the style of Lord Bolinbroke, that was much admired. He is a sensible man, but has not worn off his authorism yet—and thinks there is nothing so charming as writers, and to be one—he will know better one of these days. I like Hamilton's little

[3] Mahomed Ali, Nawab of the Carnatic.

[4] The Earl of Halifax, Viceroy of Ireland.

[5] At Horace Walpole's official residence (as Usher of the Exchequer) in New Palace Yard, Westminster. It was occupied by his deputy, Grosvenor Bedford.

[6] William Gerard Hamilton.

[7] Edmund Burke (1729–1797), at this time private secretary to Gerard Hamilton, Chief Secretary for Ireland. The book 'in the style of Lord Bolinbroke' was the *Vindication of Natural Society*, published in 1756.

Marly—we walked in the great *allée*, and drank tea in the arbour of *treillage*; they talked of Shakespear and Booth[8], of Swift and my Lord Bath, and I was thinking of *Madame Sévigné*. Good night—I have a dozen other letters to write; I must tell my friends how happy I am—not as an Englishman, but as a cousin.

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

765. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 23, 1761.

One cannot take the trouble of sending every victory by itself; I stay till I have enough to make a packet, and then write to you. On Monday last we learned the conquest of Pondicherry, and away went a courier to Mr. Stanley to raise our terms. Before the man could get halfway, comes an account of the entire defeat of Broglio and Soubise. I don't know what Mr. Stanley will be to ask now. We have been pretty well accustomed to victories of late, and yet this last is as much as we know how to bear decently; it is heightened by the extreme distress our army had suffered, and by the little hopes we had of even keeping our ground against such superior force. It seals all our other conquests; we have nothing to restore for Germany. The King may be crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle, like Charlemagne, if he pleases, and receive the diadems of half the world. Of all our glories, none ever gave me such joy as this last. Mr. Conway, you know, is with Prince Ferdinand, and is safe—indeed everybody is; we lost but one officer of rank, a Lieutenant-Colonel Keith; and two are wounded, a Lieutenant-Colonel Marlay and Captain Harry Townshend[1].

[8] Barton Booth, tragedian (1681–1733).

Letter 765. — [1] Third son of Thomas Townshend, Teller of the

No particulars are come yet; if I hear any before this goes away, you shall.

You will see the history of Pondicherry in the *Gazette*. Pray like Monsieur Lally's[2] spirited insolence in the crisis of his misfortune. His intercepted letter[3] shows it was not mere impertinence, but that he had tried and attempted everything upon earth to save his charge. We have got another little windfall in the West Indies, the Isle of Dominique[4]; but one does not stoop to pick up such diminutive countries, unless they are absolutely of no use, like Belleisle, and then it is heroic obstinacy to insist on having them.

How all this must sound to the Princess of Mecklenburg!

Exchequer, who was second son of Charles, Viscount Townshend, Secretary of State. *Walpole.*

[2] Thomas Arthur (1702–1766), Baron de Tollendal, Comte de Lally, appointed in 1756 Commander-in-Chief of the French forces in India. After a chequered career, he surrendered Pondicherry to the English (Jan. 15, 1761), and was brought to England a prisoner of war. In Oct. 1761 he returned to France on parole to reply to accusations brought against his administration. After a protracted trial, conducted by the Parliament of Paris with closed doors, he was declared guilty of betraying the king's interests in India, and was executed three days later, under peculiarly odious circumstances. His son, Lally Tollendal, ably seconded by Voltaire, devoted half his life to the rehabilitation of his father's memory.

Lally's 'spirited insolence' led him to decline to offer any terms of surrender. 'He sent out a paper full of invectives against the English, for the breach of treaties relative to India; he alleged that those breaches disqualified him from proposing any terms; and, in consequence, he rather suffered our troops to take possession of the place, than formally surrendered it.' (*Ann. Reg.* 1761, p. 56.)

[3] 'Translation of an intercepted letter from General Lally to Mr. Raymond, French resident at Pullicat, dated Pondicherry, the 2nd of January, 1761:—

'Mr. Raymond,

'The English squadron is no more, Sir; out of the twelve ships they had in our road, seven are lost, crews and all; the four others dismasted; and it appears there is no more than one frigate that hath escaped, therefore don't lose an instant to send us chelingoes upon chelingoes loaded with rice: the Dutch have nothing to fear now; besides (according to the law of nations) they are only to send us no provisions themselves, and we are no more blocked up by sea. The saving of Pondicherry hath been in your power once already; if you miss the present opportunity, it will be entirely your fault: do not forget also some small chelingoes; offer great rewards; I expect seventeen thousand Morattoes within these four days. In short, risque all, attempt all, force all, and send us some rice, should it be but half a garse at a time.

'Signed, Lally.'

(*Ann. Reg.* 1761, p. 56.)

[4] Dominica was surrendered by the French to Lord Rollo and Commodore Sir James Douglas on June 6, 1761.

To be sure, she thinks herself coming to marry Alexander the Great. There is a Lady Statira Lenox[5] that had like to have stood a little in her way, or, rather, I believe, helped her a little on her way. The Mother-Duchess is dead, and retards the nuptials, but the Princess is expected, however, by the end of August.

Is Sir Richard Lyttelton with you, and Mr. Pitt?—the latter's father[6] was just married again; but to make his son some amends for giving away a jointure of 600*l.* a year, is just dead—very happily for his family.

The new Queen's family[7] consists of Lord Harcourt, Master of the Horse; Duke of Manchester, Chamberlain; Mr. Stone, Treasurer; the Duchess of Ancaster, Mistress of the Robes, and First Lady of the Bedchamber; the others are, the Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Effingham, Lady Northumberland, Lady Weymouth, and Lady Bolingbroke. Bedchamber Women and Maids of Honour, I could tell you some too; but what can you care about the names of girls whose parents were not married when you was in England? This is not the only circumstance in which you would not know your own country again. You left it a private little island, living upon its means. You would find it the capital of the world; and, to talk with the arrogance of a Roman, St. James's Street crowded with nabobs and American chiefs, and Mr. Pitt attended in his Sabine farm by Eastern monarchs and Borealian electors, waiting, till the gout is gone out of his foot, for an audience. The City

[5] Lady Sarah Lenox, sister of the Duke of Richmond, with whom the King was thought to be in love. *Walpole.*—Statira and Roxana are the rival queens in Lee's play *Alexander the Great.*

[6] Thomas Pitt, elder brother of the famous William Pitt. *Walpole.*

[7] Simon, first Earl of Harcourt; Robert Montagu, Duke of Manchester; Andrew Stone; Mary Panton, Duchess of Ancaster; Eliz. Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton; Eliz. Beckford, Countess of Effingham; Eliz. Seymour, Countess of Northumberland; Eliz. Bentinck, Viscountess Weymouth; Diana Spencer, Viscountess Bolingbroke; and Alicia Carpenter, Countess of Egremont, omitted above. *Walpole.*

of London is so elated, that I think it very lucky some alderman did not insist on—

Matching his daughter with the King[8].

Adieu! I shall be in town to-morrow; and, perhaps, able to wrap up and send you half a dozen French standards in my postscript.

Arlington Street, Friday, 24th.

Alack! I do not find our total victory so total as it was. It is true we have taken three thousand prisoners; but we have lost two thousand, and the French army is still so superior as to be able to afford it. The Broglians thought themselves betrayed by the Soubisians, whose centre did not attack. Some say it was impossible—that is not your business or mine; there are certainly great jarrings in their army—but the worst is (I mean to me) there is likely to be another battle. I wish they would be beaten once for all, and have done!

766. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, July 23, 1761.

Well, *mon biau cousin!* you may be as cross as you please now: when you beat two marshals of France and cut their armies to pieces[1], I don't mind your pouting; but in good truth, it was a little vexatious to have you quarrelling with me, when I was in greater pain about you than I can express. I will say no more; make a peace, under the walls of Paris if you please, and I will forgive you all—but no more battles: consider, as Dr. Hay said, it is cowardly to beat the French now.

[8] 'A senator of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,
Would not have match'd his daughter with a king.'
Addison, *Cato*, v. 4.

Letter 766.—[1] The victory obtained by Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick over the Maréchal de Broglio and the Prince de Soubise at Kirk Denckirk. *Walpole.*

Don't look upon yourselves as the only conquerors in the world. Pondicherry is ours, as well as the field of Kirk Denckirk. The Park guns never have time to cool; we ruin ourselves in gunpowder and sky-rockets. If you have a mind to do the gallantest thing in the world after the greatest, you must escort the Princess of Mecklenburg[2] through France. You see what a bully I am; the moment the French run away, I am sending you on expeditions. I forgot to tell you that the King has got the isle of Dominique and the chicken-pox, two trifles that don't count in the midst of all these festivities. No more does your letter of the 8th, which I received yesterday: it is the one that is to come after the 16th, that I shall receive graciously.

Friday, 24th.

Not satisfied with the rays of glory that reached Twickenham, I came to town to bask in your success; but am most disagreeably disappointed to find you must beat the French once more, who seem to love to treat the English mob with subjects for bonfires. I had got over such an alarm, that I foolishly ran into the other extreme, and concluded there was not a French battalion left entire upon the face of Germany. Do write to me; don't be out of humour, but tell me every motion you make: I assure you I have deserved you should. Would you were out of the question, if it were only that I might feel a little humanity! There is not a blacksmith or link-boy in London that exults more than I do, upon any good news, since you went abroad. What have I to do to hate people I never saw, and to rejoice in their calamities? Heaven send us peace, and you home! Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

[2] Her present Majesty. *Walpole.*

767. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, July 28, 1761.

No, I shall never cease being a dupe, till I have been undeceived round by everything that calls itself a virtue. I came to town yesterday, through clouds of dust, to see *The Wishes*[1], and went actually feeling for Mr. Bentley, and full of the emotions he must be suffering. What do [you] think, in a house crowded, was the first thing I saw? Mr. and Madam Bentley, perked up in the front boxes, and acting audience at his own play—no, all the impudence of false patriotism never came up to it! Did one ever hear of an author that had courage to see his own first night in public? I don't believe Fielding or Foote himself ever did—and this was the modest, bashful Mr. Bentley, that died at the thought of being known for an author even by his own acquaintance! In the stage-box was Lady Bute, Lord Halifax, and Lord Melcomb—I must say the two last entertained the house as much as the play—your King[2] was prompter, and called out to the actors every minute to speak louder—the other went backwards and forwards behind the scenes, fetched the actors into the box, and was busier than Harlequin. The *curious* prologue was not spoken, the whole very ill acted. It turned out just what I remembered it, the good parts extremely good, the rest very flat and vulgar—the genteel dialogue, I believe, might be written by Mrs. Hannah[3]. The audience were extremely fair. The first act they bore with patience, though it promised very ill—the second is admirable, and was much applauded—so was the third—the fourth woful—the beginning of the fifth it seemed expiring, but was revived

Letter 767.—[1] Produced at Drury Lane.
[2] The Earl of Halifax, Viceroy of Ireland
[3] Mrs. Bentley. See p. 70.

by a delightful burlesque of the ancient chorus—which was followed by two dismal scenes, at which people yawned—but were awakened on a sudden by Harlequin's being drawn up to a gibbet, nobody knew why or wherefore—this raised a prodigious and continued hiss, Harlequin all the while suspended in the air—at last they were suffered to finish the play, but nobody attended to the conclusion—Modesty and his lady all the while sat with the utmost indifference—I suppose Lord Melcomb had fallen asleep before he came to this scene, and had never read it. The epilogue was about the King and new Queen, and ended with a personal satire on Garrick—not very kind on his own stage—to add to the judgement of this conduct, Cumberland two days ago published a pamphlet to abuse him. It was given out for to-night with more claps than hisses, but I think will not do unless they reduce it to three acts.

I am sorry you will not come to the Coronation—the place I offered you I am not sure I can get for anybody else—I cannot explain it to you, because I am engaged to secrecy—if I can get it for your brother John I will, but don't tell him of it, because it is not sure. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

768. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill.

This is the 5th of August, and I just receive your letter of the 17th of last month by Fitzroy [1]. I heard he had lost his pocket-book with all his dispatches, but had found it again. He was a long time finding the letter for me.

Letter 768.—[1] George Fitzroy, afterwards created Lord Southampton. *Walpole.*

You do nothing but reproach me; I declare I will bear it no longer, though you should beat forty more marshals of France. I have already writ you two letters that would fully justify me if you receive them; if you do not, it is not I that am in fault for not writing, but the post offices for reading my letters, content if they would forward them when they have done with them. They seem to think, like you, that I know more news than anybody. What is to be known in the dead of summer, when all the world is dispersed? Would you know who won the sweepstakes at Huntingdon? what parties are at Woburn? what officers upon guard in Betty's fruit-shop? whether the peeresses are to wear long or short tresses at the Coronation? how many jewels Lady Harrington borrows of actresses? All this is your light summer wear for conversation; and if my memory were as much stuffed with it as my ears, I might have sent you volumes last week. My nieces, Lady Waldegrave and Mrs. Keppel, were here five days, and discussed the claim or disappointment of every miss in the kingdom for Maid of Honour. Unfortunately this new generation is not at all my affair. I cannot attend to what concerns them—not that their trifles are less important than those of one's own time, but my mould has taken all its impressions, and can receive no more. I must grow old upon the stock I have. I, that was so impatient at all their chat, the moment they were gone, flew to my Lady Suffolk, and heard her talk with great satisfaction of the late Queen's coronation-petticoat. The preceding age always appears respectable to us (I mean as one advances in years), one's own age interesting, the coming age neither one nor t'other.

You may judge by this account that I have writ *all* my letters, or ought to have written them; and yet, for occasion to blame me, you draw a very pretty picture of my situation: all which tends to prove that I ought to write to you every

day, whether I have anything to say or not. I am writing, I am building—both *works that will outlast the memory of battles and heroes!* Truly, I believe, the one will as much as t'other. My buildings are paper, like my writings, and both will be blown away in ten years after I am dead; if they had not the substantial use of amusing me while I live, they would be worth little indeed. I will give you one instance that will sum up the vanity of great men, learned men, and buildings altogether. I heard lately, that Dr. Pearce[2], a very learned personage, had consented to let the tomb of Aylmer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, a very great personage, be removed for Wolfe's monument[3]; that at first he had objected, but was wrought upon by being told that *hight* Aylmer was a Knight Templar, a very wicked set of people, as his Lordship had heard, though he knew nothing of them, as they are not mentioned by Longinus. I own I thought this a made story, and wrote to his Lordship, expressing my concern that one of the finest and most ancient monuments in the Abbey should be removed, and begging, if it was removed, that he would bestow it on me, who would erect and preserve it here. After a fortnight's deliberation, the bishop sent me an answer, civil indeed, and commending my zeal for antiquity! but avowing the story under his own hand. He said that at first they had taken Pembroke's tomb for a Knight Templar's. Observe, that not only the man who shows the tombs names it every day, but that there is a draught of it at large in Dart's *Westminster*; that upon discovering whose it was, he had been very unwilling to consent to the removal, and at last had obliged Wilton to engage to set it up within ten feet of where it stands at present. His Lordship concluded with congratulating me on publishing learned authors at my

[2] Zachary Pearce, Dean of Westminster and Bishop of Rochester; editor of Longinus.

[3] This was not done.

press. I don't wonder that a man who thinks Lucan a *learned* author should mistake a tomb in his own cathedral. If I had a mind to be angry, I could complain with reason; as, having paid forty pounds for ground for my mother's tomb, that the Chapter of Westminster sell their church over and over again; the ancient monuments tumble upon one's head through their neglect, as one of them did, and killed a man at Lady Elizabeth Percy's[4] funeral; and they erect new waxen dolls of Queen Elizabeth, &c., to draw visits and money from the mob. I hope all this history is applicable to some part or other of my letter; but letters you will have, and so I send you one, very like your own stories that you tell your daughter: There was a King, and he had three daughters, and they all went to see the tombs; and the youngest, who was in love with Aylmer de Valence, &c.

Thank you for your account of the battle; thank Prince Ferdinand for giving you a very honourable post, which, in spite of his teeth and yours, proved a very safe one; and above all, thank Prince Soubise, whom I love better than all the German princes in the universe. Peace, I think, we must have at last, if you beat the French, or at least hinder them from beating you, and afterwards starve them. Bussy's last *last* courier is expected; but as he may have a last last *last* courier, I trust no more to this than to all the others. He was complaining t'other day to Mr. Pitt of our haughtiness, and said it would drive the French to some desperate effort; 'Thirty thousand men,' continued he, 'would embarrass you a little, I believe!' 'Yes, truly,' replied Pitt, 'for I am so embarrassed with those we have already, I don't know what to do with them.'

Adieu! Don't fancy that the more you scold, the more I will write: it has answered three times, but the next cross

[4] Daughter of the Earl of Northumberland. She was buried in the Abbey on June 5, 1761, in her eighteenth year.

word you give me shall put an end to our correspondence. Sir Horace Mann's father used to say, 'Talk, Horace, you have been abroad:'—You cry, 'Write, Horace, you are at home.' No, Sir, you can beat an hundred and twenty thousand French, but you cannot get the better of me. I will not write such foolish letters as this every day, when I have nothing to say.

Yours as you behave,
HOR. WALPOLE.

769. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Aug. 17, 1761.

You must now quit Mr. Dalton; you are saved from dunning him, and I from doing an awkward thing. The last time I was in town, I found a big picture, which I saw clearly was by Castiglione: the maid told me it came from Mr. Dalton. As you had not explained the nature of your transaction, I concluded it was a debt, and that money was what he was to send me for you. This was so fixed in my head, that supposing he wanted to pay you with a picture, I was at first going to send it back to him. However, I thought it best to wait a little, and see if he did not come or send me some message; and having just writ to you, I determined to stay till I wrote to you again. Your letter has explained the affair, and I certainly shall not deliver yours to him. Do but observe; when I sent to him by your order, he was at Mecklenburg—not thinking of detaining your picture, but drawing queens—pray respect your brother minister! the picture is undoubtedly the true one and safe—but now, my dear child, here ends my commission—don't imagine I will rob you of your picture—you are very kind, and I equally obliged to you, but you shall not make me a bailiff to seize your goods, and then have

the sole benefit of the seizure. Tell me what you would have done with it. The altar pleases me extremely, and I hope will arrive safe. Draw upon your brother James for all expenses relating to it—and say no more. He and I have so many money transactions, that there is no trouble that way, and then I shall never scruple teasing you with commissions, when they cost you nothing but kind services.

I am come to town to-day to prepare my wedding garments. The new Queen may be here by this day se'nnight, but scarce will before the 28th, and if the winds are not in hymeneal humour, it may be the Lord knows how long. There will be as great magnificence as people can put upon their backs—nothing more; no shows, no ceremonies. Six Drawing-rooms and one ball—that is all; and then the honeymoon in private till the Coronation. They told me the painting of the *Charlotte* yatch[1] would certainly turn the Queen's stomach. I said if her head is not turned, she may compound for anything else. Think of the crown of England and a handsome young King dropping out of the clouds into Strelitz! The crowds, the multitudes, the millions, that are to stare at her; the swarms to kiss her hand, the pomp of the Coronation. She need be but seventeen to bear it.

In the meantime, adieu peace! France has refused to submit to our terms. They own themselves undone, but depend on the continuation of the war for revenging them —not by arms, but by exhausting us. I can tell you our terms pretty exactly. All Canada, but letting them fish on Newfoundland; Goree and Senegal, but with a promise of helping them somehow or other in their black trade; the

Letter 769.—[1] *Gent. Mag.* 1761, Friday, July 31. 'The *Charlotte* yacht is the most superbly and elegantly decorated as can be conceived, the pillars and every other ornament on board being finely gilt, even the blocks and carriages for the guns are not excepted; and there is the finest bed on board that ever was seen.'

neutral islands to be divided; Hesse and Hanover restored, and Minorca: Guadaloupe and Belleisle to return to them. The East Indies postponed to the Congress; Dunkirk to be demolished, *à la* Utrecht; at least, *à l'*Aix-la-Chapelle[2]. The last article is particularly offered to glory. If they have no fleet, Dunkirk will not hurt us; when they have, twenty other places will do the business, especially if they have Nieuport and Ostend, on which, notwithstanding all reports, I hear we have been silent. Our terms are lofty; yet, could they expect that we would undo them and ourselves for nothing? We shall be like the late Duke of Marlborough, have a vast landed estate, and want a guinea.

The great prince of the coalpits, Sir James Lowther, marries the eldest infanta of the adjoining coalpits, Lord Bute's daughter[3]. You will allow this Earl is a fortunate man; the late King, old Wortley, and the Duke of Argyle[4], all dying in a year, and his daughter married to such an immense fortune! He certainly behaves with great moderation, and nobody has had reason to complain of him.

I return you your letter to Stosch; he writ to me a fortnight ago that he was embarking for Italy; I sent yesterday to his lodgings; the answer, he was sailed for Spain—I suppose the ship touches there—but you will see him soon. Adieu!

770. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 20, 1761.

A few lines before you go. Your resolutions are good, and give me great pleasure; bring them back unbroken. I have no mind to lose you—we have been acquainted these

[2] Viz. in the manner stipulated in those treaties.

[3] Lady Mary Stuart, eldest daughter of third Earl of Bute; m. (Sept. 7, 1761) Sir James Lowther, fifth Baronet, afterwards Earl of Lonsdale; d. 1824.

[4] By whose death Lord Bute obtained the chief power in Scotland. *Walpole.*

thirty years, and to give the devil his due, in all that time I never knew a bad, a false, a mean or ill-natured thing in the devil—but don't tell him I say so—especially as I cannot say the same of myself. I am now doing a dirty thing, flattering you to preface a commission. Dicky Bateman[1] has picked up a whole cloister full of old chairs in Herefordshire—he bought them one by one, here and there in farm-houses, for three-and-sixpence and a crown apiece. They are of wood, the seats triangular, the backs, arms, and legs loaded with turnery. A thousand to one but there are plenty up and down Cheshire too—if Mr. or Mrs. Wetenhall, as they ride or drive out, would now and then put up such a chair, it would oblige me greatly. Take notice, no two need be of the same pattern.

Keep it as the secret of your life, but if your brother John addresses himself to me a day or two before the Coronation, I can place him well to see the procession—when it is over, I will give you a particular reason why this must be such a mystery. I was extremely diverted t'other day with my mother's and my old milliner. She said she had a petition to me—'What is it, Mrs. Burton?'—'It is in behalf of two poor orphans.'—I began to feel for my purse.—'What can I do for them, Mrs. Burton?'—'Only, if your honour would be so compassionate as to get them tickets for the Coronation.'—I could not keep my countenance—and these distressed *orphans* are two and three-and-twenty!—Did you ever hear a more melancholy case?

The Queen is expected on Monday, I go to town on Sunday—would these shows and your Irish journey were over, and neither of us a day the poorer!

I am expecting Mr. Chute to hold a chapter on the

Letter 770.—[1] Richard (d. 1773), son of Sir James Bateman, Knight, and brother of first Viscount Bateman.

cabinet—a barge-load of niches, window-frames, and ribs, is arrived. The cloister is paving, the privy-garden making, painted glass adjusting to the windows on the back stairs—with so many irons in the fire, you may imagine I have not much time to write. I wish you a safe and pleasant voyage.

Yours faithfully,
H. W.

771. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Arlington Street, Tuesday morning.

Nothing was ever equal to the bustle and uncertainty of the town for these three days. The Queen was seen off the coast of Sussex on Saturday last, and is not arrived yet—nay, last night at ten o'clock it was neither certain when she landed, nor when she would be in town. I forgive history for knowing nothing when so public an event as the arrival of a new Queen is a mystery even at the very moment in St. James's Street. The messenger that brought the letter yesterday morning said she *arrived* at half an hour after four at Harwich. This was immediately translated into *landing*, and notified in those words to the ministers. Six hours afterwards it proved no such thing, and that she was only in the Harwich Road: and they recollected that *half an hour after four* happens twice in twenty-four hours, and the letter did not specify which of the *twices* it was. Well! the bridemaids whipped on their virginity; the new road and the parks were thronged; the guns were choking with impatience to go off; and Sir James Lowther, who was to pledge his Majesty, was actually married to Lady Mary Stuart. Five, six, seven, eight o'clock came, and no Queen—she lay at Witham[1], at Lord Abercorn's, who was most tranquilly in town: and it

Letter 771.—[1] In Essex, eight miles from Chelmsford.

is not certain even whether she will be composed enough to be in town to-night. She has been sick but half an hour: sung and played on the harpsichord all the voyage, and been cheerful the whole time. The Coronation will now certainly not be put off—so I shall have the pleasure of seeing you on the 15th. The weather is close and sultry; and if the wedding is to-night, we shall all die.

They have made an admirable speech for the Tripoline ambassador—that he said he heard the King had sent his *first eunuch* to fetch the Princess. I should think he meaned Lord Anson.

You will find the town over head and ears in disputes about rank, precedence, processions, *entrées*, &c. One point, that of the Irish peers, has been excellently liquidated: Lord Halifax has stuck up a paper in the coffee-room at Arthur's, importing, 'That his Majesty, not having leisure to determine a point of such great consequence, permits for this time such Irish peers as shall be at the marriage to walk in the procession.' Everybody concludes those personages will understand this order, as it is drawn up in their *own* language; otherwise it is not very clear how they are to walk *to* the marriage, if they are *at* it before they come *to* it.

Strawberry returns its duty and thanks for all your Lordship's goodness to it, and though it has not got its wedding-clothes yet, will be happy to see you. Lady Betty Mackenzie is the individual woman she was—she seems to have been gone three years, like the Sultan in the Persian tales, who popped his head into a tub of water, pulled it up again, and fancied he had been a dozen years in bondage in the interim. She is not altered in a tittle. Adieu, my dear Lord!

Your most faithful servant,

Hor. Walpole.

Twenty minutes past three in the afternoon,
not in the middle of the night.

Madame Charlotte is this instant arrived. The noise of coaches, chaises, horsemen, mob, that have been to see her pass through the parks, is so prodigious that I cannot distinguish the guns. I am going to be dressed, and before seven shall launch into the crowd. Pray for me!

772. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Sept. 9, 1761.

The date of my promise is now arrived, and I fulfil it—fulfil it with great satisfaction, for the Queen is come; I have seen her, have been presented to her—and may go back to Strawberry. For this fortnight I have lived upon the road between Twickenham and London: I came, grew impatient, returned; came again, still to no purpose. The yachts made the coast of Suffolk last Saturday, on Sunday entered the road of Harwich, and on Monday morning the King's chief eunuch, as the Tripoline ambassador calls Lord Anson, landed the Princess. She lay that night at Lord Abercorn's at Witham, the palace of silence; and yesterday at a quarter after three arrived at St. James's. In half an hour one heard of nothing but proclamations of her beauty: everybody was content, everybody pleased. At seven one went to court. The night was sultry. About ten the procession began to move towards the chapel, and at eleven they all came up into the drawing-room. She looks very sensible, cheerful, and is remarkably genteel. Her tiara of diamonds was very pretty, her stomacher sumptuous; her violet velvet mantle and ermine so heavy, that the spectators knew as much of her upper half as the King himself. You will have no doubts of her sense by what I shall tell you. On the road they wanted her to curl her toupet: she said

she thought it looked as well as that of any of the ladies sent to fetch her; if the King bid her, she would wear a periwig, otherwise she would remain as she was. When she caught the first glimpse of the palace, she grew frightened and turned pale; the Duchess of Hamilton smiled—the Princess said, 'My dear Duchess, you may laugh, you have been married twice, but it is no joke to me.' Her lips trembled as the coach stopped, but she jumped out with spirit, and has done nothing but with good-humour and cheerfulness. She talks a great deal—is easy, civil, and not disconcerted. At first, when the bridemaids and the court were introduced to her, she said, 'Mon Dieu, il y en a tant, il y en a tant!' She was pleased when she was to kiss the peeresses; but Lady Augusta was forced to take her hand and give it to those that were to kiss it, which was prettily humble and good-natured. While they waited for supper, she sat down, sung, and played. Her French is tolerable, she exchanged much both of that and German with the King, the Duke, and the Duke of York. They did not get to bed till two. To-day was a Drawing-room: everybody was presented to her; but she spoke to nobody, as she could not know a soul. The crowd was much less than at a Birthday, the magnificence very little more. The King looked very handsome, and talked to her continually with great good-humour. It does not promise as if they two would be the two most unhappy persons in England, from this event. The bridemaids, especially Lady Caroline Russel, Lady Sarah Lenox, and Lady Elizabeth Keppel, were beautiful figures. With neither features nor air, Lady Sarah was by far the chief angel. The Duchess of Hamilton was almost in possession of her former beauty to-day; and your other Duchess[1], your daughter, was much better dressed than ever I saw her. Except a pretty Lady Suther-

LETTER 772.—[1] The Duchess of Richmond. *Walpole.*

land[2], and a most perfect beauty, an Irish Miss Smith[3], I don't think the Queen saw much else to discourage her: my niece, Lady Kildare, Mrs. Fitzroy, were none of them there. There is a ball to-night, and two more Drawing-rooms; but I have done with them. The Duchess of Queensbury and Lady Westmoreland[4] were in the procession, and did credit to the ancient nobility.

You don't presume to suppose, I hope, that we are thinking of you, and wars, and misfortunes, and distresses, in these festival times. Mr. Pitt himself would be mobbed if he talked of anything but clothes, and diamonds, and bridemaids. Oh yes, we have wars, civil wars; there is a campaign opened in the Bedchamber. Everybody is excluded but the ministers; even the Lords of the Bedchamber, cabinet counsellors, and foreign ministers: but it has given such offence that I don't know whether Lord Huntingdon[5] must not be the scapegoat. Adieu! I am going to transcribe most of this letter to your Countess.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

773. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Sept. 10, 1761.

When we least expected the Queen, she came, after being ten days at sea, but without sickness for above half an hour. She was gay the whole voyage, sung to her harpsichord, and left the door of her cabin open. They made the coast of

[2] Mary, eldest daughter and co-heir of William Maxwell, of Preston, Kirkcudbright; m. (1761) William Sutherland, eighteenth Earl of Sutherland; d. 1766.

[3] Afterwards married to Mr. Matthew, now Lord Landaff. *Walpole.* — Ellis, daughter of James Smyth, of Tinney Park, Wicklow; d. 1781.

[4] Mary, daughter and heiress of Lord Henry Cavendish, second son of first Duke of Devonshire; m. John Fane, seventh Earl of Westmorland; d. 1778.

[5] As Groom of the Stole.

Suffolk last Saturday, and on Monday morning she landed at Harwich; so prosperously has his Majesty's chief eunuch, as they have made the Tripoline ambassador call Lord Anson, executed his commission. She lay that night at your old friend Lord Abercorn's, at Witham; and, if she judged by her host, must have thought she was coming to reign in the realm of taciturnity. She arrived at St. James's a quarter after three on Tuesday the 8th. When she first saw the palace she turned pale: the Duchess of Hamilton smiled. 'My dear Duchess,' said the Princess, '*you* may laugh; you have been married twice; but it is no joke to me.' Is this a bad proof of her sense? On the journey they wanted her to curl her toupet. 'No, indeed,' said she, 'I think it looks as well as those of the ladies that have been sent for me: if the King would have me wear a periwig, I will; otherwise I shall let myself alone.' The Duke of York gave her his hand at the garden-gate: her lips trembled, but she jumped out with spirit. In the garden the King met her; she would have fallen at his feet; he prevented and embraced her, and led her into the apartments, where she was received by the Princess of Wales and Lady Augusta: these three Princesses only dined with the King. At ten the procession went to chapel, preceded by unmarried daughters of peers, peers, and peeresses in plenty. The new Princess was led by the Duke of York and Prince William[1]; the Archbishop married them; the King talked to her the whole time with great good-humour, and the Duke of Cumberland gave her away. She is not tall, nor a beauty; pale, and very thin; but looks sensible, and is genteel. Her hair is darkish and fine; her forehead low, her nose very well, except the nostrils spreading too wide; her mouth has the same fault, but her teeth are good. She talks a good deal, and French tolerably; possesses her-

LETTER 773.—[1] Afterwards Duke of Gloucester. *Walpole.*

self, is frank, but with great respect to the King. After the ceremony, the whole company came into the drawing-room for about ten minutes, but nobody was presented that night. The Queen was in white and silver; an endless mantle of violet-coloured velvet, lined with ermine, and attempted to be fastened on her shoulder by a bunch of large pearls, dragged itself and almost the rest of her clothes halfway down her waist. On her head was a beautiful little tiara of diamonds; a diamond necklace, and a stomacher of diamonds, worth threescore thousand pounds, which she is to wear at the Coronation too. Her train was borne by the ten bridemaids, Lady Sarah Lenox, Lady Caroline Russell, Lady Caroline Montagu[2], Lady Harriot Bentinck[3], Lady Anne Hamilton[4], Lady Essex Kerr[5] (daughters of Dukes of Richmond, Bedford, Manchester, Portland, Hamilton, and Roxburgh); and four daughters of the Earls of Albemarle, Brook, Harcourt, and Ilchester,—Lady Elizabeth Keppel, Louisa Greville[6], Elizabeth Harcourt[7], and Susan Fox Strangways: their heads crowned with diamonds, and in robes of white and silver. Lady Caroline Russell[8] is extremely handsome; Lady Elizabeth Keppel[9] very pretty; but with neither features nor air, nothing ever looked so charming as Lady Sarah Lenox[10]; she has all the glow of beauty peculiar to her family. As supper was not ready,

[2] Eldest daughter of third Duke of Manchester; m. (1775) Captain Charles Herbert, son of Major-General Hon. William Herbert, and brother of first Earl of Carnarvon.

[3] Lady Henrietta Cavendish-Bentinck, second daughter of second Duke of Portland; m. (1763) George Harry Grey, fifth Earl of Stamford; d. 1827.

[4] Fifth daughter of fifth Duke of Hamilton; m. (1761) Arthur Chichester, fifth Earl (afterwards first Marquis) of Donegal.

[5] Eldest daughter of Robert Kerr (d. 1755), second Duke of Roxburgh; d. unmarried, 1819.

[6] Eldest daughter of first Earl of Warwick; m. (1770) William Churchill, of Henbury, Dorsetshire.

[7] Eldest daughter of first Earl Harcourt; m. (1763) Sir William Lee, fourth Baronet, of Hartwell, Buckinghamshire.

[8] Afterwards Duchess of Marlborough. *Walpole.*

[9] Afterwards Marchioness of Tavistock. *Walpole.*

[10] Lady Sarah Lenox was married to Sir Charles Bunbury, and, being divorced from him, to Captain Napier. *Walpole.*

the Queen sat down, sung, and played on the harpsichord to the royal family, who all supped with her in private. They talked of the different German dialects; the King asked if the Hanoverian was not pure—'Oh no, sir,' said the Queen; 'it is the worst of all.'—She will not be unpopular.

The Duke of Cumberland told the King that himself and Lady Augusta were sleepy. The Queen was very averse to going to bed, and at last articled that nobody should retire with her but the Princess of Wales and her own two German women, and that nobody should be admitted afterwards but the King—they did not get to bed till between two and three. The Princess Dowager wanted to sit a little at table, and pressed the Duke of Cumberland to stay; he pleaded being tired—'and besides, Madam,' said he, 'what should I stay for? if she cries out, I cannot help her.'

The next morning the King had a levee. He said to Lord Hardwicke, 'It is a very fine day:' that old gossip replied, 'Yes, Sir, and it was a very fine night.' Lord Bute had told the King that Lord Orford had betted his having a child before Sir James Lowther, who had been married the night before to Lord Bute's eldest daughter; the King told Lord Orford he should be glad to go his halves. The bet was made with Mr. Rigby[11]. Somebody asked the latter how he could be so bad a courtier as to bet against the King? He replied, 'Not at all a bad courtier; I betted Lord Bute's daughter against him.'

After the King's levee there was a Drawing-room; the Queen stood under the throne: the women were presented to her by the Duchess of Hamilton, and then the men by the Duke of Manchester; but as she knew nobody, she was not to speak. At night there was a ball, Drawing-rooms yesterday and to-day, and then a cessation of ceremony till

[11] Richard Rigby, afterwards Paymaster of the Forces. *Walpole.*

the Coronation, except next Monday, when she is to receive the address of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, sitting on the throne attended by the bridemaids. There was a ridiculous circumstance happened yesterday; Lord Westmoreland, not very young nor clear-sighted, mistook Lady Sarah Lenox for the Queen, kneeled to her, and would have kissed her hand if she had not prevented him. People think that a Chancellor of Oxford was naturally attracted by the blood of Stuart. It is as comical to see Kitty Dashwood[12], the famous old beauty of the Oxfordshire Jacobites, living in the palace as duenna to the Queen. She and Mrs. Boughton[13], Lord Lyttelton's ancient Delia, are revived again in a young court that never heard of them. There, I think you could not have had a more circumstantial account of a royal wedding from the Heralds' Office. Adieu!

Yours to serve you,

HORACE SANDFORD[14].

Mecklenburgh King-at-Arms.

774. To GROSVENOR BEDFORD.

MY DEAR SIR, Sept. 23, 1761.

Ten thousand thanks to you for all your goodness and all your trouble; I can never say enough to you for the obliging kindness you have shown me, I fear you will suffer by it; tell me how you do to-day and if you have got a good night's rest. Compose yourself till you are perfectly recovered. Pray make my thanks too to Miss

[12] Mrs. Catherine Dashwood, on whom Mr. Hammond wrote many poems. *Walpole.*

[13] Mary (d. 1786), eldest daughter of Hon. Algernon Greville, second son of fifth Baron Brooke; m. Shuckburgh, third son of Sir William Boughton, fourth Baronet. She was sister of Fulke Greville, author of *Maxims and Characters.*

[14] An allusion to Francis Sandford (1630–1694), Lancaster Herald, and author (amongst other works) of *The History of the Coronation of James II.*

Bedford and your sons, who have had nothing but plague with me. Adieu! Your much obliged

And sincere friend,

Ho. Walpole.

Don't wonder I was so impatient to get away; I was fatigued to death; but got home perfectly well and am quite so[1].

775. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Sept. 24, 1761.

I am glad you arrived safe in Dublin, and hitherto like it so well; but your trial is not begun yet; when your King comes, the ploughshares will be put into the fire. Bless your stars that your King is not to be married or crowned: all the vines of Bourdeaux and all the fumes of Irish brains cannot make a town so drunk as a royal wedding and coronation. I am going to let London cool, and will not venture myself into it again this fortnight. Oh! the buzz, the prattle, the crowds, the noise, the hurry! Nay, people are so little come to their senses, that though the Coronation was but the day before yesterday, the Duke of Devonshire had forty messages yesterday, desiring tickets for a ball that they fancied was to be at court last night—people had sat up a night and a day—and yet wanted to see a dance. If I was to entitle ages, I would call this the *century of crowds*. For the Coronation, if a puppet-show could be worth a million, that is. The multitudes, balconies, guards, and processions, made Palace Yard the liveliest spectacle in the world; the Hall was the most glorious.

Letter 774.—[1] Note by Mr. Bedford.—'Mr. Walpole's friends invited by Mr. Grosvr. Bedford to his house in Palace Yard to see the Coronation in 1761:—Lady Hervey, Lady Hertford, Lady Anne Conway, Mr. Chute, Mrs. Clive, Mr. Raftor, Lady Townshend and Master, Miss Hotham and her maid.'

The blaze of lights, the richness and variety of habits, the ceremonial, the benches of peers and peeresses, *frequent and full*, was as awful as a pageant can be—and yet for the King's sake—and my own, I never wish to see another; nor am impatient to have my Lord Effingham's promise fulfilled—the King complained that so few precedents were kept for their proceedings; Lord Effingham owned the Earl Marshal's office had been strangely neglected; but he had taken such care for the future, that the *next Coronation* would be regulated in the most exact manner imaginable. The number of peers and peeresses present was not very great—some of the latter, with no excuse in the world, appeared in Lord Lincoln's gallery, and even walked about the Hall indecently in the intervals of the procession. My Lady Harrington, covered with all the diamonds she could borrow, hire, or seize, and with the air of Roxana, was the finest figure at a distance; she complained to George Selwyn that she was to walk with Lady Portsmouth[1], who would have a wig and a stick—'Pho,' said he, 'you will only look as if you was taken up by the constable'—she told this everywhere, thinking the reflection was on my Lady Portsmouth. Lady Pembroke, alone at the head of the countesses, was the picture of majestic modesty; the Duchess of Richmond, as pretty as nature and dress, with no pains of her own, could make her; Lady Spencer[2], Lady Sutherland, and Lady Northampton, very pretty figures—Lady Kildare, still beauty itself, if not a little too large. The ancient peeresses were by no means the worst party—Lady Westmorland, still handsome, and with more dignity than all; the Duchess of Queensberry looked well, though her locks milk-

LETTER 775. — [1] Hon. Elizabeth Griffin, daughter of second Baron Griffin; m. (1741) John Wallop, Viscount Lymington, who was created Earl of Portsmouth in 1743; d. 1762.

[2] Margaret Georgiana (d. 1814), eldest daughter of Stephen Poyntz; m. (1755) John Spencer, created Viscount Spencer in 1761, and Earl Spencer in 1765.

white; Lady Albemarle very genteel; nay, the middle-aged had some good representatives in Lady Holderness, Lady Rochford, and Lady Strafford, the perfectest little figure of all. My Lady Suffolk ordered her robes, and I dressed part of her head, as I made some of my Lord Hertford's dress; for you know, no profession comes amiss to me, from a tribune of the people to a habit-maker. Don't imagine that there were not figures as excellent on the other side: old Exeter, who told the King he was the handsomest young man she ever saw, old Effingham [3], and a Lady Say and Seal [4], with her hair powdered and her tresses black, were an excellent contrast to the handsome. Lord Bolinbroke put on rouge upon his wife and the Duchess of Bedford in the Painted Chamber; the Duchess of Queensberry told me of the latter, that she looked like an orange-peach, half red and half yellow. The coronets of the peers and their robes disguised them strangely; it required all the beauty of the Dukes of Richmond and Marlborough to make them noticed. One there was, though of another species, the noblest figure I ever saw, the High-Constable of Scotland, Lord Errol [5]—as one saw him in a space capable of containing him, one admired him. At the wedding, dressed in tissue, he looked like one of the Giants in Guildhall, new gilt. It added to the energy of his person, that one considered him acting so considerable a part in that very Hall, where so few years ago one saw his father, Lord Kilmarnock, condemned to the block. The Champion acted his part admirably, and dashed down his gauntlet with proud defiance. His associates, Lord Effingham, Lord Talbot, and the Duke

[3] Anne (d. 1774), daughter of Robert Bristow; m. (1728) Hon. Francis Howard, who succeeded his brother as eighth Baron Howard of Effingham in 1725, and was created Earl of Effingham in 1731.

[4] Christobella, daughter of Sir Thomas Tyrel, second Baronet; m. (1753), as her third husband, Richard Fiennes, sixth Viscount Saye and Sele; d. 1789.

[5] James Hay (1726–1778), fifteenth Earl of Erroll.

of Bedford[6], were woful, yet the last the least ridiculous of the three. Lord Talbot piqued himself on backing his horse down the Hall, and not turning its rump towards the King, but he had taken such pains to dress it to that duty, that it entered backwards; and at his retreat the spectators clapped, a terrible indecorum, but suitable to such Bartholomew Fair doings. He put me in mind of some King's fool, that would not give his right hand to the King of Spain, because he wiped his backside with it. He had twenty *démêlés*, and came out of none creditably. He had taken away the table of the Knights of the Bath, and was forced to admit two in their old place, and dine the others in the Court of Requests. Sir William Stanhope said, 'We are ill-treated, for *some of us* are gentlemen.' Beckford told the Earl, it was hard to refuse a table to the City of London, whom it would cost ten thousand pounds to banquet the King, and that his Lordship would repent it, if they had not a table in the Hall—they had. To the Barons of the Cinque Ports, who made the same complaint, he said, 'If you come to me as Lord Steward, I tell you it is impossible; if as Lord Talbot, I am a match for any of you'; and then he said to Lord Bute, 'If I was a minister, thus I would talk to France, to Spain, to the Dutch—none of your half-measures.' This has brought me to a melancholy topic—Bussy goes to-morrow, a Spanish war is hanging[7] in the air, destruction is taking a new lease of mankind—of the remnant of mankind—I have no prospect of seeing

[6] As Deputy Earl Marshal, Lord High Steward, and Lord High Constable of England respectively.

[7] The Spanish court, at the instigation of Choiseul, the French Minister for War, demanded that certain Spanish grievances against the English should be considered in the negotiations between England and France. This demand was indignantly refused by Pitt. Shortly afterwards Pitt became aware of the existence of the 'Family Compact' between France and Spain (signed Aug. 15, 1761). He was thus assured of Spain's hostile intentions, and wished to declare war immediately, but was opposed by all his colleagues except Temple; he consequently resigned in Oct. 1761.

Mr. Conway! Adieu! I will not disturb you with my forebodings. You I shall see again in spite of war, and, I trust, in spite of Ireland. Yours ever,

H. W.

I was much disappointed at not seeing your brother John: I kept a place for him to the last minute, but have heard nothing of him.

776. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Sept. 25, 1761.

This is the most unhappy day I have known of years: Bussy goes away! Mankind is again given up to the sword! Peace and you are far from England!

Strawberry Hill.

I was interrupted this morning, just as I had begun my letter, by Lord Waldegrave; and then the Duke of Devonshire sent for me to Burlington House to meet the Duchess of Bedford, and see the old pictures from Hardwicke. If my letter reaches you three days later, at least you are saved from a lamentation. Bussy has put off his journey to Monday (to be sure, you know this is Friday): he says this is a strange country, he can get no waggoner to carry his goods on a Sunday. I am glad a Spanish war waits for a conveyance, and that a waggoner's *veto* is as good as a tribune's of Rome, and can stop Mr. Pitt on his career to Mexico. He was going post to conquer it—and Beckford, I suppose, would have had a contract for remitting all the gold, of which Mr. Pitt never thinks, unless to serve a City friend. It is serious that we have discussions with Spain, who says France is humbled enough, but must not be ruined: Spanish gold is actually coining in frontier towns

of France; and the privilege which Biscay and two other provinces have of fishing on the coast of Newfoundland, has been demanded for all Spain. It was refused peremptorily; and Mr. Secretary Cortez[1] insisted yesterday se'nnight on recalling Lord Bristol[2]. The rest of the council, who are content with the world they have to govern, without conquering others, prevailed to defer this impetuosity. However, if France or Spain are the least untractable, a war is inevitable: nay, if they don't submit by the first day of the session, I have no doubt but Mr. Pitt will declare it himself on the Address. I have no opinion of Spain intending it: they give France money to protract a war, from which they reap such advantages in their peaceful capacity; and I should think would not give their money if they were on the point of having occasion for it themselves. In spite of you, and all the old barons our ancestors, I pray that we may have done with glory, and would willingly burn every Roman and Greek historian who have done nothing but transmit precedents for cutting throats.

The Coronation is over: 'tis even a more gorgeous sight than I imagined. I saw the procession and the Hall; but the return was in the dark. In the morning they had forgot the Sword of State, the chairs for King and Queen, and their canopies. They used the Lord Mayor's for the first, and made the last in the Hall: so they did not set forth till noon; and then, by a childish compliment to the King, reserved the illumination of the Hall till his entry; by which means they arrived like a funeral, nothing being discernible but the plumes of the Knights of the Bath, which seemed the hearse. Lady Kildare, the Duchess of Richmond, and Lady Pembroke were the capital beauties. Lady Harrington, the finest figure at a distance; old West-

LETTER 776.—[1] Mr. Pitt, then Secretary of State. *Walpole.*

[2] The English Embassador at the court of Madrid. *Walpole.*

moreland, the most majestic. Lady Hertford could not walk, and indeed I think is in a way to give us great anxiety. She is going to Ragley to ride. Lord Beauchamp was one of the King's train-bearers. Of all the incidents of the day, the most diverting was what happened to the Queen. She had a retiring-chamber, with *all* conveniences, prepared behind the altar. She went thither—in the *most convenient* what found she but—the Duke of Newcastle! Lady Hardwicke died three days before the ceremony, which kept away the whole house of Yorke. Some of the peeresses were dressed overnight, slept in armchairs, and were waked if they tumbled their heads. Your sister Harris's maid, Lady Peterborough[3], was a comely figure. My Lady Cowper refused, but was forced to walk with Lady Macclesfield. Lady Falmouth was not there; on which George Selwyn said, 'that those peeresses who were most used to *walk*, did not.' I carried my Lady Townshend, Lady Hertford, Lady Anne Connolly, my Lady Hervey, and Mrs. Clive, to my deputy's house at the gate of Westminster Hall. My Lady Townshend said she should be very glad to see a Coronation, as she never had seen one. 'Why,' said I, 'Madam, you walked at the last?' 'Yes, child,' said she, 'but I saw nothing of it: I only looked to see who looked at me.' The Duchess of Queensbury walked! her affectation that day was to do nothing preposterous. The Queen has been at the Opera, and says she will go once a week. This is a fresh disaster to our box, where we have lived so harmoniously for three years. We can get no alternative but that over Miss Chudleigh's; and Lord Strafford and Lady Mary Coke will not subscribe, unless we can. The Duke of Devonshire and I are negotiating with all our art to keep our party together. The crowds at the Opera and

[3] Robiniana, daughter of Colonel Browne; m. (1755) Charles Mordaunt, fourth Earl of Peterborough; d. 1794.

play when the King and Queen go, are a little greater than what I remember. The late Royalties went to the Haymarket, when it was the fashion to frequent the other Opera in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Lord Chesterfield one night came into the latter, and was asked, if he had been at the other house? 'Yes,' said he, 'but there was nobody but the King and Queen; and as I thought they might be talking business, I came away.'

Thank you for your journals: the best route you can send me would be of your journey homewards. Adieu!

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. If you ever hear from, or write to, such a person as Lady Ailesbury, pray tell her she is worse to me in point of correspondence than ever you said I was to you, and that she sends me everything but letters!

777. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 27, 1761.

You are a mean, mercenary woman. If you did not want histories of weddings and coronations, and had not jobs to be executed about muslins, and a bit of china, and counterband goods, one should never hear of you. When you don't want a body, you can frisk about with greffiers and burgomasters, and be as merry in a dyke as my lady frog herself. The moment your curiosity is agog, or your cambric seized, you recollect a good cousin in England, and, as folks said two hundred years ago, begin to write *upon the knees of your heart.* Well! I am a sweet-tempered creature, I forgive you. I have already writ to a little friend in the Custom House, and will try what can be done; though, by Mr. Amyand's report to the Duchess of

Richmond, I fear your case is desperate. For the genealogies, I have turned over all my books to no purpose; I can meet with no Lady Howard that married a Carey, nor a Lady Seymour that married a Caufield. Lettice Caufield, who married Francis Staunton, was daughter of Dr. James (not George) Caufield, younger brother of the first Lord Charlemont. This is all that I can ascertain. For the other pedigree; I can inform your friend that there was a Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who married an Anne Carew, daughter of Sir Nicholas Carew, Knight of the Garter, not Carey.—But this Sir Nicholas Carew married Joan Courtney—not a Howard: and besides, the Careys and Throckmortons you wot of were just the reverse: your Carey was the cock, and Throckmorton the hen—mine are vice versa:—otherwise, let me tell your friend, Carews and Courtneys are worth Howards any day of the week, and of ancienter blood;—so, if descent is all he wants, I advise him to take up with the pedigree as I have refitted it. However, I will cast a figure once more, and try if I can conjure up the dames Howard and Seymour that he wants.

My heraldry was much more offended at the Coronation with the ladies that did walk, than with those that walked out of their place; yet I was not so *perilously* angry as my Lady Cowper, who refused to set a foot with my Lady Macclesfield; and when she was at last obliged to associate with her, set out on a round trot, as if she designed to prove the antiquity of her family by marching as lustily as a Maid of Honour of Queen Gwiniver. It was in truth a brave sight. The sea of heads in Palace Yard, the guards, horse and foot, the scaffolds, balconies, and procession, exceeded imagination. The Hall, when once illuminated, was noble; but they suffered the whole parade to return into it in the dark, that his Majesty might be surprised

with the quickness with which the sconces catched fire. The Champion acted well; the other paladins had neither the grace nor alertness of Rinaldo. Lord Effingham and the Duke of Bedford were but untoward knights errant; and Lord Talbot had not much more dignity than the figure of General Monk in the Abbey. The habit of the peers is unbecoming to the last degree; but the peeresses made amends for all defects. Your daughter Richmond, Lady Kildare, and Lady Pembroke were as handsome as the Graces. Lady Rochford, Lady Holdernesse, and Lady Lyttelton looked exceedingly well in that their day; and for those of the day before, the Duchess of Queensbury, Lady Westmoreland, and Lady Albemarle were surprising. Lady Harrington was noble at a distance, and so covered with diamonds, that you would have thought she had bid somebody or other, like Falstaff, *rob me the Exchequer*[1]. Lady Northampton was very magnificent too, and looked prettier than I have seen her of late. Lady Spencer and Lady Bolingbroke were not the worst figures there. The Duchess of Ancaster marched alone after the Queen with much majesty; and there were two new Scotch peeresses that pleased everybody, Lady Sutherland and Lady Dunmore[2]. *Per contra*, were Lady P——, who had put a wig on, and old E——, who had scratched hers off; Lady S——, the Dowager E——, and a Lady Say and Sele, with her tresses coal-black, and her hair coal-white. Well! it was all delightful, but not half so charming as its being over. The gabble one heard about it for six weeks before, and the fatigue of the day, could not well be compensated by a mere puppet-show; for puppet-show it was, though it cost a million. The Queen is so gay that we shall not want

Letter 777.—[1] See p. 39, note 1.
[2] Lady Charlotte Stewart (d. 1818), sixth daughter of sixth Earl of Galloway; m. (1759) John Murray, fourth Earl of Dunmore.

sights; she has been at the Opera, the *Beggar's Opera* and the *Rehearsal*, and two nights ago carried the King to Ranelagh. In short, I am so miserable with losing my Duchess[3], and you and Mr. Conway, that I believe, if you should be another six weeks without writing to me, I should come to the Hague and scold you in person—for, alas! my dear lady, I have no hopes of seeing you here. Stanley is recalled, is expected every hour. Bussy goes to-morrow; and Mr. Pitt is so impatient to conquer Mexico, that I don't believe he will stay till my Lord Bristol can be ordered to leave Madrid. I tremble lest Mr. Conway should not get leave to come—nay, are we sure he would like to ask it? He was so impatient to get to the army, that I should not be surprised if he stayed there till every suttler and woman that follows the camp was come away. You ask me if we are not in admiration of Prince Ferdinand. In truth, we have thought very little of him. He may outwit Broglio ten times, and not be half so much talked of as Lord Talbot's backing his horse down Westminster Hall. The generality are not struck with anything under a complete victory. If you have a mind to be well with the mob of England, you must be knocked on the head like Wolfe, or bring home as many diamonds as Clive. We live in a country where so many follies or novelties start forth every day, that we have not time to try a general's capacity by the rules of Polybius.

I have hardly left room for my obligations—to your Ladyship, for my commissions at Amsterdam; to Mrs. Sally[4], for her teapots, which are likely to stay so long at the Hague, that I fear they will have begot a whole set of china; and to Miss Conway and Lady George[5], for thinking

[3] The Duchess of Grafton, who was abroad. *Walpole.*
[4] Lady Ailesbury's woman. *Walpole.*
[5] Lady George Lennox, whose husband was with the army.

of me. Pray assure them of my *re-thinking*. Adieu, dear Madam! Don't you think we had better write oftener and shorter?

Yours most faithfully,
Hor. Walpole.

778. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 28, 1761.

What is the finest sight in the world? A Coronation. What do people talk most about? A Coronation. What is delightful to have passed? A Coronation. Indeed, one had need be a handsome young peeress not to be fatigued to death with it. After being exceeded with hearing of nothing else for six weeks, and having every cranny of my ideas stuffed with velvet and ermine, and tresses, and jewels, I thought I was very cunning in going to lie in Palace Yard, that I might not sit up all night in order to seize a place. The consequence of this wise scheme was, that I did not get a wink of sleep all night; hammering of scaffolds, shouting of people, relieving guards, and jangling of bells, was the concert I heard from twelve to six, when I rose; and it was noon before the procession was ready to set forth, and night before it returned from the Abbey. I then saw the Hall, the dinner, and the Champion, a gloriously illuminated chamber, a wretched banquet, and a foolish puppet-show. A trial of a peer, though by no means so sumptuous, is a preferable sight, for the latter is interesting. At a Coronation one sees the peerage as exalted as they like to be, and at a trial as much humbled as a plebeian wishes them. I tell you nothing of who looked well; you know them no more than if I told you of the next Coronation. Yes, two ancient dames that you remember were still ornaments of the show,—the Duchess

of Queensbury[1] and Lady Westmoreland[2]. There was one very entertaining circumstance; in the Abbey behind the altar the Queen had a retiring chamber. She had occasion to go thither—in the privatest spot, where she certainly did not want company, she found the Duke of Newcastle. Some of the peeresses were so fond of their robes, that they graciously exhibited themselves for a whole day before to all the company their servants could invite to see them. A maid from Richmond begged leave to stay in town because the Duchess of Montrose[3] was only to be seen from two to four. The Heralds were so ignorant of their business, that, though pensioned for nothing but to register lords and ladies, and what belongs to them, they advertised in the newspaper for the Christian names and places of abode of the peeresses. The King complained of such omissions and of the want of precedents; Lord Effingham[4], the Earl Marshal, told him, it was true there had been great neglect in that office, but he had now taken such care of registering directions, that *next Coronation* would be conducted with the greatest order imaginable. The King was so diverted with this *flattering* speech that he made the Earl repeat it several times.

On this occasion one saw to how high-watermark extravagance is risen in England. At the Coronation of George II my mother gave forty guineas for a dining-room, scaffold, and bedchamber. An exactly parallel apartment, only with rather a worse view, was this time set at three hundred and fifty guineas—a tolerable rise in thirty-three years! The platform from St. Margaret's Roundhouse to the church-door, which formerly let for forty pounds, went this time

LETTER 778.—[1] Catherine Hyde, Duchess of Queensberry. *Walpole.*

[2] Mary Cavendish, Countess of Westmoreland. *Walpole.*

[3] Lucy Manners, Duchess of Montrose. *Walpole.*

[4] Thomas Howard, second Earl of Effingham, Deputy Earl Marshal. *Walpole.*

for two thousand four hundred pounds. Still more was given for the inside of the Abbey. The prebends would like a Coronation every year. The King paid nine thousand pounds for the hire of jewels; indeed, last time, it cost my father fourteen hundred to bejewel my Lady Orford[5]. A single shop now sold six hundred pounds' sterling worth of nails—but nails are risen—so is everything, and everything adulterated. If we conquer Spain, as we have done France, I expect to be poisoned. Alas! we *are* going to conquer Spain. They have taken France by the hand, and bully for her. Mr. Pitt, who desires nothing better than to bid upon anybody's haughtiness, has recalled Mr. Stanley, and would willingly have recalled my Lord Bristol too. If the Turks don't know what to do with their armament, Mr. Pitt will be obliged to them if they will be a little impertinent too. If all this did but starve us I should not much mind it: I should look as well as other people in haughty rags, and while one's dunghill is the first dunghill in Europe, one is content. But the lives! the lives it will cost! to wade through blood to dignity! I had rather be a worm than a vulture. Besides, I am no gamester; I do not love doubling the bet, but would realize something.

The Duchess of Grafton is drawing nearer to you; you will see her by the end of the winter; they leave Geneva the 10th of next month, and go to Turin. I believe I liked the Coronation the less for wanting the principal figure. Good night!

[5] Margaret Rolle, wife of Robert, Lord Walpole, eldest son of Sir Robert Walpole, and afterwards Earl of Orford. *Walpole.*

779. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Oct. 6, 1761.

I wrote to you but last week. You will conclude I have a victory to tell you, by following that letter with another so soon. Oh no! you may bid adieu to victories. It is not that Spain or we have declared war, but Mr. Pitt has resigned. The Cabinet Council were for temporizing. This is not *his* style.

Without entering into discussions of which side is in the right, you will easily see how fatal this event must be, even from its creating two sides. What saved us, and then what lifted us so high, but union? What could France, what could your old friend the Empress Queen, desire so ardently as divisions amongst us? They will have their wish to satiety. I foresee nothing but confusion. Nor shall we have a war the less: if Spain bullied while Mr. Pitt was minister, I don't believe she will tremble more at his successors. Who they will be I cannot imagine. It required all his daring to retrieve our affairs. Who will dare for him, nay, and against him? Next to pitying our country and ourselves, I feel for the young King. It is hard to have so bright a dawn so soon overcast! I fear he is going to taste as bitter a cup as ever his grandfather swallowed! This happened but yesterday. It is not an event to lie dormant long without consequences.

In answer to your letter of September 12, which I have received since I wrote, I must thank you again about the Castiglione, and reprove you too: you speak of it as if I thought it not worth accepting—my difficulty was because it is too fine to accept. I don't like *your* giving *me* anything but your affection. At the same time you shall not think I don't value whatever you persist in giving me.

With regard to a picture of Lord Royston[1], you will excuse me from troubling myself about it. I have no connection with that family.

The bills of lading came safe, and I have given them to your brother, and thank you for the prints. Adieu! my dear child; this is an unpleasant letter, and I don't care how soon I finish it. Squabbles of ministers are entertaining in time of peace; they are a little too serious now. Adieu!

780. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Oct. 8, 1761.

I cannot swear I wrote to you again to offer your brother the place for the Coronation; but I was confident I did, nay, I think so still—my proofs are, the place remained empty, and I sent to old Richard to inquire if Mr. John was not arrived. He had no great loss, as the procession returned in the dark.

Your King will have heard that Mr. Pitt resigned last Monday. Greater pains have been taken to recover him than were used to drive him out. He is inflexible, but mighty peaceable. Lord Egremont is to have the Seals to-morrow. It is a most unhappy event – France and Spain will soon let us know we ought to think so. For your part, you will be invaded; a blacker Rod than you will be sent to Ireland. Would you believe that the town is a desert? The wedding filled it, the Coronation crammed it; Mr. Pitt's resignation has not brought six people to London. As they could not hire a window and crowd one another to death to see him give up the Seals, it seems a matter of perfect indifference. If he will accuse a single man of checking our career of glory, all the world will come to see him

Letter 779.—[1] Eldest son of the Earl of Hardwicke.

hanged—but what signifies the ruin of a nation, if no particular man ruins it?

The Duchess of Marlborough[1] died the night before last.

Thank you for your descriptions; pray continue them. Mrs. Delany[2] I know a little. Lord Charlemont's[3] villa is in Chambers's book.

I have nothing new to tell you; but the grain of mustard-seed sown on Monday will soon produce as large a tree as you can find in any prophecy. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. Lady Mary Wortley is arrived. If you could meet with ever a large print[4] very cheap, you would make your court to her by it.

781. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Oct. 8, 1761.

I WRITE to you so often, you will think I have succeeded Mr. Pitt as Secretary of State. The truth is, I want to overtake my last letter. I fear I was peevish in it—my answer about the picture for which you have a commission was too squab.—I own I was out of humour, I was

So odd, my country's ruin made me grave.

And imagining the people[1] you wot of might have contributed a little to throw us into confusion, it made me

LETTER 780.—[1] The widow of the third Duke.

[2] Mary (1700–1788), daughter of Bernard Granville; m. 1. (1718) Alexander Pendarves; 2. (1743) Patrick Delany, Dean of Down. She was at this time living near Dublin.

[3] James Caulfield (1728–1799), fourth Viscount (afterwards first Earl of) Charlemont. His villa, 'Marino,' near Dublin, was designed by Chambers. The latter's book was presumably his *Treatise on Civil Architecture.*

[4] So apparently in MS.; the word is almost obliterated.

LETTER 781.—[1] The Earl of Hardwicke and the Duke of Newcastle had united with Lord Bute against Mr. Pitt. *Walpole.*

eager even to you, with whom I certainly had no cause of displeasure. Forgive me; it was an air of departing haughtiness. We have been used of late to triumph; it felt unpleasant to relinquish glory; and I am exactly that sort of philosopher to be angry if I am not prepared to keep my temper.

Spain tells us to-day that she means us no harm. She has only made a defensive and *offensive* league[2] with France to keep the *peace*. When she hears Mr. Pitt is out, I suppose she will make a neutrality, that she may invade Ireland. If she does, pray hold your militia ready to attack Naples.

Great attempts, great offers have been made to recover Mr. Pitt. He waives them, goes to court, bows, and goes to Bath. In the City it was proposed at first to go into mourning on his resignation; as yet they have come to no resolution. It will perhaps depend on some trifle to set fire to the train—should it not be lighted up now, that will insure nothing. It cannot be indifferent whether he is in place or out. Your new master is to be Lord Egremont[3], who was to have gone to Augsburgh[4]: he is to have the Seals to-morrow. As Mr. Pitt declares against being hostile, I conclude nobody will resign with him.

I began, intending to tell you about the commission for the picture, and forgot it—not that I have anything to tell you. I went this morning to your brother, and he knows not a syllable more than the orders he delivered to you from your brother Ned. I only mention this, to prove to you that when my patriotism subsides, my friendship revives as strong as ever.

Lady Mary Wortley is arrived. I have not seen her yet,

[2] The Family Compact.

[3] Sir Charles Windham, first Earl of Egremont. *Walpole.*

[4] The negotiations for peace were to have been carried on there.

though they have not made her perform quarantine for her own dirt.

This short letter, and t'other short letter, make a long one. Adieu!

Stop, I have told you a monstrous lie; Lady Mary is not arrived; it was a Dutch blunder of Lady Denbigh[5], who confounded Lady Mary Wrottesley[6] and Lady Mary Wortley.

Lord Talbot, on Mr. Pitt's resignation, advised the Duke of Newcastle not to die for joy on the Monday, nor for fear on Tuesday.

782. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 10, 1761.

Am not I an old fool? at my years to be a dupe to virtue and patriotism; I, who have seen all the virtue of England sold six times over! . . . Here have I fallen in love with my father's enemies, and because they served my country, believed they were the most virtuous men upon earth. I adored Mr. Pitt, as if I was just come from school and reading Livy's lies of Brutus and Camillus, and Fabius; and romance knows whom. Alack! alack! Mr. Pitt loves an estate as well as my Lord Bath! The Conqueror of Canada, of Afric, of India, would, if he had been in the latter, have brought my Lady Esther as many diamonds as General Clive took. Spain assures us she is still very pacific, and what if France would have been so too, if Mr. Pitt would have suffered her! one day or other we shall know. In the meantime, as the mob have not pulled the King out of St. James's, nor Mr. Pitt into it again, the latter has contented himself with a barony for Lady Esther[1],

[5] Isabella de Jonghe, of Utrecht, wife of William Fielding, Earl of Denbigh. *Walpole.*

[6] Lady Mary Leveson-Gower (d. 1771), second daughter of first Earl Gower; m. Rev. Sir Richard Wrottesley, seventh Baronet, afterwards (1765) Dean of Worcester.

Letter 782.—[1] Lady Esther, wife of Mr. Pitt, and sister of Lord Temple. *Walpole.*

and three thousand pounds a year for three lives. Lord Temple has resigned; I don't understand that. Mr. George Grenville is to be representing minister in the House of Commons, and not Speaker; Lord Egremont is Secretary of State; and Lord Hardwicke, I suppose, Privy Seal[2]. You will like your new master the Secretary, who is extremely well bred.

Don't be frightened at this torrent of letters; I will send you no more this age; and when I do, I shall only talk to you of assemblies, plays, operas, balls, &c., which are subjects of dignity compared to politics.

Is Sir Richard Lyttelton[3] with you still, or in your neighbourhood? You need not read my opinion to him of this transaction. Confess, however, that I send you quick intelligence,—three letters in a week.

783. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 10, 1761.

Pray, Sir, how does virtue sell in Ireland now? I think for a province they have now and then given large prices. Have you a mind to know what the biggest virtue in the world is worth? If Cicero had been a Drawcansir instead of a coward, and had carried the glory of Rome to as lofty a height as he did their eloquence, for how much do you think he would have sold all that reputation?—Oh! sold it! you will cry, vanity was his predominant passion; he would have trampled on sesterces like dirt, and provided the tribes did but erect statues enough for him, he was content with a bit of Sabine mutton, and would have preferred his little Tusculan villa, or the flattery of Caius and Allenius Atticus at Baiæ, to the wealth of Crassus, or to

[2] The Duke of Bedford succeeded Lord Temple as Privy Seal.

[3] Cousin of Lady Esther, and attached to Mr. Pitt. *Walpole.*

the luxurious banquets of Lucullus—Take care, there is not a Tory gentleman, if there is one left, who would not have laid the same wager twenty years ago on the disinterestedness of my Lord Bath—Come, you tremble; you are so incorrupt yourself, you would give the world Mr. Pitt was so too—You adore him for what he has done for us; you bless him for placing England at the head of Europe, and you don't hate him for infusing as much spirit into us, as if a Montagu, Earl of Salisbury[1], was still at the head of our armies—nothing could be more just. We owe the recovery of our affairs to him, the splendour of our country, the conquest of Canada, Louisbourg, Guardaloupe, Africa, and the East—nothing is too much for such services—accordingly, I hope you will not think the barony of Chatham and three thousand pounds a year for three lives too much for my Lady Esther. She has this pittance. Good night!

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

P.S. I told you falsely in my last that Lady Mary Wortley was arrived—I cannot help it if my Lady Denbigh cannot read English in all these years, but mistakes Wrottesley for Wortley.

784. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 10, 1761.

I don't know what business I had, Madam, to be an economist: it was out of character. I wished for a thousand more drawings in that sale at Amsterdam, but concluded they would be very dear; and not having seen

Letter 783.—[1] John Montacute (*circ.* 1350–1400), third Earl of Salisbury, beheaded by the mob for conspiring against Henry IV.

them, I thought it too rash to trouble your Ladyship with a large commission.

I wish I could give you as good an account of your commission; but it is absolutely impracticable. I employed one of the most sensible and experienced men in the Custom House; and all the result was, he could only recommend me to Mr. Amyand as the newest, and consequently the most polite of the commissioners—but the Duchess of Richmond had tried him before—to no purpose. There is no way of recovering any of your goods, but purchasing them again at the sale.

What am I doing, to be talking to you of drawings and chintzes, when the world is all turned topsy-turvy? Peace, as the poets would say, is not only returned to heaven, but has carried her sister Virtue along with her!—Oh no! Peace will keep no such company—Virtue is an errant strumpet, and loves diamonds as well as my Lady Harrington, and is as fond of a coronet as my Lord Melcombe. Worse! worse! She will set men to cutting throats, and pick their pockets at the same time. I am in such a passion, I cannot tell you what I am angry about—why, about Virtue and Mr. Pitt; two errant cheats, gipsies! I believe he was a comrade of Elizabeth Canning[1], when he lived at Enfield Wash. In short, the council were for making peace;

> But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
> Evades them with a bombast circumstance,
> Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war,
> And in conclusion—nonsuits my mediators[2].

He insisted on a war with Spain, was resisted, and last Monday resigned. The City breathed vengeance on his

LETTER 784.—[1] See note on letter to Bentley of May 18, 1754. Elizabeth Canning asserted that she had been detained at Enfield Wash; Pitt lived for some years at the Southbailey lodge in Enfield Chase.

[2] *Othello*, i. 1.

opposers, the Council quaked, and the Lord knows what would have happened; but yesterday, which was only Friday, as this giant was stalking to seize the Tower of London, he stumbled over a silver penny, picked it up, carried it home to Lady Hester, and they are now as quiet, good sort of people, as my Lord and Lady Bath who lived in the vinegar-bottle[3]. In fact, Madam, this immaculate man has accepted the barony of Chatham for his wife, with a pension of three thousand pounds a year for three lives; and though he has not quitted the House of Commons, I think my Lord Anson would now be as formidable there. The pension he has left *us*, is a war for three thousand lives! perhaps, for twenty times three thousand lives!—But—

> Does this become a soldier? *this* become
> Whom armies follow'd, and a people loved?

What! to sneak out of the scrape, prevent peace, and avoid the war! blast one's character, and all for the comfort of a paltry annuity, a long-necked peeress, and a couple of Grenvilles! The City looks mighty foolish, I believe, and possibly even Beckford may blush. Lord Temple resigned yesterday: I suppose his virtue pants for a dukedom. Lord Egremont has the Seals; Lord Hardwicke, I fancy, the Privy Seal; and George Grenville, no longer Speaker, is to be the cabinet minister in the House of Commons. Oh! Madam, I am glad you are inconstant to Mr. Conway, though it is only with a barbette[4]! If you piqued yourself on your virtue, I should expect you would sell it to the master of a trechscoot.

I told you a lie about the King's going to Ranelagh—no matter; there is no such thing as truth. Garrick exhibits the Coronation, and, opening the end of the stage, discovers

[3] An allusion to the west-country tale of Mr. and Mrs. Vinegar 'who lived in a vinegar-bottle.'

[4] A barbet, a little dog with long curly hair.

a real bonfire and real mob: the houses in Drury Lane let their windows at threepence a head. Rich is going to produce a finer Coronation, nay, than the real one; for there is to be a dinner for the Knights of the Bath and the Barons of the Cinque Ports, which Lord Talbot refused them.

I put your Caufields and Stauntons into the hands of one of the first heralds upon earth, and who has the entire pedigree of the Careys; but he cannot find a drop of Howard or Seymour blood in the least artery about them. Good night, Madam!

Yours most faithfully,
HOR. WALPOLE.

785. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Oct. 12, 1761.

IT is very lucky that you did not succeed in the expedition to Rochfort. Perhaps you might have been made a peer; and as *Chatham* is a naval title, it might have fallen to your share. But it was reserved to crown greater glory: and lest it should not be substantial pay enough, three thousand pounds a year for three lives go along with it. Not to Mr. Pitt—you can't suppose it. Why truly, not the title, but the annuity does, and Lady Hester is the baroness; that, if he should please, he may earn an earldom himself. Don't believe me, if you have not a mind. I know I did not believe those who told me. But ask the *Gazette* that swears it—ask the King, who has kissed Lady Hester —ask the City of London, who are ready to tear Mr. Pitt to pieces—ask forty people I can name, who are overjoyed at it—and then ask me again, who am mortified, and who have been the dupe of his disinterestedness. Oh, my dear Harry! I beg you on my knees, keep your virtue: do let me think there is still one man upon earth who despises

money. I wrote you an account last week of his resignation. Could you have believed that in four days he would have tumbled from the conquest of Spain to receiving a quarter's pension from Mr. West[1]? To-day he has advertised his seven coach-horses to be sold—three thousand a year for three lives, and fifty thousand pounds of his own, will not keep a coach and six. I protest I believe he is mad, and Lord Temple thinks so too; for he resigned the same morning that Pitt accepted the pension. George Grenville is minister in the House of Commons. I don't know who will be Speaker. They talk of Prowse, Hussey[2], Bacon[3], and even of old Sir John Rushout. Delaval has said an admirable thing: he blames Pitt—not as you and I do; but calls him fool; and says, if he had gone into the City, told them he had a poor wife and children unprovided for, and had opened a subscription, he would have got five hundred thousand pounds, instead of three thousand pounds a year. In the meantime the good man has saddled us with a war which we can neither carry on nor carry off. 'Tis pitiful! 'tis wondrous pitiful! Is the communication stopped, that we never hear from you? I own 'tis an Irish question. I am out of humour: my visions are dispelled, and you are still abroad. As I cannot put Mr. Pitt to death, at least I have buried him: here is his epitaph:

> Admire his eloquence—it mounted higher
> Than Attic purity or Roman fire:
> Adore his services—our lions view
> Ranging, where Roman eagles never flew:
> Copy his soul supreme o'er Lucre's sphere;
> —But oh! beware three thousand pounds a year!

LETTER 785.—[1] Secretary to the Treasury. *Walpole.*

[2] Richard Hussey, M.P. for St. Mawes; d. 1770.

[3] Edward Bacon (d. 1786), of Earlham Hall, Norfolk; M.P. for Norwich; Lord of Trade, 1759–65.

Oct. 13.

Jemmy Grenville resigned[4] yesterday. Lord Temple is all hostility; and goes to the Drawing-room to tell everybody how angry he is with the court—but what is Sir Joseph Wittol, when Nol Bluff[5] is pacific? They talk of erecting a tavern in the City, called The Salutation: the sign to represent Lord Bath and Mr. Pitt embracing. These are shameful times. Adieu!

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

786. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 24, 1761.

I have got two letters from you, and am sensibly pleased with your satisfaction. I love your cousin for his behaviour to you; he will never place his friendship better. His parts and dignity, I did not doubt, would bear him out. I fear nothing but your spirits, and the frank openness of your heart; keep them within bounds, and you will return in health, and with the serenity I wish you long to enjoy.

You have heard our politics—they do not mend. Sick of glory, without being tired of war, and surfeited with unanimity before it had finished its work, we are running into all kind of confusion. The City have bethought themselves, and have voted that they will still admire Mr. Pitt—consequently, he, without the check of seeming virtue, may do what he pleases. An address of thanks to him has been carried by 109 against 15, and the City are to instruct their members—that is, because we are disappointed of a Spanish war, we must have one at home—Merciful! how old I am grown! Here am I, not liking

[4] He was Cofferer of the Household.

[5] Characters in Congreve's *Old Bachelor*.

a civil war! Do you know me? I am no longer that Gracchus, who, when Mr. Bentley told him something or other, I don't know what, would make a sect, answered quick, 'Will it make a party?' in short, I think I am always to be in contradiction; now I am loving my country!

Worksop is burnt down—I don't know the circumstances; the Duke and Duchess[1] are at Bath: it has not been finished a month; the last furniture was brought in for the Duke of York. I have some comfort that I had seen it, and except the bare chambers, in which the Queen of Scots was lodged, nothing remained of ancient time.

I am much obliged to Mr. Hamilton's civilities; but I don't take too much to myself; yet it is no drawback to think that he sees and compliments your friendship for me. I shall use his permission of sending you anything that I think will bear the sea; but how must I send it? by what conveyance to the sea, and where deliver it? Pamphlets swarm already; none very good, and chiefly grave; you would not have them. Mr. Glover has published his long-hoarded *Medea*, as an introduction to the House of Commons[2]—it had been more proper to usher him from school to the university. There are a few good lines, not much conduct, and a quantity of English iambics, and trochaics, that scarce speak English, and yet have no rhyme to keep one another in countenance. If his chariot is stopped at Temple Bar, I suppose he will take it for the Straits of Thermopylæ, and be delivered of his first speech before its time.

The catalogue of the Duke of Devonshire's collection is only in the six volumes of the Description of London. I did print about a dozen, and gave them all away so

LETTER 786.—[1] Of Norfolk.
[2] He had been elected for Weymouth at the recent general election.

totally, that on searching, I find I had not reserved one for myself. When we are at leisure, I will reprint a few more, and you shall have one for your Speaker. I don't know who is to be ours: Prowse, they say, has refused; Sir J. Cust[3] was the last I heard named—but I am here and know nothing; sorry that I shall hear anything on Tuesday se'nnight.

Pray pick me up any prints of lord-lieutenants, Irish bishops, ladies—nay, or Patriots: but I will not trouble you for a snuff-box or toothpick-case, made of a bit of the Giant's Causey.

My *Anecdotes of Painting* will scarcely appear before Christmas. My gallery and cabinet are at a full stop till spring—but I shall be sorry to leave it all in ten days; October, that scarce ever deceived one before, has exhibited a deluge; but it has recovered, and promised to behave well as long as it lives, like a dying sinner. Good night! Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. My niece lost the Coronation for only a daughter[4]. It makes me smile, when I reflect that you are come into the world again, and that I have above half left it.

787. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 26, 1761.

How strange it seems! You are talking to me of the King's wedding, while we are thinking of a civil war. Why, the King's wedding was a century ago, almost two months; even the Coronation that happened half an age ago, is quite forgot. The post to Germany cannot keep

[3] Sir John Cust (1718–1770), third Baronet, of Belton, Lincolnshire; M.P. for Grantham; Speaker of the House of Commons, 1761–70.

[4] Lady Charlotte Maria Waldegrave, afterwards Countess of Euston.

pace with our revolutions. Who knows but you may still be thinking that Mr. Pitt is the most disinterested man in the world? Truly, as far as the votes of a Common Council can make him so, he is. Like Cromwell, he has always promoted the Self-Denying Ordinance, and has contrived to be excused from it himself. The City could no longer choose who should be their man of virtue; there was not one left: by all rules they ought next to have pitched upon one who was the oldest offender: instead of that, they have re-elected the most recent; and, as if virtue was a borough, Mr. Pitt is re-chosen for it, on vacating his seat. Well, but all this is very serious: I shall offer you a prophetic picture, and shall be very glad if I am not a true soothsayer. The City have voted an address of thanks to Mr. Pitt, and given instructions to their members; the chief articles of which are, to promote an inquiry into the disposal of the money that has been granted, and to consent to no peace, unless we are to retain all, or very near all, our conquests. Thus the City of London usurp the right of making peace and war. But is the government to be dictated to by one town? By no means. But suppose they are not—what is the consequence? How will the money be raised? If it cannot be raised without them, Mr. Pitt must again be minister: that you think would easily be accommodated. Stay, stay; he and Lord Temple have declared against the whole Cabinet Council. Why, that they have done before now, and yet have acted with them again. It is very true; but a little word has escaped Mr. Pitt, which never entered into his former declarations; nay, nor into Cromwell's, nor Hugh Capet's, nor Julius Cæsar's, nor any reformer's of ancient time. He has happened to say, he will *guide*[1].

LETTER 787.—[1] Horace Walpole here misrepresented Pitt, who in his letter to Beckford of Oct. 15, 1761, wrote:—'I resigned the Seals on

Now, though the Cabinet Council are mighty willing to be guided, when they cannot help it, yet they wish to have appearances saved: they cannot be fond of being told they are to be guided; still less, that other people should be told so. Here, then, is Mr. Pitt and the Common Council on one hand, the great lords on the other. I protest, I do not see but it will come to this. Will it allay the confusion, if Mr. Fox is retained on the side of the court? Here are no Whigs and Tories, harmless people, that are content with worrying one another for a hundred and fifty years together. The new parties are, *I will*, and *You shall not*; and their principles do not admit delay. However, this age is of suppler mould than some of its predecessors; and this may come round again, by a *coup de baguette*, when one least expects it. If it should not, the honestest part one can take is to look on, and try if one can do any good if matters go too far.

I am charmed with the Castle of Hercules[2]; it is the boldest pile I have seen since I travelled in fairyland. You ought to have delivered a princess imprisoned by enchanters in his club: she, in gratitude, should have fallen in love with you: your constancy should have been immaculate. The devil knows how it would have ended—I don't—and so I break off my romance.

You need not beat the French any more this year: it cannot be ascribed to Mr. Pitt; and the mob won't thank you. If we are to have a warm campaign in Parliament, I hope you will be sent for. Adieu! We take the field to-morrow se'nnight.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Monday, the 5th of this month, in order not to remain responsible for measures which I was no longer allowed to guide.'

[2] Alluding to a description of a building in Hesse-Cassel, given by Mr. Conway in one of his letters. *Walpole.*

P.S. You will be sorry to hear that Worksop is burned. My Lady Waldegrave has got a daughter, and your brother an ague.

788. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Nov. 7, 1761.

You will rejoice to hear that your friend Mr. Amyand is going to marry the dowager Lady Northampton[1]; she has two thousand pounds a year, and twenty thousand in money. Old Dunch[2] is dead, and Mrs. Felton Hervey[3] was given over last night, but is still alive.

Sir John Cust is Speaker, and bating his nose, the chair seems well filled. There are so many new faces in this Parliament, that I am not at all acquainted with it.

The enclosed print[4] will divert you, especially the baroness in the right-hand corner—so ugly, and so satisfied! The Athenian head was intended for Stewart[5], but was so like, that Hogarth was forced to cut off the nose. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

789. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 14, 1761.

If my share in our correspondence was all considered, I could willingly break it off; it is wearisome to pursue the thread of folly for so many years, and with the same personages on the scene. Patriotism, prostitution, power,

Letter 788.—[1] Frances (d. 1801), daughter of Rev. Thomas Payne; m. 1. (1748) Hon. George Compton, afterwards sixth Earl of Northampton.

[2] Elizabeth, widow of Edmund Dunch; d. Nov. 4, 1761.

[3] Dorothy, daughter of Solomon Ashley; m. 1. Charles Pitfield; 2. Hon. Felton Hervey, ninth son of first Earl of Bristol; d. Nov. 8, 1761.

[4] *The Five Orders of Periwigs*, by Hogarth, published on Oct. 15, 1761.

[5] James Stuart (1713–1788), painter and architect, known as 'Athenian Stuart.'

patriotism again—one ought to be new to it all, to see it in an amusing light—but I recollect that you wish to hear it, and I submit to run through a recapitulation of what moves little more than my contempt!

The Common Council (calling themselves the City of London) have given Mr. Pitt a dispensation for taking a pension, on his writing them a letter, in which he acquainted them, that as he could not be monarch for their sakes, he would content himself, like them, with a private station, and with giving all the disturbance he could. You have seen his letters in the papers—my paraphrase is not stronger than his own commentary on his behaviour. They thanked him, and instructed their members to tread in his steps. Hitherto this flame has had much ado to spread. Exeter, and Stirling, and at last York, are the only towns that have copied the example.

In the midst of this came over the negotiation for peace published in France—a melancholy volume to any feeling heart! You may see what a beneficial, what a splendid peace we might have had; you will not so easily find the reason why we rejected it. You will see nothing but facility on their side, nothing but haughtiness on ours; yet the eyes that the pension and peerage could not open are not purged by this memorial. There are men who wish for more than the world we have conquered!

Well! the Parliament opened; and the first production of the rebaptized Patriots, was a *constitutional* proposal from Lord Temple for a *First Minister*. Patriots used to attack such officers, though they intended to be in their place; this is the first time they ever demanded such a post for the good of their country. This was on the Address, and was answered by the Duke of Bedford.

A week afterwards the King, Queen, and royal family dined with the Lord Mayor; but a young King, and a new

Queen, were by no means the principal objects of attention. A chariot and pair, containing Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple, formed the chief part of the triumph. The reception, acclamation, and distinction paid to Mr. Pitt through the streets, and the observance of him in Guildhall, were equal to anything you can imagine. You will call his appearance there arrogant,—I do not think it was very well bred. Since that—for pensions stop the mouths only of courtiers, not of the virtuous—he has harangued in the House with exceeding applause; it was fine, guarded, artful—very inflammatory. Don't think I am paying court by censuring a *late* minister. He is too near being minister again for mine to be interested conduct. It never was my turn, nor do the examples I see make me more in love with the practice. Nor think me changed lightly about Mr. Pitt —nobody admired him more—you saw it. When he preferred haughtiness to humanity, glory to peaceful glory,—when his disinterestedness could not resist a pension, nor a pension make him grateful—he changed, not I. When he courts a mob, I certainly change; and whoever does court the mob, whether an orator or a mountebank, whether Mr. Pitt or Dr. Rock, are equally contemptible in my eyes. Could I now decide by a wish, he should have remained in place, or have been ruined by his pension. When he would not do all the good in his power, I would leave him no power to do harm,—would that were always the case! Alas! I am a speculatist and he is a statesman; but I have that advantage, or disadvantage, over others of my profession, I have seen too much to flatter myself with visions!

George Pitt, whom you must well remember, is coming to you to Turin[1], with his lovely wife[2], all loveliness

Letter 789.—[1] As English Envoy. [2] Penelope, sister of Sir Richard Atkins, wife of George Pitt, afterwards Lord Rivers. She is cele-

within and without. If you see my Duchess[3] soon, tell her I trust my letter of thanks for the *découpure*[4] she sent me of herself did not miscarry. We hear your neighbour Sir Richard[5] thinks of resigning the Jewel Office. Adieu!

Nov. 16th.

I have just received yours of the 31st of last month, but can tell you no more than I have already said. We don't know the particulars of the treaty between Spain and France: Lord Bristol[6] is certainly coming home; Lord Temple says, has *demanded* to come, and insinuates, from political reasons; the court calls it asking to come for his health; he certainly has wished to come before these broils. You may expect new events every day in politics. I don't see how we can make peace, or another war; even in Germany it is not over for this campaign. Lord Granby and Mr. Conway have been successful in some fresh skirmishes, when I thought the latter gone to Pyrmont for his amusement, and the rest of our generals coming home. As he went abroad last, he does not return this winter. When the officers do come I expect a new scene; we hear of nothing but hardships and abuses; the German war was already become unpopular, and had Mr. Pitt sunk entirely, would not have supported itself. It will require all the compromising spirit of the age to bring things back into a settled channel. I am not shining in prophecy, so I shall foretell nothing; while we have a shilling left, it will quiet somebody or other. Good night.

P.S. I have forgot to answer one of your questions, that

brated in Mr. Walpole's poem on *The Beauties*. *Walpole.*

[3] The Duchess of Grafton. *Walpole.*

[4] Her figure cut out in card by Monsieur Hubert, of Geneva, who was famous in that art. *Walpole.*

[5] Sir R. Lyttelton. *Walpole.*

[6] George William Hervey, Earl of Bristol, Ambassador at Madrid. *Walpole.*

I can answer: you ask if the City had not rather part with Mr. Pitt than have a Spanish war? How *tramontane* you are! I believe the chief reason of their forgiving his pension, was his holding out Spanish plunder to them. Though they say they have ceased to be Jacobites, they have not relinquished the principles of privateering, brokerage, insurance, contracts, and twenty other tenets, not to be found in the *Crusca*[7]. Perhaps, you do not know that merchants thrive by taxes, which ruin everybody else. Your own country is delightful, but you are not acquainted with half its virtues.

790. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Nov. 28, 1761.

I am much obliged for the notice of Sir Compton's[1] illness; if you could send me word of peace too, I should be completely satisfied on Mr. Conway's account. He has been in the late action, and escaped, at a time that I flattered myself the campaign was at an end. However, I trust it is now. You will have been concerned for young Courtney. The war, we hear, is to be transferred to these islands; most probably to yours—the Black Rod I hope, like a herald, is a sacred personage.

There has been no authentic account of the Coronation published; if there should be, I will send it. When I am at Strawberry, I believe I can make you out a list of those that walked; but I have no memorandums in town. If Mr. Bentley's play is printed in Ireland, I depend on your sending me two copies.

There has been a very private ball at court, consisting

[7] Alluding to the celebrated Dictionary of the *Academici della Crusca*. *Wulpole.*

Letter 790.—[1] Sir Compton Domville, Baronet (d. 1768). He was Clerk of the Hanaper in Ireland, of which place General Conway had the reversion.

of not above twelve or thirteen couple; some of the Lords of the Bedchamber, most of the Ladies, the Maids of Honour, and six strangers, Lady Caroline Russel, Lady Jane Stewart[2], Lord Suffolk[3], Lord Northampton, Lord Mandeville, and Lord Grey[4]. Nobody sat by, but the Princess, the Duchess of Bedford, and Lady Bute. They began before seven, danced till one, and parted without a supper.

Lady Sarah Lenox has refused Lord Errol. The Duke of Bedford is Privy Seal; Lord Thomond Cofferer; Lord George Cavendish Comptroller; George Pitt goes minister to Turin; and Mrs. Speed must go thither[5], as she is marrying the Baron de Perrier, Count Virry's son. Adieu! Commend me to your brother.

Yours ever,
H. W.

791. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Dear Madam, Arlington Street, Nov. 28, 1761.

You are so bad and so good, that I don't know how to treat you. You give me every mark of kindness but letting me hear from you. You send me charming drawings the moment I trouble you with a commission, and you give Lady Cecilia[1] commissions for trifles of my writing, in the most obliging manner. I have taken the latter off her hands. The *Fugitive Pieces* and the *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors* shall be conveyed to you directly. Lady Cecilia and I agree how we lament the charming suppers

[2] Lady Jane Stuart, second daughter of third Earl of Bute; m. (1768) George Macartney, of Lissanoure, Antrim, afterwards K.B. and Earl Macartney; d. 1828.

[3] Henry Howard (1739–1779), twelfth Earl of Suffolk; Lord Privy Seal, Jan.–June, 1771; Secretary of State for the Northern Province, 1771; K.G., 1778.

[4] George Harry Grey (1737–1819), Lord Grey; eldest son of fourth Earl of Stamford, whom he succeeded in 1768.

[5] Count Viry was Minister to the King of Sardinia.

Letter 791.—[1] Lady Cecilia Johnston. *Walpole.*

there, every time we pass the corner of Warwick Street[2]! We have a little comfort for your sake and our own, in believing that the campaign is at an end, at least for this year—but they tell us, it is to recommence here or in Ireland. You have nothing to do with that. Our politics, I think, will soon be as warm as our war. Charles Townshend is to be lieutenant-general to Mr. Pitt. The Duke of Bedford is Privy Seal; Lord Thomond Cofferer; Lord George Cavendish Comptroller.

Diversions, you know, Madam, are never at high-water mark before Christmas: yet operas flourish pretty well: those on Tuesdays are removed to Mondays, because the Queen likes the burlettas, and the King cannot go on Tuesdays, his post-days. On those nights we have the middle front box, railed in, where Lady Mary[3] and I sit in triste state like a Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. The night before last there was a private ball at court, which began at half an hour after six, lasted till one, and finished without a supper. The King danced the whole time with the Queen,—Lady Augusta with her four younger brothers. The other performers were: the two Duchesses of Ancaster and Hamilton, who danced little; Lady Effingham and Lady Egremont, who danced much; the six Maids of Honour; Lady Susan Stewart, as attending Lady Augusta; and Lady Caroline Russel, and Lady Jane Stuart, the only women not of the family. Lady Northumberland is at Bath; Lady Weymouth lies in; Lady Bolingbroke was there in waiting, but in black gloves, so did not dance. The men, besides the royals, were Lords March and Eglintoun, of the Bedchamber; Lord Cantelupe, Vice-Chamberlain; Lord Huntingdon; and four strangers, Lord Mandeville, Lord Northampton, Lord Suffolk, and Lord Grey. No

[2] General Conway's London house was 4 Little Warwick Street.
[3] Lady Mary Coke. *Walpole.*

sitters-by, but the Princess, the Duchess of Bedford, and Lady Bute.

If it had not been for this ball, I don't know how I should have furnished a decent letter. Pamphlets on Mr. Pitt are the whole conversation, and none of them worth sending 'cross the water: at least I, who am said to write some of them, think so; by which you may perceive I am not much flattered with the imputation. There must be new personages, at least, before I write on any side.—Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle! I should as soon think of informing the world that Miss Chudleigh is no vestal. You will like better to see some words which Mr. Gray has writ, at Miss Speed's request, to an old air of Geminiani: the thought is from the French.

I.

Thyrsis, when we parted, swore
  Ere the spring he would return.
Ah! what means yon violet flow'r,
  And the bud that decks the thorn!
'Twas the lark that upward sprung,
'Twas the nightingale that sung.

II.

Idle notes! untimely green!
  Why this unavailing haste!
Western gales and skies serene
  Speak not always winter past.
Cease my doubts, my fears to move;
Spare the honour of my love.

Adieu, Madam!

Your most faithful servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

792. To Sir David Dalrymple.

Nov. 30, 1761.

I am much obliged to you, Sir, for the specimen of letters[1] you have been so good as to send me. The composition is touching, and the printing very beautiful. I am still more pleased with the design of the work; nothing gives so just an idea of an age as genuine letters; nay, history waits for its last seal from them. I have an immense collection[2] in my hands, chiefly of the very time on which you are engaged; but they are not my own.

If I had received your commands in summer when I was at Strawberry Hill, and at leisure, I might have picked you out something to your purpose; at present I have not time, from Parliament and business, to examine them: yet to show you, Sir, that I have great desire to oblige you and contribute to your work, I send you the following singular paper, which I have obtained from Dr. Charles Lyttelton, Dean of Exeter, whose name I will beg you to mention in testimony of his kindness, and as evidence for the authenticity of the letter, which he copied from the original in the hands of Bishop Tanner[3], in the year 1733. It is from Anne of Denmark, to the Marquis of Buckingham.

ANNA R.

My kind dogge, if I have any power or credit with you, let me have a trial of it at this time, in dealing sincerely and earnestly with the King, that Sir Walter Raleigh's life may not be called in question. If you do it, so that the success answer my expectation, assure yourself that I will take it extraordinarily kindly at your hands, and rest one

Letter 792.—[1] *Memorials and Letters relating to the History of Britain in the reign of James I, published from the originals* (in 1762).

[2] The Conway Papers.

[3] Thomas Tanner, Bishop of St. Asaph, 1731–1736.

that wisheth you well, and desires you to continue still as you have been, a true servant to your master.

I have begun Mr. Hume's *History*[4], and got almost through the first volume. It is amusing to one who knows a little of his own country, but I fear would not teach much to a beginner; details are so much avoided by him, and the whole rather skimmed than elucidated. I cannot say I think it very carefully performed. Dr. Robertson's work I should expect would be more accurate.

P.S. There has lately appeared, in four little volumes, a Chinese tale, called *Hau Kiou Choaun*[5], not very entertaining from the incidents, but I think extremely so from the novelty of the manner and the genuine representation of their customs.

793. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Dec. 8, 1761.

I return you the list of prints, and shall be glad you will bring me all to which I have affixed this mark ×. The rest I have; yet the expense of the whole list would not ruin me. Lord Farnham, who, I believe, departed this morning, brings you the list of the Duke of Devonshire's pictures.

I had been told that Mr. Bourk's history was of England, not of Ireland—I am glad it is the latter, for I am now in Mr. Hume's England, and would fain read no more—I not only know what has been written, but what would be written. Our story is so exhausted, that to make it new, they really *make* it *new*. Mr. Hume has exalted Edward the Second, and depressed Edward the Third. The next

[4] Two volumes of his *History of England* 'containing the period from Julius Cæsar to Henry VII' (*D. N. B.*).

[5] Translated from a Portuguese MS. by Thomas Percy (1729–1811), afterwards Bishop of Dromore, and editor of the *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.

historian, I suppose, will make James the First a hero, and geld Charles the Second.

Fingal is come out—I have not yet got through it—not but it is very fine—yet I cannot at once compass an epic poem now. It tires me to death to read how many ways a warrior is like the moon, or the sun, or a rock, or a lion, or the ocean. *Fingal* is a brave collection of similes, and will serve all the boys at Eton and Westminster for these twenty years. I will trust you with a secret, but you must not disclose it, I should be ruined with my Scotch friends—in short, I cannot believe it genuine—I cannot believe a regular poem of six books has been preserved, uncorrupted, by oral tradition, from times before Christianity was introduced into the island. What! preserved unadulterated by savages dispersed among mountains, and so often driven from their dens, so wasted by wars civil and foreign! Has one man ever got all by heart? I doubt it. Were parts preserved by some, other parts by others? Mighty lucky, that the tradition was never interrupted, nor any part lost—not a verse, not a measure, not the sense! luckier and luckier—I have been extremely qualified myself lately for this Scotch memory; we have had nothing but a coagulation of rains, fogs, and frosts, and though they have clouded all understanding, I suppose, if I had tried, I should have found that they thickened, and gave great consistence to my remembrance.

You want news—I must make it, if I send it. To change the dullness of the scene I went to the play, where I had not been this winter. They are so crowded, that though I went before six, I got no better place than a fifth row, where I heard very ill, and was pent for five hours without a soul near me that I knew. It was *Cymbeline*, and appeared to me as long as if everybody in it went really to Italy in every act, and came back again. With a few pretty passages

and a scene or two, it is so absurd and tiresome, that I am persuaded Garrick[1] . . .

794. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Dec. 12, 1761.

You may conclude, my dear Sir, that when my letters do not arrive so frequently as you expect, there have been no great events. I never fail you at a new epoch; nay, nor let you lose any considerable links of the political chain. My details, indeed, must be more barren than they were twenty years ago, when I came fresh from talking with you of the *dramatis personae*, and when your own acquaintance with them was recent. When I mention them now, I talk to you of Sevarambians[1], of unknown nations; or must enter into more explanations than could be packed up in a letter. The new opposition have not proceeded very briskly, considering the alertness of their leader: yet they have marked out a camp at the St. Alban's Tavern, and in a council of war determined that the chief effort of the campaign should be exerted in behalf of a *perpetual* militia: a measure most unwelcome to many of the great lords, and not peculiarly agreeable to all concerned in that service; yet difficult to be denied now, lest the officers should disband, in a moment when we have so few regulars at home, and are threatened with an invasion, if such a thing can be put in practice. This plan has waited for the arrival from Germany of General George Townshend[2], the restorer of militia, who is not yet landed; but Lord Strange[3] is to present the bill

Letter 793.—[1] The rest of the letter is missing in the Kimbolton MS.

Letter 794.—[1] There was a political French romance, called *L'Histoire des Sevarambes*. *Walpole.*

[2] Eldest son of Charles, Viscount Townshend, whom he succeeded in the title. *Walpole.*

[3] James Stanley, Lord Strange, only son of the Earl of Derby. *Walpole.*

two days hence. In the meantime, there have passed scenes, which make this attempt more necessary to Mr. Pitt, and which yet may relax the ardour of his half-ally, Charles Townshend[4], the Secretary at War, who is discontented with the precedence given to George Grenville, and has attended the assemblies at the St. Alban's. Last Wednesday the question of the war in Germany was agitated. The court support it, for they don't know how to desert it, nor care to be taxed with abatement of vigour; yet the temper of the House of Commons, and the tone even of the advocates for that war, were evidently repugnant to the measure; yet, as it was accorded unanimously, Mr. Pitt had rather matter of triumph. On Friday, his superiority declined strangely, his friends proposed calling for the memorials that have intervened between us and Spain on their late demands. He supported this proposition with great ability, but even his friends the Tories, who had been falling back to him, abandoned him on this motion, which was rejected with great spirit by the administration; and on putting the question, his numbers were so trifling, that he could not venture a division. If the militia produces no confusion, he must wait for some calamitous moment. The Spanish war is still ambiguous. We do not think they intend it openly; but as any repugnance to it on our side will encourage their flippancies, it is scarce probable but it will arrive, even without the direct intention of either court. This is the situation of the present minute: your own sagacity will tell you how soon it may be altered.

What an assembly of English dames at Naples! The Duchess of Grafton is at Turin; but, I should think, would soon be at Florence, on her way to Rome. Don't forget to ask her if she received my answer and thanks for her present; I should be vexed if they had not reached her.

[4] Brother of the foregoing George Townshend. *Walpole.*

The politics occasioned by Mr. Pitt are our only news. The court, the town, the theatres, produce no novelty. Mr. Conway will get a little into *Gazettes*, though not in a light worthy his name, as it will not be for action: Lord Granby is returning, and leaves the command to him. Lady Ailesbury passes the winter with him in quarters—I believe at Osnaburg.

I have told your brother to let me know when a ship sails. I shall send you the fashionable pamphlets, and prints of the King and Queen. His is like, but not so handsome; the Queen's, rather improved in the features, but with less agreeableness in the countenance than she deserves: yet both are sufficient resemblances. Adieu!

P.S. Pray, in the first person's pocket that is returning, send me a little box of pastils, such as they burn in churches; the very best you can get. I have a few left, black and in a pyramidal form, that are delicious. It is long, too, since you sent home any parcel of my letters.

Tuesday, 15th. I was surprised this morning with an article in the papers containing the death of your eldest brother—I immediately sent to your brother James, but it proves your uncle Edward at Chelsea, whom I believe you knew so little, that I need not even condole with you.

795. To Sir David Dalrymple.

Dec. 21, 1761.

Your specimen pleases me, and I give you many thanks for promising me the continuation. You will, I hope, find less trouble with printers than I have done. Just when my book was, I thought, ready to appear, my printer ran away, and has left it very imperfect. This is the fourth I have tried, and I own it discourages me. Our low people are so

corrupt and such knaves, that being cheated and disappointed are all the fruits of attempting to amuse oneself or others. Literature must struggle with many difficulties. They who print for profit print only for profit; we, who print to entertain or instruct others, are the bubbles of our designs. Defrauded, abused, pirated—don't you think, Sir, one need have resolution? Mine is very nearly exhausted.

796. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, past midnight, Dec. 23, 1761.

I am this minute come home, and find such a delightful letter from you, that I cannot help answering it, and telling you so before I sleep. You need not affirm, that your ancient wit and pleasantry are revived; your letter is but five and twenty, and I will forgive any vanity, that is so honest, and so well founded. Ireland I see produces wonders of more sorts than one—if my Lord Anson was to go lord-lieutenant, I suppose he would return a ravisher. How different am I from this state of revivification! Even such talents as I had are far from blooming again, and while my friends, or cotemporaries, or predecessors, are rising to preside over the fame of this age, I seem a mere antediluvian, must live upon what little stock of reputation I had acquired, and indeed grow so indifferent, that I can only wonder how those, whom I thought as old as myself, can interest themselves so much about a world, whose faces I hardly know. You recover your spirits and wit, Rigby is grown a speaker, Mr. Bentley a poet, while I am nursing one or two gouty friends, and sometimes lamenting that I am likely to survive the few I have left. Nothing tempts me to launch out again; every day teaches me how much I was mistaken in my own parts, and I am in no danger

Letter 796.—Wrongly dated by C. Dec. 3.

now but of thinking I am grown too wise; for every period of life has its mistake.

Mr. Bentley's relation to Lord Rochester by the St. Johns is not new to me, and you had more reason to doubt of their affinity by the former *marrying* his *whore*, than to ascribe their consanguinity to it. I shall be glad to see the epistle: are not *The Wishes* to be acted? remember me, if they are printed; and I shall thank you for this new list of prints.

I have mentioned names enough in this letter to lead me naturally to new ill usage I have received. Just when I thought my book finished, my printer ran away, and had left eighteen sheets in the middle of the book untouched, having amused me with sending proofs. He had got into debt, and two girls with child—being two, he could not marry both Hannahs. You see my luck; I had been kind to this fellow—in short, if the faults of my life had been punished as severely as my merits have been, I should be the most unhappy of beings!—but let us talk of something else.

I have picked up at Mrs. Dunch's auction the sweetest Petitot[1] in the world—the very picture of James the Second, that he gave Mrs. Godfrey—and I paid but six guineas and a half for it—I will not tell you how vast a commission I had given; but I will own, that about the hour of sale, I drove about the door to find what likely bidders there were—the first coach I saw was the Chudleighs'; could I help concluding that a Maid of Honour kept by a Duke would purchase the portrait of a Duke that kept a Maid of Honour?—but I was mistaken. The Oxendens[2] reserved the best pictures; the fine china, and even the diamonds, sold

[1] Jean Petitot (1607–1691), painter in enamel. Horace Walpole acquired a considerable number of his works.

[2] Mrs. Dunch's daughter married Sir George Oxenden.

for nothing—for nobody has a shilling—we shall be beggars if we don't conquer Peru within this half-year.

If you are acquainted with my Lady Barrimore[3], pray tell her that in less than two hours t'other night the Duke of Cumberland lost 450 pounds at loo; Miss Pelham won three hundred, and I the rest. However, in general, loo is extremely gone to decay; I am to play at Princess Emily's to-morrow for the first time this winter, and it is with difficulty she has made a party.

My Lady Pomfret[4] is dead on the road to Bath—and unless the deluge stops, and the fogs disperse, I think we shall all die. A few days ago, on the cannon firing for the King going to the House somebody asked what it was for? Monsieur de Choiseul[5] replied, 'Apparemment, c'est qu'on voit le soleil.'

Shall I fill up the rest of my paper with some extempore lines, that I wrote t'other night on Lady Mary Coke having St. Antony's fire in her cheek? You will find nothing in them to contradict what I have said in the former part of my letter—they rather confirm it.

No rouge you wear, nor can a dart
From Love's bright quiver wound your heart.
And thought you, Cupid and his mother
Would unrevenged their anger smother?
No, no—from heaven they sent the fire
That boasts St. Antony its sire;
They pour'd it on one peccant part,
Inflamed your cheek, if not your heart.
In vain—for see the crimson rise,
And dart fresh lustre through your eyes;

[3] Hon. Margaret Davys, daughter of first Viscount Mountcashell; m. (1738) James Barry, fifth Earl of Barrymore. She was an inveterate card-player.

[4] Henrietta Louisa, Countess of Pomfret, often mentioned in the former part of these letters. *Walpole.*

[5] Étienne François de Choiseul Stainville (1719–1785), Duc de Choiseul, Minister for War. He became Minister for Foreign Affairs in 1766, but was disgraced and exiled in 1770 in consequence of the intrigues of Madame du Barri.

Lady. Mary Coke
From a mezzotint after Allan Ramsay.

While ruddier drops and baffled pain
Enhance the white they meant to stain.
Ah! nymph, on that unfading face
With fruitless pencil Time shall trace
His lines malignant, since disease
But gives you mightier power to please.

Willes[6] is dead, and Pratt is to be Chief Justice; Mr. Yorke Attorney-General—Solicitor, I don't know who. Good night! the watchman cries, past one! Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. When you bring over the prints, pray roll them on a round stick, for the least crease is never to be effaced.

797. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 28, 1761.

Our correspondence is a register of events and æras, a chronicle of wars and revolutions in ministries: stay! Mr. Pitt is not restored, but the foundation is laid. The last courier is arrived from Spain; we demanded a sight of their treaty with France, or threatened war. They have refused the one, and defied us to the other. Lord Bristol is on the road home: Fuentes departs immediately. We did not dare to turn out war, as well as Mr. Pitt; and so, I conclude, we shall have both. Three weeks ago he was sunk to nothing; the first calamity will make the nation clamour for him. This will sound very well in his future Plutarch; but, if he had stooped to peace, and had confirmed his conquests, would not his character have been at least as amiable? A single life spared were worth Peru and Mexico, which to be sure he will subdue, the moment we are undone and he becomes necessary.

[6] Sir John Willes, Knight, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

I know nothing more; but a Spanish war[1] will make my letter as heavy as if it contained eight pages. Young Mr. Pitt[2] is arrived; we have exchanged visits, but have not met yet, as I have been the last four days at Strawberry. The Parliament is adjourned to the nineteenth of January. My gallery advances, and I push on the works there, for pictures, and baubles, and buildings look to me as if I realized something. I had rather have a bronze than a thousand pounds in the stocks; for, if Ireland or Jamaica are invaded, I shall still have my bronze: I would not answer so much for the funds, nor will I buy into the new loan of glory. If the Romans or the Greeks were beat, they were beat; they repaired their walls, and did as well as they could; but they did not lose every sesterce, every talent they had, by the defeat affecting their Change Alley. Crassus, the richest man on t'other side Temple Bar, lost his army and his life, and yet East India bonds did not fall an obolus under par. I like that system better than ours. If people would be heroes, they only suffered themselves by a miscarriage; they had a triumph, or a funeral oration, just as it happened; and private folk were entertained with the one or the other, and nobody was a farthing the richer or poorer; but it makes a strange confusion now that brokers are so much concerned in the events of war. How Scipio would have stared if he had been told that he must not demolish Carthage, as it would ruin several aldermen who had money in the Punic *actions*! Apropos, do you know what a *Bull*, and a *Bear*, and a *Lame Duck*, are? Nay, nor I neither; I only am certain that they are neither animals nor fowl, but are extremely interested in the new subscription. I don't believe I apply it right; but I feel as if

LETTER 797.—[1] War with Spain was declared on Jan. 4, 1762.
[2] Mr. Thomas Pitt. *Walpole.*

I should be a *lame duck* if the Spaniards take the vessel that has my altar on board.

Monday, at night.

I have been abroad, and have heard some particulars that are well worth adjoining to my letter. Fuentes last night delivered copies to the foreign ministers of his master's declaration. It is, properly, the declaration of the King of Spain against Mr. Pitt (a circumstance that will not lessen the dignity of the latter). It intimates that, if we had asked to see the treaty in a civil manner, we might have obtained it; and it pretends still to have no hostile intentions. Fuentes comments on this latter passage at large. You may judge of their pacific sentiments, by hearing that they have threatened the court of Portugal to march an army into that kingdom if they do not declare offensively against us. War was the only calamity left for the Portuguese to experience. When they have dethroned the royal family at Lisbon, I suppose, according to the tenderness of royal brotherhood, Don Carlos will afford his sister[3], her husband, and their race, an asylum in his own court. How much better he behaved when he was under your tuition at Naples! The same courier brought Fuentes the Toison d'Or, and carried another to the Duc de Choiseul; in return, the Cordon Bleu was given to Grimaldi[4] at Paris. Well, we *must* make our fortune now we have a monopoly of all the war in Europe!

My Lady Pomfret is dead, of a complication of distempers, on the road to Bath. Lady Mary Wortley is not yet arrived. Good night!

[3] Maria Anne, wife of Joseph, King of Portugal.

[4] The Spanish Ambassador at Paris, with whom Choiseul negotiated the 'Family Compact.'

798. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Dec. 30, 1761.

I have received two more letters from you since I wrote last week, and I like to find by them that you are so well and so happy. As nothing has happened of change in my situation but a few more months passed, I have nothing to tell you new of myself. Time does not sharpen my passions or pursuits, and the experience I have had by no means prompts me to make new connections. 'Tis a busy world, and well adapted to those who love to bustle in it—I loved it once, loved its very tempests—now I barely open my window, to view what course the storm takes. The town, who, like the devil, when one has once sold oneself to him, never permits one to have done playing the fool, believe I have a great hand in their amusements; but to write pamphlets, I mean as a volunteer, one must love or hate, and I have the satisfaction of doing neither. I would not be at the trouble of composing a distich to achieve a revolution. 'Tis equal to me what names are on the scene. In the general view, the prospect is very dark; the Spanish war, added to the load, almost oversets our most sanguine heroism; and now we have an opportunity of conquering all the world, by being at war with all the world, we seem to doubt a little of our abilities. On a survey of our situation, I comfort myself with saying, Well, what is it to me? A selfishness that is far from anxious, when it is the first thought in one's constitution—not so agreeable when it is the last, and adopted by necessity alone.

You drive your expectations much too fast, in thinking my *Anecdotes of Painting* are ready to appear, and in demanding *three* volumes. You will see but *two*, and it will be February first. True, I have written three, but I ques-

tion whether the third will be published at all; certainly not soon; it is not a work of merit enough to cloy the town with a great deal at once. My printer ran away, and left a third part of the two first volumes unfinished—I suppose he is writing a tragedy himself, or an epistle to my Lord Melcomb, or a panegyric on my Lord Bute.

Jemmy Pelham[1] is dead, and has left to his servants what little his servants had left him. Lord Legonier was killed by the newspapers, and wanted to prosecute them: his lawyer told him it was impossible—a tradesman indeed might prosecute, as such a report might affect his credit. 'Well, then,' said the old man, 'I may prosecute too, for I can prove I have been hurt by this report: I was going to marry a great fortune, who thought I was but seventy-four; the newspapers have said I am eighty, and she will not have me.'

Lord Charlemont's Queen Elizabeth I know perfectly; he outbid me for it. Is his villa finished? I am well pleased with the design in Chambers. I have been my *out-of-town* with Lord Waldgrave, Selwyn, and Williams; it was melancholy the missing poor Edgecumbe, who was constantly of the Christmas and Easter parties. Did you see the charming picture Reynolds painted for me of him, Selwyn, and Williams? It is by far one of the best things he has executed. He has just finished a pretty whole-length of Lady Elizabeth Keppel, in the bridemaid's habit, sacrificing to Hymen.

If the Spaniards land in Ireland, shall you make the campaign? No, no, come back to England; you and I will not be Patriots, till the Gauls are in the City, and we must take our great chairs and our fasces, and be knocked

LETTER 798.—[1] James Pelham, of Crowhurst, Sussex, son of Sir Thomas Pelham, second Baronet, of Laughton, Sussex, by his third wife; sometime secretary to the Duke of Grafton as Lord Chamberlain.

on the head with decorum in St. James's Market. Good night! Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. I am told that they bind in vellum better at Dublin than anywhere; pray bring me any one book of their binding as well as it can be done, and I will not mind the price. If Mr. Bourk's history appears before your return, let it be that.

799. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 4, 1762.

I wrote to you but last week, just before I heard from you, so you must look on this only as a postscript. The Spanish war that I announced to you is a full and melancholy answer to your idea, if Sir James Grey[1] had gone to Spain—our sailors must go thither first, either as invaders or prisoners! The war was proclaimed this morning: the proclamation itself shows how little foundation for it. This war was conceived rashly, adopted timidly, carried into practice foolishly, and, I fear, will be executed weakly. But why prophesy, when one hopes to be mistaken?

Besides your letter, I have received one cargo, the burlettas and the residue of Medicean heads; I am much obliged to you for both. The latter are ill executed, but curious: by the Bianca Capello, one sees that the Electress[2] is dead. The *Uccellatorii*[3], it was, I think, that you told me was so pretty. It shall be performed, if they will take it.

Letter 799.—[1] He had been Minister at Naples when Charles, King of Spain, was King there, with whom he had been a favourite. *Walpole.*

[2] The Electress Palatine Dowager, Anna Louisa, was the last of the House of Medici, and from the death of her husband had resided at Florence, where she died very aged. From family pride, she would suffer no print of Bianca Capello, who having been mistress of Duke Francis I, became his wife. *Walpole.*

[3] A comic opera. *Walpole.*

Mr. Robinson[4], whom I begin to know a little, tells me that a great discovery has been lately made in Tuscany, of quantities of Etrurian vases. If they are dispersed and sold, and sold cheap (for till I have taken an Acapulca[5] ship, I shall be very penurious), I should be glad of a few, if the forms are beautiful; for what they call the *erudition*, I am totally indifferent. A travelling college tutor may be struck with an uncouth fable, and fancy he unravels some point of mythology, that is not worth unravelling; I hate guessing at ugliness, and I know in general, that mysteries are built on the unskilfulness of the artists; the moment nations grew polished, they were always intelligible. Mr. Robinson tells me too, that the Duke of Marlborough has purchased most of Zanetti's[6] gems at Venice. I remember one (you will say there is no end of my memory) which he has not bought. It was a couchant tiger, in alto relievo, and had been Prince Eugene's. I wish you would inquire about it, and know what he would have for it. Mr. Murray[7] was a good deal an acquaintance of mine in England, and I should think would oblige me about it, but I must know the price first.

My Lady Pomfret has desired to be buried at Oxford[8]. It is of a piece with her life. I dare say she had treasured up some idea of the Countess Matilda[9], that gave St. Peter his patrimony. How your ghost and mine will laugh at hers, when posterity begins to consecrate her learning!

[4] Thomas, afterwards the second Lord Grantham. *Walpole.*—He succeeded his father in 1770; was Lord of Trade, 1766; Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, 1770–71; Ambassador at Madrid, 1771–79; President of the Board of Trade, 1780–82; Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, 1782–83; d. 1786.

[5] Acapulco, on the western coast of Mexico, the port whence a galleon sailed yearly for Manilla, returning laden with treasure. Anson captured the Acapulco ship in 1743.

[6] Antonio Maria Zanetti (1680–1778).

[7] Resident at Venice; he was of the Isle of Man. *Walpole.*

[8] Lady Pomfret had given her husband's collection of statues to the University of Oxford. *Walpole.*

[9] Matilda (1046–1115), Countess of Tuscany, who in 1077 made a gift of all her possessions to Pope Gregory VII.

The Parliament does not meet till the nineteenth; by that time people will have formed some opinion—at present there is much gloom. I don't know whither it will be directed. I have abundance of conjectures, but events so seldom correspond to foresight, that I believe it is as well to act like other soothsayers, and not broach one's visions till they have been fulfilled. Good night.

P.S. I should be glad Mr. Murray would not name *me*. Zanetti cheated my father outrageously; he will think we forgive, and have no objection to being cheated[10].

800. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Jan. 26, 1762.

We have had as many mails due from Ireland as you had from us. I have at last received a line from you; it tells me you are well, which I am always glad to hear; I cannot say you tell me much more. My health is so little subject to alteration, and so preserved by temperance, that it is not worth repetition; thank God you may conclude it good, if I do not say the contrary.

Here is nothing new but preparations for conquest, and approaches to bankruptcy; and the worst is, the former will advance the latter at least as much as impede it. You say the Irish will live and die with your cousin: I am glad they are so well disposed. I have lived long enough to doubt whether all who like to live with one would be so ready to die with one—I know it is not pleasant to have the time arrived when one looks about to see whether they would or not—but you are in a country of more sanguine complexion, and where I believe the clergy do not deny the laity the cup.

[10] Zanetti, a Venetian, had been employed by the Regent of France to buy pictures for him; and afterwards by Sir Robert Walpole. *Walpole.*

The Queen's brother arrived yesterday: your brother, Prince John, has been here about a week; I am to dine with him to-day at Lord Dacre's with the Chute.

Our burlettas are gone out of fashion; do the Amicis come hither next year, or go to Guadaloupe, as is said?

I have been told that a Lady Kingsland[1] at Dublin has a picture of Madame Grammont by Petitot—I don't know who Lady Kingsland is, whether rich or poor, but I know there is nothing I would not give for such a picture. I wish you would hunt it; and if the dame is above temptation, do try if you could obtain a copy in water-colours, if there is anybody at Dublin could execute it.

The Duchess of Portland has lately enriched me exceedingly—nine portraits of the court of Louis Quatorze! Lord Portland[2] brought them over; they hung in the nursery at Bulstrode, the children amused themselves with shooting at them—I have got them—but I will tell you no more; you don't deserve it—you write to me as if I was your godfather: 'Hond. Sir, I am brave and well, my cousin George is well, we drink your health every night, and beg your blessing.' This is the sum total of all your letters; I thought in a new country, and with your spirits and humour, you could have found something to tell me—I shall only ask you now when you return; but I declare I will not correspond with you; I don't write letters to divert myself, but in expectation of returns—in short, you are extremely in disgrace with me; I have measured my letters for some time, and for the future will answer you paragraph by paragraph. You yourself don't seem to find letter-writing so amusing as to pay itself. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

LETTER 800.—[1] Honora, daughter of Peter Daly; m. (1735) Henry Barnewall, fourth Viscount Barnewall of Kingsland.

[2] William Bentinck (d. 1709), first Earl of Portland.

801. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 29, 1762.

I wish you joy, sir minister; the Czarina[1] is dead. As *we conquered America in Germany*[2], I hope we shall overrun Spain by this burial at Petersburg. Yet, don't let us plume ourselves too fast; nothing is so like a queen as a king, nothing so like a predecessor as a successor. The favourites of the Prince Royal of Prussia, who had suffered so much for him, were wofully disappointed, when he became the present glorious monarch; they found the English maxim true, that the king never dies; that is, the dignity and passions of the crown never die. We were not much less defeated of our hopes on the decease of Philip V. The Grand Duke[3] has been proclaimed Czar at the army in Pomerania; he may love conquest like that army, or not know it is conquering, like his aunt. However, we cannot suffer more by this event. I would part with the Empress-Queen, on no better a prospect.

We have not yet taken the galleons, nor destroyed the Spanish fleet. Nor have they enslaved Portugal, nor you made a triumphant entry into Naples. My dear Sir, you see how lucky you was not to go thither; you don't envy Sir James Grey[4], do you? Pray don't make any categorical demands to Marshal Botta[5], and be obliged to retire to Leghorn, because they are not answered. We want allies; preserve us our friend the Great Duke of Tuscany. I like your answer to Botta exceedingly, but I fear the court of

Letter 801.—[1] The Czarina Elizabeth. *Walpole.*

[2] This phrase was first used by Pitt in the debate on the Address (Nov. 13, 1761).

[3] Peter III. *Walpole.* — He was strangled by Orloff and others in July, 1762, after having been forced to sign a renunciation of the throne.

[4] He had been appointed Minister to Spain, but the war prevented his going. *Walpole.*

[5] Commander in Tuscany. *Walpole.*

Vienna is shame-proof. The Apostolic and Religious Empress is not a whit a better Christian, not a jot less a woman, than the late Russian Empress, who gave such proofs of her being a *woman.*

We have a mighty expedition[6] on the point of sailing; the destination not disclosed. The German war loses ground daily; however, all is still in embryo. My subsequent letters are not likely to be so barren and indecisive. I write more to prove there is nothing, than to tell you anything.

You was mistaken, I believe, about the Graftons; they do not remove from Turin, till George Pitt[7] arrives to occupy their house there. I am really anxious about the fate of my letter to the Duchess; I should be hurt if it had miscarried; she would have reason to think me very ungrateful.

I have given your letter to Mr. T. Pitt; he has been very unfortunate since his arrival—has lost his favourite sister in child-bed. Lord Tavistock[8], I hear, has writ accounts of you that give me much pleasure.

I am ashamed to tell you that we are again dipped into an egregious scene of folly. The reigning fashion is a ghost[9]—a ghost, that would not pass muster in the paltriest convent in the Apennine. It only knocks and scratches; does not pretend to appear or to speak. The clergy give it their benediction; and all the world, whether believers or infidels, go to hear it. I, in which number you may guess, go to-morrow; for it is as much the mode to visit the ghost as the Prince of Mecklenburg[10], who is just arrived. I have not seen him yet, though I have left my name for him. But

[6] The expedition against Havana, which sailed on March 5, 1762, commanded by the Earl of Albemarle and Admiral Pocock.

[7] Appointed Minister to Turin; afterwards Lord Rivers. *Walpole.*

[8] Francis Russell, eldest son of the Duke of Bedford. *Walpole.*

[9] The Cock Lane Ghost.

[10] Prince Charles, brother of the Queen. *Walpole.*

I will tell you who is come too—Lady Mary Wortley. I went last night to visit her; I give you my honour, and you who know her would credit me without it, the following is a faithful description. I found her in a little miserable bed-chamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow candles, and a bureau covered with pots and pans. On her head, in full of all accounts, she had an old black-laced hood, wrapped entirely round, so as to conceal all hair or want of hair. No handkerchief, but up to her chin a kind of horseman's riding-coat, calling itself a *pet-en-l'air*, made of a dark green (green I think it had been) brocade, with coloured and silver flowers, and lined with furs; boddice laced, a foul dimity petticoat sprig'd, velvet muffeteens on her arms, grey stockings and slippers. Her face less changed in twenty years than I could have imagined; I told her so, and she was not so tolerable twenty years ago that she needed have taken it for flattery, but she did, and literally gave me a box on the ear. She is very lively, all her senses perfect, her languages as imperfect as ever, her avarice greater. She entertained me at first with nothing but the dearness of provisions at Helvoet. With nothing but an Italian, a French, and a Prussian, all men servants, and something she calls an *old* secretary, but whose age till he appears will be doubtful, she receives all the world, who go to homage her as Queen Mother[11], and crams them into this kennel. The Duchess of Hamilton, who came in just after me, was so astonished and diverted, that she could not speak to her for laughing. She says that she has left all her clothes at Venice. I really pity Lady Bute; what will the progress be of such a commencement!

The King of France has avowed a natural son[12], and given him the estate which came from Marshal Belleisle, with the title of Comte de Gisors. The mother I think is called

[11] She was mother of Lady Bute, wife of the Prime Minister. *Walpole.*

[12] This was a false report. *Walpole.*

Matignon or Maquignon. Madame Pompadour was the Bathsheba that introduced this Abishag. Adieu, my dear Sir!

802. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Feb. 2, 1762.

I scolded you in my last, but I shall forgive you, if you return soon to England, as you talk of doing; for though you are an abominable correspondent, and only write to beg letters, you are good company, and I have a notion I shall still be glad to see you.

Lady Mary Wortley is arrived; I have seen her; I think her avarice, her dirt, and her vivacity, are all increased. Her dress, like her languages, is a *galimatias* of several countries; the groundwork, rags; and the embroidery, nastiness. She wears no cap, no handkerchief, no gown, no petticoat, no shoes. An old black-laced hood represents the first; the fur of a horseman's coat, which replaces the third, serves for the second; a dimity petticoat is deputy, and officiates for the fourth; and slippers act the part of the last. When I was at Florence, and she was expected there, we were drawing *Sortes Virgilianas*—for her; we literally drew

Insanam vatem aspicies.—

It would have been a stronger prophecy now, even than it was then.

You told me not a word of Mr. Mcnaghton[1], and I have a great mind to be as coolly indolent about our famous ghost in Cock Lane—why should one steal half an hour from one's amusements to tell a story to a friend in another island? I could send you volumes on the ghost, and I

Letter 802.—[1] John Macnaughton, an Irishman of good position, executed on Dec. 15, 1761, for the murder of Miss Knox on the preceding Nov. 10.

believe if I was to stay a little, I might send you its *life*, dedicated to my Lord Dartmouth, by the Ordinary of Newgate, its two great patrons. A drunken parish clerk[2] set it on foot out of revenge, the Methodists have adopted it, and the whole town of London think of nothing else. Elizabeth Canning and the Rabbit-woman were modest impostors in comparison of this, which goes on without saving the least appearances. The Archbishop, who would not suffer *The Minor* to be acted in ridicule of the Methodists, permits this farce to be played every night, and I shall not be surprised if they perform in the great hall at Lambeth. I went to hear it—for it is not an *apparition*, but an *audition*.—We set out from the Opera, changed our clothes at Northumberland House, the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, Lord Hertford, and I, all in one hackney coach, and drove to the spot; it rained torrents; yet the lane was full of mob, and the house so full we could not get in—at last they discovered it was the Duke of York, and the company squeezed themselves into one another's pockets to make room for us. The house, which is borrowed, and to which the ghost has adjourned, is wretchedly small and miserable; when we opened the chamber, in which were fifty people, with no light but one tallow candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child to whom the ghost comes, and whom they are murdering there by inches in such insufferable heat and stench. At the top of the room are ropes to dry clothes—I asked, if we were to have rope-dancing between the acts?—we had nothing; they told us, as they would at a puppet-show, that it would not come that night till seven in the morning—that is, when there are only prentices and old women. We stayed, however, till half an hour after one. The Methodists have promised them contributions; provisions are sent in like forage, and all the

[2] William Parsons, parish clerk of St. Sepulchre's.

taverns and ale-houses in the neighbourhood make fortunes. The most diverting part is to hear people wondering *when it will be found out*—as if there was anything to find out—as if the actors would make their noises where they can be discovered. However, as this pantomime cannot last much longer, I hope Lady Fanny Shirley will set up a ghost of her own at Twickenham, and then you shall *hear* one. The Methodists, as Lord Aylsford assured Mr. Chute two nights ago at Lord Dacre's, have attempted ghosts three times in Warwickshire. There! how good I am!

Yours ever,
H. W.

803. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Feb. 6, 1762.

You must have thought me very negligent of your commissions; not only in buying your ruffles, but in never mentioning them—but my justification is most ample and verifiable. Your letter of Jan. 2nd arrived but yesterday with the papers of Dec. 29. These were the mails that have so long been missing, and were shipwrecked or something on the Isle of Man. Now you see it was impossible for me to buy you a pair of ruffles for the 18th of January, when I did not receive the orders till the 5th of February.

You don't tell me a word (but that is not new to you) of Mr. Hamilton's wonderful eloquence, which converted a whole House of Commons on the five regiments[1]. We have no such miracles here; five regiments might work such prodigies, but I never knew mere rhetoric gain above one or two proselytes at a time in all my practice.

We have a Prince Charles here, the Queen's brother; he is like her, but more like the Hows. Low, but well made,

Letter 803.—[1] On a motion for an increase of troops.

good eyes and teeth. Princess Emily is very ill, has been blistered, and been blooded four times.

My books appear on Monday se'nnight: if I can find any quick conveyance for them, you shall have them: if not, as you are returning soon, I may as well keep them for you. Adieu! I grudge every word I write to you.

Yours ever,
H. W.

804. To the Rev. William Cole[1].

Dear Sir, Tuesday, Feb. 7, 1762.

The little leisure I have to-day will, I trust, excuse my saying very few words in answer to your obliging letter, of which no part touches me more than what concerns your health, which, however, I rejoice to hear is re-establishing itself.

I am sorry I did not save your trouble of cataloguing Ames's[2] heads, by telling you, that another person has actually done it, and designs to publish a new edition ranged in a different method. I don't know the gentleman's name, but he is a friend of Sir William Musgrave, from whom I had this information some months ago.

You will oblige me much by the sight of the volume you mention. Don't mind the epigrams you transcribe on my father. I have been inured to abuse on him from my birth. It is not a quarter of an hour ago since, cutting the leaves of a new dab called *Anecdotes of Polite Literature*, I found

Letter 804.—[1] William Cole (1714–1782), antiquary, at this time Rector of Bletchley. He was a former schoolfellow at Eton of Horace Walpole, whose antiquarian tastes led him (in 1762) to open a correspondence with Cole, which was continued until Cole's death. Cole was a Tory and a High Churchman, with leanings to Roman Catholicism, but in spite of divergence of opinion he was always on good terms with Walpole. The latter found Cole's knowledge and industry of great use, while Cole was not insensible to the honour of being a correspondent of Walpole's. Walpole's letters to Cole are now, with Cole's MSS., in the British Museum.

[2] Joseph Ames (1689–1759), compiler of a *Catalogue of English Heads*.

myself abused for having defended my father. I don't know the author, and suppose I never shall, for I find Glover's *Leonidas* is one of the things he admires—and so I leave them to be forgotten together, *fortunati ambo*!

I sent your letter to Ducarel, who has promised me those poems—I accepted the promise to get rid of him t'other day, when he would have talked me to death. Adieu! dear Sir.

Yours very sincerely,
H. Walpole.

805. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Sir, Arlington Street, Feb. 13, 1762.

I should long ago have given myself the pleasure of writing to you, if I had not been constantly in hope of accompanying my letter with the *Anecdotes of Painting*, &c.; but the tediousness of engravers, and the roguery of a fourth printer, have delayed the publication week after week for months: truly I do not believe that there is such a being as an honest printer in the world.

I sent the books to Mr. Whiston, who, I think you told me, was employed by you: he answered, he knew nothing of the matter. Mr. Dodsley has undertaken now to convey them to you, and I beg your acceptance of them: it will be a very kind acceptance if you will tell me of any faults, blunders, omissions, &c., as you observe them. In a first sketch of this nature, I cannot hope the work is anything like complete. Excuse, Sir, the brevity of this. I am much hurried at this instant of publication, and have barely time to assure you how truly I am your humble servant.

806. To the Earl of Bute.

My Lord, Arlington Street, Feb. 15, 1762.

I am sensible how little time your Lordship can have to throw away on reading idle letters or letters of compliment; yet as it would be too great want of respect to your Lordship, not to make some sort of reply to the note[1] you have done me the honour to send me, I thought I could couch what I have to say in fewer words by writing, than in troubling you with a visit, which might come unseasonably, and a letter you may read at any moment when you are most idle. I had already, my Lord, detained you too long by sending you a book, which I could not flatter myself you would turn over in such a season of business: by the manner in which you have considered it, you have shown me that your very minutes of amusement you try to turn to the advantage of your country. It was this pleasing prospect of patronage to the arts that tempted me to offer you my pebble towards the new structure. I am flattered that you have taken notice of the only ambition I have: I should be more flattered if I could contribute to the least of your Lordship's designs for illustrating Britain.

The hint that your Lordship is so good as to give me for a work like Montfaucon's *Monumens de la Monarchie Françoise*,

Letter 806.—Collated with copy supplied by Mr. Simon Gratz, of Philadelphia, U.S.A., owner of the original letter.

[1] 'Lord Bute presents his compliments to Mr. Walpole, and returns him a thousand thanks for the very agreeable present he has made him. In looking over it, Lord Bute observes Mr. Walpole has mixed several curious remarks on the customs, &c. of the times he treats of; a thing much wanted, and that has never yet been executed, except in parts by Peck, &c. Such a general work would be not only very agreeable but instructive—the French have attempted it; the Russians are about it; and Lord Bute has been informed Mr. Walpole is well furnished with materials for such a noble work.

'Saturday.'

(*Works* of Lord Orford, ed. 1798, vol. ii. p. 378.)

Notes or Heads of Chapters compiled by Horace Walpole in view of a work of this kind are printed in his *Works* (ed. 1798, vol. v. pp. 400–2).

has long been a subject that I have wished to see executed, nor, in point of materials, do I think it would be a very difficult one. The chief impediment was the expense, too great for a private fortune. The extravagant prices extorted by English artists is a discouragement to all public undertakings. Drawings from paintings, tombs, &c., would be very dear. To have them engraved as they ought to be, would exceed the compass of a much ampler income than mine; which, though equal to my largest wish, cannot measure itself with the rapacity of our performers.

But, my Lord, if his Majesty was pleased to command such a work, on so laudable an idea as your Lordship's, nobody would be more ready than myself to give his assistance. I own I think I could be of use in it, in collecting or pointing out materials, and I would readily take any trouble in aiding, supervising, or directing such a plan. Pardon me, my Lord, if I offer no more; I mean, that I do not undertake the part of composition. I have already trespassed too much upon the indulgence of the public; I wish not to disgust them with hearing of me, and reading me. It is time for me to have done; and when I shall have completed, as I almost have, the History of the Arts on which I am now engaged, I did not purpose to tempt again the patience of mankind. But the case is very different with regard to my trouble. My whole fortune is from the bounty of the crown, and from the public: it would ill become me to spare any pains for the King's glory, or for the honour and satisfaction of my country; and give me leave to add, my Lord, it would be an ungrateful return for the distinction with which your Lordship has condescended to honour me, if I withheld such trifling aid as mine, when it might in the least tend to adorn your Lordship's administration. From me, my Lord, permit me to say, these are not words of course or of compliment, this

is not the language of flattery; your Lordship knows I have no views, perhaps knows that, insignificant as it is, my praise is never detached from my esteem: and when you have raised, as I trust you will, real monuments of glory, the most contemptible characters in the inscription dedicated by your country, may not be the testimony of,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's
Most obedient
Humble servant,
HORACE WALPOLE.

807. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Arlington Street, Feb. 22, 1762.

MY scolding does you so much good, that I will for the future lecture you for the most trifling peccadilla[1]. You have writ me a very entertaining letter, and wiped out several debts—not that I will forget one of them if you relapse.

As we have never had a rainbow to assure us that the world shall not be snowed to death, I thought last night was the general *connixation.* We had a tempest of wind and snow for two hours beyond anything I remember: chairs were blown to pieces, the streets covered with tassels and glasses and tiles, and coaches and chariots were filled like reservoirs. Lady Raymond's[2] house in Berkeley Square is totally unroofed; and Lord Robert Bertie, who is going to marry her, may descend into it like a Jupiter Pluvius. It is a week of wonders, and worthy the note of an almanac maker. Miss Draycott, within two days of matrimony, has

LETTER 807.—[1] So in MS.

[2] Mary, daughter of John Chetwynd, of Grendon, Warwickshire; m. 1. (1741) Robert Raymond, second Baron Raymond; 2. (1762) Lord Robert Bertie, third son of first Duke of Ancaster.

dismissed Mr. Beauclerc—but this is entirely forgot already in the amazement of a new elopement. In all your reading, true or false, have you ever heard of a young Earl, married to the most beautiful woman in the world, a Lord of the Bedchamber, a general officer, and with a great estate, quitting everything, resigning wife and world, and embarking for life in a packet-boat with a miss? I fear your connections will but too readily lead you to the name of the peer; it is Henry Earl of Pembroke—the nymph Kitty Hunter[3]. The town and Lady Pembroke were but too much witnesses to this intrigue, last Wednesday, at a great ball at Lord Middleton's—on Thursday they decamped. However, that the writer of their romance, or I, as he is a *noble author*, might not want materials, the Earl has left a bushel of letters behind him; to his mother, to Lord Bute, to Lord Legonier (the two last to resign his employments), and to Mr. Stopford, whom he acquits of all privity to his design. In none he justifies himself, unless this is a justification! that having long tried in vain to make his wife hate and dislike him, he had no way left but this—and it is to be hoped it will succeed; and then it may not be the worst event that could have happened to her. You may easily conceive the hubbub such an exploit must occasion. With ghosts, elopements, abortive motions[4], &c., we can amuse ourselves tolerably well, till the season arrives for taking the field, and conquering the Spanish West Indies.

I have sent you my books by a messenger; Lord Barrington was so good as to charge himself with them. They barely saved their distance; a week later, and no soul could have read a line in them, unless I had changed the title-page, and called them 'The Loves of the Earl of —— and Miss H——.'

[3] Catherine, daughter of Thomas Orby Hunter, Lord of the Admiralty.

[4] Against the war in Germany; see p. 180.

I am sorry Lady Kingsland is so rich. However, if the Papists should be likely to rise, pray disarm her of the enamel, and commit it to safe custody in the round tower at Strawberry. Good night! mine is a life of letter-writing; I pray for a peace, that I may sheathe my pen.

Yours ever,

H. W.

808. To Dr. Ducarel.

Sir, Feb. 24, 1762.

I am glad my books have at all amused you, and am much obliged to you for your notes and communications. Your thought of an English Montfaucon accords perfectly with a design I have long had of attempting something of that kind, in which too I have been lately encouraged; and therefore I will beg you at your leisure, as they shall occur, to make little notes of customs, fashions, and portraits, relating to our history and manners. Your work on Vicarages, I am persuaded, will be very useful, as everything you undertake is, and curious.—After the medals I lent Mr. Perry[1], I have a little reason to take it ill, that he has entirely neglected me; he has published a number, and sent it to several persons, and never to me. I wanted to see him too, because I know of two very curious medals, which I could borrow for him. He does not deserve it at my hands, but I will not defraud the public of anything valuable; and therefore, if he will call on me any morning, but a Sunday or Monday, between eleven and twelve, I will speak to him of them.—With regard to one or two of your remarks, I have not said that *real* lions were originally leopards. I have said that lions in arms, that is, *painted* lions, were leopards; and it is fact, and no inaccuracy. Paint a leopard yellow, and it becomes a lion.—You say,

Letter 808.—[1] Francis Perry (d. 1765); he engraved a series of gold and silver British medals.

colours *rightly* prepared do not grow black. The art would be much obliged for such a preparation. I have not said that oil-colours would not endure with a glass; on the contrary, I believe they would last the longer.

I am much amazed at Vertue's blunder about my Marriage of Henry VII; and afterwards he said, 'Sykes, knowing how to give names to pictures to make them sell,' called this the Marriage of Henry VII; and afterwards, he said, Sykes had the figures inserted in an old picture of a church. He must have known little indeed, Sir, if he had not known how to name a picture that he had painted on purpose that he might call it so! That Vertue, on the strictest examination, could not be convinced that the man was Henry VII, not being like any of his pictures. Unluckily, he is extremely like the shilling, which is much more authentic than any picture of Henry VII. But here Sykes seems to have been extremely deficient in his tricks. Did he order the figure to be painted like Henry VII, and yet could not get it painted like him, which was the easiest part of the task? Yet how came he to get the Queen painted like, whose representations are much scarcer than those of her husband? and how came Sykes to have pomegranates painted on her robe, only to puzzle the cause? It is not worth adding, that I should much sooner believe the church was painted to the figures, than the figures to the church. They are hard and antique: the church in a better style, and at least more fresh. If Vertue had made no better criticisms than these, I would never have taken so much trouble with his MS. Adieu!

809. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 25, 1762.

We have not writ to one another a great while: nothing has happened here very particular of a public nature. Our

great expedition under Lord Albemarle is not yet sailed, but waits, I believe, for a card from Martinico[1], to know how it will be received there. We have another preparing for Lisbon; Lord Tyrawley is to command it, but goes first to see whether he shall want it. Dunn, a Jacobite Irishman, who married the daughter of Humphrey Parsons[2], the brewer, and much in favour at Versailles, is named to counterwork Lord Tyrawley at Lisbon. Just at present we have a distant vision of peace; every account speaks the new Czar disposed to Prussia,—I hope no farther than to help him to a treaty, not to more glory and blood.

We have had an odd kind of Parliamentary opposition, composed only of the King's own servants. In short, in the House of Lords the Duke of Bedford made a motion against the German war; but the previous question was put and carried by 105 to 16. Seven of the minority protested. Yet this stifled motion attempted to take root in our House. Young Bunbury[3], whom I sent to you, and whom you have lately sent us back, and who is enrolled in a club of chicken orators, notified a day on which he intended to move such a question as had appeared in the Lords. When the day came, no Mr. Bunbury came—till it was too late. However, he pretended to have designed it, and on the 15th appointed himself to make it on the 17th, but was again persuaded off, or repented, and told us he would reserve himself and his objections for the day of the subsidy to Prussia. Nothing was ever more childish than these scenes. To show himself more a man, he is going to marry Lady Sarah Lenox, who is very pretty, from exceeding bloom of youth: but, as she has no features, and her beauty is not

LETTER 809. — [1] An expedition under General Monckton and Admiral Rodney captured Martinique on Feb. 12, 1762.

[2] A well-known Jacobite Lord Mayor of London. Mr. Dunn, who married his eldest daughter, took the title of Count O'Dunn. *Walpole.*

[3] He was afterwards Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury. *Walpole.*

likely to last so long as her betrothed's, he will probably repent this step, like his motions.

We have one of the Queen's brothers here, Prince Charles; and she herself, I believe, is breeding—a secret that, during the life of old Cosimo Riccardi[4], would have given you great weight with him.

Our foolish ghost, though at last detected, lasted longer than it was in fashion: the girl made the noises herself; and the Methodists were glad to have such a key to the credulity of the mob. Our bishops, who do not discountenance an imposture, even in the subdivisions of their religion, looked mighty wise, and only took care not to say anything silly about it, which, I assure you, considering the capacities of most of them, was a good deal.

You have not sent word to your brother or me what the altar cost. I should much oftener plague you with commissions, if you would draw for them. If you will not, I must totally stop, concluding you had rather bestow your money than your trouble. I have at this moment a job, with which I will make the trial. I have been informed that at Leghorn, the palace (I suppose the Great Duke's) and the front of a church[5] (I don't know which) were designed by Inigo Jones. If you can discover them and ascertain the fact, or great probability of it, I should be glad to have drawings of them; but subject to the conclusion I have stated above. You know I never was at Leghorn, so know nothing of this myself.

I almost wish to stop here, and not relate the cruel story I am going to tell you; for though you are noways interested for any of the persons concerned, your tender nature will feel for some of them, and be shocked for all.

[4] An old Marquis Riccardi, at Florence, that was very inquisitive about pregnancies, christenings, &c. *Walpole.*

[5] The façade of the cathedral of Leghorn is attributed to Inigo Jones.

Lord Pembroke—Earl, Lord of the Bedchamber, Major-General, possessed of ten thousand pounds a year, master of Wilton, husband of one of the most beautiful creatures[6] in England, father of an only son[7], and himself but eight-and-twenty to enjoy this assemblage of good fortune—is gone off with Miss Hunter, daughter to one of the Lords of the Admiralty[8], a handsome girl with a fine person, but silly and in no degree lovely as his own wife, who has the face of a Madonna, and, with all the modesty of that idea, is dotingly fond of him. He left letters resigning all his employments, and one to witness to the virtue of Lady Pembroke, whom he says he has long tried in vain to make hate and dislike him. It is not yet known whither this foolish guilty couple have bent their course; but you may imagine the distress of the Earl's family, and the resentment of the house of Marlborough, who dote on their sister: Miss Helen's family too takes it for no honour. Her story is not so uncommon; but did ever one hear of an Earl running away from himself?

I have just published a new book, a sort of History of the Arts in England[9]; I will send it you on the first opportunity. Adieu!

810. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Feb. 25, 1762.

I SENT you my gazette but two days ago; I now write to answer a kind long letter I have received from you since.

I have heard of my brother's play several years ago; but I never understood that it was completed, or more than

[6] Lady Elizabeth Spencer, younger sister of George, Duke of Marlborough. *Walpole.*

[7] George Augustus Herbert (1759–1827), Lord Herbert; succeeded his father as eleventh Earl of Pembroke, 1794.

[8] Thomas Orby Hunter. Miss Hunter was afterwards married to a Captain Clarke. *Walpole.*

[9] *Anecdotes of Painting in England.* *Walpole.*

a few detached scenes. What is become of Mr. Bentley's play and Mr. Bentley's epistle?

When I go to Strawberry, I will look for where Lord Cutts was buried; I think I can find it.

I am disposed to prefer the younger picture of Madame Grammont by Lely—but I stumble at the price; twelve guineas for a copy in enamel is very dear. Mrs. Veezy[1] tells me his originals cost sixteen, and are not so good as his copies. I will certainly have none of his originals. *His*; what is his name? I would fain resist this copy; I would more fain excuse myself for having it. I say to myself, it would be rude not to have it, now Lady Kingsland and Mr. Montagu have had so much trouble—well—*I think I must have it*, as my Lady Wishfort[2] says, *why does not the fellow take me*? Do try if he will not take ten. Remember it is the younger picture—and, oh! now you are remembering, don't forget all my prints and a book bound in vellum. There is a thin folio too I want, called *Hibernica*[3]: it is a collection of curious papers, one a translation by Carew Earl of Totness—I had forgot that you have no books in Ireland—however, I must have this; and your pardon for all the trouble I give you.

No news yet of the runaways[4], but all that comes out antecedent to the escape is more and more extraordinary and absurd. The day of the elopement he had invited his wife's family and other folk to dinner with her, but said he must himself dine at a tavern—but he dined privately in his own dressing-room, put on a sailor's habit, and black wig, that he had brought home with him in a bundle, and

LETTER 810.—[1] Elizabeth (d. 1791), daughter of Sir Thomas Vesey, Baronet, Bishop of Ossory; m. 1. William Handcock; 2. Agmondesham Vesey. Her London parties were almost as famous as Mrs. Montagu's.

[2] A character in Congreve's *Way of the World*.

[3] *Hibernica, or some Ancient Pieces relating to the History of Ireland*, by Walter Harris.

[4] The Earl of Pembroke and Miss Hunter.

threatened the servants he would murder them if they mentioned it to his wife. He left a letter for her, which the Duke of Marlborough was afraid to deliver to her, and opened. It desired she would not write to him, as it would make him completely mad. The poor soul, after the first transport, seemed to bear it tolerably, but has been writing to him ever since. He desires the King would preserve his rank of Major-General, as some time or other he may serve again. Here is an indifferent epigram made on the occasion; I send it to you, though I wonder anybody could think it a subject to joke upon:

As Pembroke a horseman by most is accounted,
'Tis not strange that his Lordship a Hunter has mounted.

Adieu! yours ever, H. W.

811. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

Madam, Strawberry Hill, March 5, 1762.

One of your slaves, a fine young officer, brought me two days ago a very pretty medal from your Ladyship. Amidst all your triumphs you do not, I see, forget your English friends, and it makes me extremely happy. He pleased me still more, by assuring me that you return to England when the campaign opens. I can pay this news by none so good as by telling you that we talk of nothing but peace. We are equally ready to give law to the world, or peace. Martinico has not made us intractable. We and the new Czar are the best sort of people upon earth: I am sure, Madam, you must adore him; he is willing to resign all his conquests, that you and Mr. Conway may be settled again at Park Place. My Lord Chesterfield, with the despondence of an old man and the wit of a young one, thinks the French and Spaniards must make some attempt upon these islands, and is frightened lest we should not be so well prepared to

repel invasions as to make them: he says, 'What will it avail us if we gain the whole world, and lose our own soul?'

I am here alone, Madam, and know nothing to tell you. I came from town on Saturday for the worst cold I ever had in my life, and, what I care less to own even to myself, a cough. I hope Lord Chesterfield will not speak more truth in what I have quoted, than in his assertion, that one need not cough if one did not please. It has pulled me extremely, and you may believe I do not look very plump, when I am more emaciated than usual. However, I have taken James's powder for four nights, and have found great benefit from it; and if Miss Conway does not come back with *soixante et douze quartiers*, and the hauteur of a landgravine, I think I shall still be able to run down the precipices at Park Place with her—this is to be understood, supposing that we have any summer. Yesterday was the first moment that did not feel like Thule: not a glimpse of spring or green, except a miserable almond-tree, half opening one bud, like my Lord Powerscourt's[1] eye.

It will be warmer, I hope, by the King's Birthday, or the old ladies will catch their deaths. There is a court dress to be instituted—(to thin the Drawing-rooms)—stiff-bodied gowns and bare shoulders. What dreadful discoveries will be made both on fat and lean! I recommend to you the idea of Mrs. Cavendish, when half-stark; and I might fill the rest of my paper with such images, but your imagination will supply them; and you shall excuse me, though I leave this a short letter: but I wrote merely to thank your Ladyship for the medal, and, as you perceive, have very little to say, besides that known and lasting truth, how much I am Mr. Conway's and your Ladyship's faithful humble servant, HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER 811.—[1] Edward Wingfield (1729–1764), second Viscount Powerscourt.

812. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, March 9, 1762.

I am glad you have received my books safe, and are content with them. I have little idea of Mr. Bentley's Odes; though his imagination is sufficiently Pindaric, nay, obscure, his numbers are not apt to be so tuneful as to excuse his flights. He should always give his wit, both in verse and prose, to somebody else to make up. If any of his things are printed at Dublin, let me have them—I have no quarrel to his talents.

Your cousin's[1] behaviour has been handsome, and so was his speech; which is printed in our papers.

Advice is arrived to-day, that our troops have made good their landing at Martinico. I don't know any of the incidents yet.

You ask me for an epitaph for Lord Cutts; I scratched out the following lines last night as I was going to bed; if they are not good enough, pray don't take them; they were written in a minute, and you are under no obligation to like them:

> Late does the Muse approach to Cutts's grave,
> But ne'er the grateful Muse forgets the brave;
> He gave her subjects for th' immortal lyre,
> And sought in idle hours the tuneful choir;
> Skilful to mount by either path to fame,
> And dear to mem'ry by a double name.
> Yet if ill-known amid th' Aonian groves,
> His shade a stranger and unnoticed roves,
> The dauntless chief a nobler band may join:
> They never die, who conquer'd at the Boyn.

The last line intends to be popular in Ireland; but you must take care to be certain that he was at the battle of the Boyn; I conclude so; and it should be specified the year,

Letter 812.—[1] Lord Halifax refused an addition to his salary as Viceroy, although he accepted it for his successors.

when you erect the monument. The latter lines mean to own his having been but a moderate poet, and to cover that mediocrity under his valour; all which is true. Make the sculptor observe the stops.

I have not been at Strawberry above a month, nor ever was so long absent; but the weather has been cruelly cold and disagreeable. We have not had a single dry week since the beginning of September; a great variety of weather, all bad. Adieu! Yours ever,

H. W.

813. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Arlington Street, March 20, 1762.

I am glad you are pleased, Sir, with my *Anecdotes of Painting*; but I doubt you praise me too much: it was an easy task when I had the materials collected, and I would not have the labours of forty years, which was Vertue's case, depreciated in compliment to the work of four months, which is almost my whole merit. Style is become, in a manner, a mechanical affair, and if to much ancient lore our antiquaries would add a little modern reading, to polish their language and correct their prejudices, I do not see why books of antiquities should not be made as amusing as writings on any other subject. If Tom Hearne had lived in the world, he might have writ an agreeable history of dancing; at least, I am sure that many modern volumes are read for no reason but for their being penned in the dialect of the age.

I am much beholden to you, dear Sir, for your remarks; they shall have their due place whenever the work proceeds to a second edition, for that the nature of it as a record will ensure to it. A few of your notes demand a present answer: the Bishop of Imola[1] pronounced the

Letter 813.—[1] The ecclesiastic represented in Mabuse's 'Marriage of Henry VII' was identified by Horace Walpole, in his *Anecdotes*, with that Bishop.

nuptial benediction at the marriage of Henry VII, which made me suppose him the person represented.

Burnet, who was more a judge of character than statues, mentions the resemblance between Tiberius and Charles II; but, as far as countenances went, there could not be a more ridiculous prepossession; Charles had a long face, with very strong lines, and a narrowish brow; Tiberius a very square face, and flat forehead, with features rather delicate in proportion. I have examined this imaginary likeness, and see no kind of foundation for it[2]. It is like Mr. Addison's *Travels*, of which it was so truly said, he might have composed them without stirring out of England. There are a kind of naturalists who have sorted out the qualities of the mind, and allotted particular turns of features and complexions to them. It would be much easier to prove that every form has been endowed with every vice. One has heard much of the vigour of Burnet himself; yet I dare to say, he did not think himself like Charles II.

I am grieved, Sir, to hear that your eyes suffer; take care of them; nothing can replace the satisfaction they afford: one should hoard them, as the only friend that will not be tired of one when one grows old, and when one should least choose to depend on others for entertainment. I most sincerely wish you happiness and health in that and every other instance.

[2] King Charles II's 'person and temper, his vices as well as his fortunes, did resemble the character that we have given us of Tiberius so much, that it were easy to draw the parallel between them. Tiberius his banishment, and his coming afterwards to reign, makes the comparison in that respect come pretty near. His hating of business, and his love of pleasures, his raising of favourites and trusting them entirely, and his pulling them down and hating them excessively, his art of covering deep designs, particularly of revenge, with an appearance of softness, brings them so near a likeness, that I did not wonder much to observe the resemblance of their face and person. At Rome I saw one of the last statues made for Tiberius, after he had lost his teeth; but bating the alteration which that made, it was so like King Charles, that Prince Borghese, and Signior Dominico to whom it belonged, did agree with me in thinking that it looked like a statue made for him.' (Burnet, *History of My Own Time*, ed. Airy, vol. ii. p. 470.)

814. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 22, 1762.

You have nothing to do but to send for a conquest, and I send it you: Martinico is yours. Victory, it seems, did not expire with George II, nor resign with Mr. Pitt. The whole island was not subdued when the express came away, but little remained to be mastered. In short, General Monckton [1], by the first dispatch, promised it all, and when he has so well kept the greatest part of his word, it would be abominable to doubt the residue. He is a hero in all the forms, eager to engage, and bold to perform. This conquest is entirely owing to his bravery, to his grenadiers, and his sailors, and I don't question but he will achieve the whole, though George Townshend is not there to take the capitulation and the glory out of his mouth [2]. The great fear was the climate: of that I own I shall be as much afraid when we have got the island, for it cannot be an article of the surrender that the climate should only kill its enemies, not its masters. This is a vast event, and must be signally so to Lord Albemarle, who will find a victorious army ready to sail with him on new exploits; and the Spaniards, I should think, are not more trained than the French, not to be surprised at our hardiness.

Well! I wish we had conquered the world, and had done! I think we were full as happy when we were a peaceable quiet set of tradesfolks, as now we are heirs-apparent to the Romans, and overrunning East and West Indies. The new Czar seems to admire heroes more than I do; he is quite an enthusiast to the King of Prussia;

Letter 814.—[1] Robert Monckton, brother of the Earl of Galway. *Walpole.*—Second in command under Wolfe at Quebec, where he was severely wounded.

[2] George, Lord Townshend, on the death of General Wolfe, received the capitulation of Quebec. *Walpole.*

it may save the latter, but woe to the world when such a portion of the globe is in the hands of a man who admires a great general! I can tell you no more of Martinico than you will see in the *Gazette*, nor little else that is new. Lord Pembroke is quite forgotten. He and his nymph were brought back by a privateer, who had obligations to her father, but the father desired no such recovery, and they are again gone in quest of adventures. The Earl was so kind as to invite his wife to accompany them; and she, who is all gentleness and tenderness, was with difficulty withheld from acting as mad a part from goodness, as he had done from guilt and folly.

Your master, Lord Egremont, is dying of an apoplectic lethargy; and your friend, Lord Melcombe, will, I believe, succeed him. Your old acquaintance, Mrs. Goldsworthy[3], was t'other night at Bedford House; I never saw her, and wanted to see her, but missed her. Lady Mary Wortley too was there, dressed in yellow velvet and sables, with a decent laced head and a black hood, almost like a veil, over her face. She is much more discreet than I expected, and meddles with nothing—but she is wofully tedious in her narrations.

By this time you have seen my charming Duchess[4]. I shall build an altar to Pam, for having engaged her, when the house fell at Rome, where she was invited to a concert.

You scold me for going to see the ghost, and I don't excuse myself; but in such a town as this, if a ghost is in fashion, one must as much visit it, as leave one's name with a new Secretary of State. I expect soon that I shall keep Good Friday, for enthusiasm is growing into fashion too; and while they are cancelling holidays at Rome, the Metho-

[3] Her husband had been Consul at Leghorn. *Walpole.*

[4] Anne, Duchess of Grafton. *Walpole.*

dists are reviving them here. We have never recovered masquerades since the earthquake at Lisbon. Your country is very victorious, but by no means a jot wiser than it was.

I hope, and I think I did not forget to tell you how much I like the altar; you are not apt to neglect a commission, or to execute it ill. My gallery and tribune will be finished this summer, and then I shall trouble you about the brocadella. Mr. T. Pitt has taken a sweet little house just by me at Twickenham, which will be a comfortable addition to my *villeggiatura*. Adieu!

P.S. I am sorry for my Florentine friends, that they are losing their good governor, Marshal Botta—there are not many of the species in an Austrian court.

815. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, March 22, 1762.

You may fancy what you will, but the eyes of all the world are not fixed upon Ireland. Because you have a little virtue, and a Lord Lieutenant that refuses four thousand pounds a year, and a Chaplain[1] of a Lord Lieutenant that declines a huge bishopric, and a Secretary whose eloquence can convince a nation of blunderers, you imagine that nothing is talked of but the Castle of Dublin.—In the first place, virtue may sound its own praises, but it never is praised; and in the next place there are other feats besides self-denials; and for eloquence, we overflow with it. Why, the single eloquence of Mr. Pitt, like an annihilated star, can shine many months after it has set. I tell you, it has conquered Martinico. If you will not believe me, read the *Gazette*; read Monckton's letter; there is more martial

Letter 815.—[1] Dr. Crane, Chaplain to the Earl of Halifax, had refused the bishopric of Elphin. (Note in 4to (1819) ed. of *Letters to Montagu*.)

spirit in it than in half Thucydides, and in all the *Grand Cyrus*. Do you think Demosthenes or Themistocles ever raised the Grecian stocks two per cent. in four-and-twenty hours? I shall burn all my Greek and Latin books; they are histories of little people. The Romans never conquered the world, till they had conquered three parts of it, and were three hundred years about it; we subdue the globe in three campaigns; and a globe, let me tell you, as big again as it was in their days. Perhaps you may think me proud; but you don't know that I had some share in the reduction of Martinico; the express was brought by my godson, Mr. Horatio Gates[2]; and I have a very good precedent for attributing some of the glory to myself; I have by me a love-letter, written during my father's administration, by a journeyman tailor to my mother's second chambermaid; his offers were honourable; he proposed matrimony, and to better his terms, informed her of his pretensions to a place: they were founded on what he called, *some services to the government*. As the nymph could not read, she carried the epistle to the housekeeper to be deciphered, by which means it came into my hands. I inquired what were the merits of Mr. Vice-Crispin, was informed that he had made the suit of clothes for a figure of Lord Marr, that was burned after the Rebellion. I hope now you don't hold me too presumptuous for pluming myself on the reduction of Martinico.

[2] 'Gates was the son of a housekeeper of the second Duke of Leeds, who, marrying a young husband when very old, had this son by him. That Duke of Leeds had been saved, when guilty of a Jacobite plot, by my father, Sir Robert Walpole, and the Duke was very grateful, and took great notice of me when I was quite a boy. My mother's woman was intimate with that housekeeper, and thence I was godfather to her son, though I believe not then ten years old myself. This godson, Horatio Gates, was protected by General Cornwallis when Governor of Halifax; but, being afterwards disappointed of preferment in the army, he joined the Americans.' (Horace Walpole, *Last Journals*, vol. ii. p. 200.) On the outbreak of the War of Independence Gates received a command in the American army. He defeated Burgoyne at Saratoga (1777), and was himself defeated by Cornwallis at Camden (1780). He died in 1806.

—However, I shall not aspire to a post, nor to marry my Lady Bute's abigail. I only trust my services to you as a friend, and do not mean, under your temperate administration, to get the list of Irish pensions loaded with my name, though I am godfather to Mr. Horatio Gates.

The Duchess of Grafton and the English have been miraculously preserved at Rome by being at loo, instead of going to a great concert, where the palace fell in, and killed ten persons and wounded several others. I shall send orders to have an altar dedicated in the Capitol:

Pammio O. M.
Capitolino
Ob Annam Ducissam de Grafton
Meritò Incolumem.

I tell you of it now, because I don't know whether it will be worth while to write another letter on purpose. Lord Albemarle takes up the victorious grenadiers at Martinico, and in six weeks will conquer the Havannah. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HORATIO.

816. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 13, 1762.

I AM two letters in your debt, without much capital to pay them. This twilight between Parliament and the campaign is not favourable for news. The Houses are not prorogued indeed, but the end of a session always languishes, and we actually are adjourned for the holidays; and what is more, for Newmarket. All that was reported of the Czar proves true, but is of consequence only to the King of Prussia; even the conquest of Martinico has not advanced the Peace. The other Empress must die too, I believe, before her rage will subside. Portugal cries out for help, and our troops are going thither; but I don't think that

every Spanish soldier in the world will march to Lisbon. There are some grumblings in Ireland, which look as if that kingdom would not be quite inactive this summer. A set of levellers[1] there have been committing great disorders for some time, and we think there is a leaven of French officers and Spanish gold among them. Two regiments of dragoons have been ordered against them, and are to be followed by some foot. In short, our enemies must try something, and cannot sit entirely tranquil, while the Havannah is probably following the fate of Martinico. Well! we may make a bad peace at last, and yet keep a good deal!

I don't know how to execute the request made to Palombo[2] for my father's history, for the *Nouvelles Littéraires*. I have very slender opinion of the capacity of such panegyrists. Anecdotes, which they could not comprehend, and would mangle, are not fit to be dispensed to such shops. All I can do, I think, is to transcribe the principal dates of his life from Collins's *Peerage*, for there is no good life of him: this, I suppose, would content both Italian writers and readers. If I have time before the post goes out, I will subjoin the extract to this letter, or send it by next mail.

It was very true that Miss Hunter was brought back by a privateer, but her father desired she might be released; so they sailed again. Don't compassionate Lord Pembroke; he is a worthless young fellow. He does nothing but write tender and mournful letters to his charming wife, which distress her, and are intended to draw money from her. He is forgotten here, which is the best thing can happen to him.

LETTER 816.—[1] The name 'levellers' applies to their practice of levelling walls and ditches, with a view to 'restoring the ancient commons.' The rioters were known as Whiteboys in the south of Ireland, and as Oakboys in the north. The grievances of the Whiteboys were high rents and low wages, those of the Oakboys the exorbitant tithes; and all complained of the heavy rates levied for road-making.

[2] Secretary to Sir Horace Mann. *Walpole.*

How could I not commend the altar? It was just the thing I wished, and, if anything, prettier than I wished. I would by no means come into the tariff you propose to me between us, if I did not think it would be convenient to you. I wish so much to contribute to your satisfaction in any shape, that if it will facilitate it I will even consent to your paying for your commissions; but then you must take care they are numerous. Your brother James is really a good creature, but he is not your brother Gal; there was but one he! James has no notion of the delicacies and attentions of friendship,—I hope I have; therefore let me be your factotum. Write to me and employ me without reserve, and you shall prescribe your own terms,—that is, if they are not too much in my favour. To open the intercourse, I desire you will send me the new volume of *Herculaneum*; it is the third, but only the second of prints. Don't let us baulk our wishes, but without ceremony draw bills regularly for the commissions we execute; and paying them shall be all your brother James shall do.

Mr. T. Pitt has taken a small house at Twickenham, within a stone's-throw of me. This will add to the comfort of my Strawberry-tide. He draws Gothic with taste, and is already engaged on the ornaments of my cabinet and gallery. Adieu!

P.S. Here are the notes for my father's eulogium. I fear you will be plagued in translating the terms into Italian. Let them look to the Latin.

Robert Walpole was born at Houghton in Norfolk, August 26th, 1675. He was third son of Robert Walpole of the same place, but his two elder brothers dying before their father, he succeeded the latter, in 1700, in an estate of above 2,000*l.* a year: and was chosen member of Parliament for Lynn in every Parliament, except in the year 1711, from

his father's death till his own admission into the peerage in 1742.

He was extremely in the confidence of the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, and particularly employed by him in drawing Queen Anne's speeches. On the change of the ministry great offers were made to him by Lord Treasurer Oxford, but he adhered steadily to the Whig party, and was so formidable to the Tory administration that they sent him to the Tower; after he had been one of the council to Prince George in the Admiralty in 1705, Secretary at War in 1707, and Treasurer of the Navy in 1709. In that year he was one of the managers of the House of Commons against Dr. Sacheverel.

On the accession of George I, he was made Paymaster of the Forces; and in October 1715 was appointed First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; and the same year was elected Chairman of the Secret Committee appointed to inquire into the conduct of Queen Anne's last administration.

On the differences between the King and Prince of Wales, he followed the latter, and resigned his employments; but, in June 1720, he was again made Paymaster of the Forces, and in April 1721 became once more First Lord of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Prime Minister, as he continued during the whole remainder of that reign, and under the successor; and was several times one of the Lords Justices during the absences of those kings.

May 27th, 1725, he was made Knight of the Bath, on the revival of that Order; and in the same month of the ensuing year was created Knight of the Garter—the only commoner who had received such an honour since the restoration of Charles II.

He enjoyed his post of Prime Minister till February 9th, 1742, when the opposition prevailing in Parliament, he resigned his employments, and was created Earl of Orford. His enemies obtained a secret committee to inquire into the last ten years of his administration; but being able to prove no more crimes against him, though he had lost his power, than they could while he held it, he enjoyed to his death that tranquillity and honour that were due to his virtues, services, and age.

He died of the stone, in Arlington Street, March 25th, 1745, aged near seventy. His first wife was Catherine Shorter, by whom he had Robert, his successor, created a baron by George I, and Knight of the Bath; Sir Edward, Knight of the Bath; and Horatio; Catherine, who died unmarried; and Mary, married to George Earl of Cholmondeley, Lord Privy Seal in the reign of George II. Sir Robert married, secondly, Maria Skerret, by whom he had one daughter, Lady Maria, married to Charles Churchill, Esq.

817. To the Earl of Egremont (?).

My Lord, Arlington Street, April 20, 1762.

I must entreat your Lordship to be assured that in what I am going to say I have neither positive nor negative view; and only lay the following information before you, as I think it mine and every man's duty to contribute their mite to the service of his Majesty and his country.

I happened lately to have in my hands the journal of the Admiral Earl of Sandwich, when he was Embassador at Madrid, negotiating a truce between Spain and Portugal. He sets down a very exact relation of the then force of each country, as he received it from Don Gulielmo Cascar, a Scotch Sergeant-Major of Battalia, in the Spanish army in Badajoz; and adds this particular passage from the same intelligence:

The climate (he is speaking of the war on the frontiers of Portugal) too is very unfit for war, there being only *two months*, viz. April and May, fit for a campania, and then begins drowth and heat, that it is impossible for an army to be kept together in; and at the latter end of the year the season is temperate enough again, but then the rains are so uncertain, sometimes coming earlier (in September) some-

Letter 817.—Not in C.; now first published from original in possession of Mr. F. Sabin, 118 Shaftesbury Avenue, W. The letter is not addressed; it may have been written to the Earl of Egremont, as Secretary of State for the Southern Province.

times later, and when they come, they make the country so soft, that the artillery cannot stir, but must stay where the rain finds them, what design soever they are upon.

He says (adds Lord Sandwich) the armies usually retire to the quarters from the hot season about July 15th.

I will beg your Lordship not to mention this intelligence as coming from me. If it is of any use to your Lordship, or of any service in general, I am satisfied, and am,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's
Most obedient
Humble Servant,
Hor. Walpole.

818. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, April 29, 1762.

I am most assuredly glad to hear you are returned well and safe, of which I have at this moment received your account from Hankelow, where you talk of staying a week. However, not knowing the exact day of your departure, I direct this to Greatworth, that it may rather wait for you, than you for it, if it should go into Cheshire and not find you there.

As I should ever be sorry to give you any pain, I hope I shall not be the first to tell you of the loss of poor Lady Charlotte Johnston[1], who, after a violent fever of less than a week, was brought to bed yesterday morning of a dead child, and died herself at four in the afternoon. I heartily condole with you, as I know your tenderness for all your family, and the regard you have for Colonel Johnston. The time is wonderfully sickly; nothing but sore throats, colds,

Letter 818. — [1] Sixth daughter of first Earl of Halifax, and wife of Colonel James Johnston. (See Table II.)

and fevers. I got rid of one of the worst of these disorders, attended with a violent cough, by only taking seven grains of James's powder for six nights. It was the first cough I ever had, and when coughs meet with so spare a body as mine, they are not apt to be so easily conquered. Take great care of yourself, and bring the fruits of your expedition in perfection to Strawberry. I shall be happy to see you there whenever you please. I have no immediate purpose of settling there yet, as they are laying floors, which is very noisy, and as it is uncertain when the Parliament will rise; but I would go there at any time to meet you. The town will empty instantly after the King's birthday; and consequently I shall then be less broken in upon, which I know you do not like. If, therefore, it suits you, any time you will name after the 5th of June will be equally agreeable to me; but sooner, if you like it better.

We have little news at present (except a profusion of new peerages), but are likely, I think, to have much greater shortly. The ministers disagree, and quarrel with as much alacrity as ever; and the world expects a total rupture between Lord Bute and the late King's servants. This comedy has been so often represented, it scarce interests one, especially one who takes no part, and who is determined to have nothing to do with the world, but hearing and seeing the scenes it furnishes.

The new peers (I don't know their rank, scarce their titles) are Lord Wentworth [2] and Sir William Courtney [3], Viscounts; Lord Egmont, Lord Milton, Vernon of Sudbury [4], old Fox Lane [5], Sir Edward Montagu [6], Barons, and Lady

[2] Edward Noel (1715–1774), eighth Baron Wentworth; cr. Viscount Wentworth.

[3] Sir William Courtenay, Baronet (1710–1762), of Powderham Castle, Devonshire; cr. Viscount Courtenay.

[4] George Venables Vernon (1708–1780), of Sudbury, Derbyshire; cr. (May 12, 1762) Baron Vernon of Kinderton, Cheshire.

[5] George Fox Lane, cr. (May 4, 1762) Baron Bingley of Bingley, Yorkshire.

[6] Sir Edward Hussey-Montagu,

Caroline Fox, a Baroness; the Duke of Newcastle is created Lord Pelham, with an entail to Tommy Pelham; and Lord Brudenel[7] is called to the House of Lords, as Lord Montagu. The Duchess of Manchester was to have had the peerage alone, and wanted the latter title: her sister (very impertinently, I think, as being the younger) objected, and wished her husband Marquis of Monthermer. This difference has been adjusted, by making Sir Edward Montagu Lord Bewley, and giving the title of the family to Lord Brudenel. With pardon of your *Cu*-blood, I hold that Lord Cardigan makes a very trumpery figure by so meanly relinquishing all Brudenelhood.

Adieu! let me know soon when you will keep your Strawberry-tide.

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. Lord Anson is in a very bad way; and Mr. Fox, I think, in not a much better.

819. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 30, 1762.

Some people think we are going to have peace—whatever we have abroad, it does not increase at home. The ministers are divided; the old for continuing the German war (take care you don't look back to my letters of last October), the new for supporting Portugal; neither point is resolved, consequently either will not be over timely. With much affection for Portugal, and seriously with

K.B., husband of the Dowager Duchess of Manchester; cr. (May 11, 1762) Baron Beaulieu of Beaulieu, Hampshire.

[7] John Montagu (1735–1770), Lord Brudenell, eldest son of fourth Earl of Cardigan (afterwards Duke of Montagu), whom he predeceased; cr. Baron Montagu of Boughton.

much commiseration, I cannot entirely lament that Spain is occupied there. If we quarrel on great chapters, you may be sure we do not agree more on little ones. A new cargo of peers has set much ill-humour afloat, for when large pains are taken to content many, they are sure to offend more. As I neither wished to be a peer, nor to hinder anybody else from being one, I can repeat the list without any gall.

Lord Wentworth and Sir William Courtney Viscounts, same names.

Lord Milton, Sir Edward Montagu, Fox Lane, Vernon of Sudbury,	Barons	Milton. Beaulieu, or Bewley. Bingley. Vernon.

Lady Caroline Fox, a Baroness, Lady Holland. Lord Brudenel called up to the House of Lords as Lord Montagu. Duke of Newcastle, created Lord Pelham, with reversion to your friend Mr. Pelham; and Lord Egmont[1] made Lord Louvain and Holland, and Baron of Enmore.

The Flemish titles of Lord Egmont are very diverting,—I suppose he is descended from one of the three hundred and sixty-five brats of the Countess of Holland. People recollect a pamphlet, published in the reign of James I, called *A Help to Weak Memories*, for the use of those who would know *all* the new peers; and they tell a story of a Neapolitan, who being offered a dukedom by the Germans, when they were so profuse of honours at Naples, refused it, unless they would make his footman a duke too; but in this country ten new peerages will at least produce twenty *bons mots*. Our war is more serious, and I wish it well finished. It is uncertain whether we will give the King of Prussia a subsidy, or whether he will accept it.

LETTER 819. — [1] John Percival, second Earl of Egmont. *Walpole.*— He was created Baron Lovel and Holland of Enmore.

The disturbances in Ireland are at least checked; the insurgents are driven into bogs and woods. The French squadron narrowly escaped their fate: sailing to Martinico, they met their own prisoners conducted to France, and steered away; but Rodney soon followed them, with thirteen ships to their eight, and we hope will overtake them; however, it is plain they had not joined the Spanish fleet. The chief of our naval affairs, Lord Anson, is dying at Bath. Indeed, many of our former actors seem to be leaving the stage: Lord Granville is much broken, and Mr. Fox in a very bad state of health; but Lord Egremont is recovered.

Poor Lady Pembroke has at last acted with spirit. Her Lord being ordered to the German army, wrote that he had a mind to come over first and ask her pardon. To the surprise of her family and without their instigation, she sent him word that she was surprised he could think of showing himself in England; and, for her part, she never wished to see him, till he should have retrieved his character.

I am very happy, as I told you, in my new neighbour Mr. Pitt; he calls his small house Palazzo Pitti[2]; which does not look as if he had forgotten you, and sounds pleasantly in my ears. Adieu!

820. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, May 14, 1762.

It is very hard, when you can plunge over head and ears in Irish claret, and not have even your heel vulnerable by the gout, that such a Pythagorean as I am should yet be subject to it! It is not two years since I had it last, and here am I with my foot again upon cushions—but

[2] Name of the Great Duke's palace at Florence. *Walpole.*

I will not complain; the pain is trifling, and does little more than prevent my frisking about. If I can bear the motion of the chariot, I shall drive to Strawberry tomorrow, for I had rather only look at verdure and hear my nightingales from the bow-window, than receive visits and listen to news. I can give you no certain satisfaction relative to the Viceroy, your cousin. It is universally said that he has no mind to return to his dominions, and pretty much believed that he will succeed to Lord Egremont's Seals, who will not detain them long from whoever is to be his successor.

I am sorry you have lost another Montagu, the Duke of Manchester. Your cousin Guilford is among the competitors for Chamberlain to the Queen. The Duke of Chandos[1], Lord Northumberland, and even the Duke of Kingston, are named as other candidates; but surely they will not turn the latter loose into another chamber of Maids of Honour! Lord Cantelupe has asked too to rise from Vice-Chamberlain, but met with little encouragement. It is odd, that there are now seventeen English and Scotch dukes unmarried, and but seven out of twenty-seven have the Garter.

It is very comfortable to me to have a prospect of seeing Mr. Conway soon; the ruling part of the administration are disposed to recall our troops from Germany. In the meantime our officers and their *wives* are embarked for Portugal—what must Europe think of us, when we make wars and assemblies all over the world?

I have been for a few days this week at Lord Thomond's[2]; by making a river-like piece of water, he has converted a very ugly spot into a tolerable one. As I was so near, I went to see Audley Inn once more—but it is only the

LETTER 820. — [1] Henry Brydges (1708–1771), second Duke of Chandos. [2] Shortgrove, near Saffron Walden, in Essex.

monument now of its former grandeur. The gallery is pulled down, and nothing remains but the great hall, and an apartment like a tower at each end. In the church [3] I found, still existing and quite fresh, the escutcheon of the famous Countess of Essex and Somerset [4].

Adieu! I shall expect you with great pleasure the beginning of next month.

Yours ever,

H. W.

821. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, May 20, 1762.

You have sent me the most kind and obliging letter in the world, and I cannot sufficiently thank you for it; but I shall be very glad to have an opportunity of acknowledging it in person, by accepting the agreeable visit you are so good as to offer me, and for which I have long been impatient. I should name the earliest day possible; but, besides having some visits to make, I think it will be more pleasant to you a few weeks hence (I mean any time in July) when the works with which I am finishing my house will be more advanced, and the noisy part, as laying floors and fixing wainscots, at an end, and which now make me in a deplorable litter. As you give me leave, I will send you notice.

I am glad my books amused you—yet you, who are so much deeper an antiquarian, must have found more faults and omissions, I fear, than your politeness suffers you to reprehend. Yet you will, I trust, be a little more severe. We both labour, I will not say for the public, for the public troubles its head very little about our labours, but for the few of posterity that shall be curious,

[3] Saffron Walden Church.

[4] She was of the family of the Howards, Earls of Suffolk, former owners of the Walden estates.

and therefore, for their sakes, you must assist me in making my work as complete as possible. This sounds ungrateful, after all the trouble you have given yourself: but I say it to prove my gratitude, and to show you how fond I am of being corrected.

For the faults of impression, they were owing to the knavery of a printer, who, when I had corrected the sheets, amused me with revised proofs, and never printed off the whole number, and then ran away—this accounts, too, for the difference of the ink in various sheets, and for some other blemishes; though there are still enough of my own which I must not charge on others.

Ubaldini's [1] book I have not, and shall be pleased to see it; but I cannot think of robbing your collection, and am amply obliged by the offer.

The anecdotes of Horatio Palavacini [2] are extremely entertaining. In an Itinerary of the late Mr. Smart Lethuillier, I met the very tomb of Gainsborough [3] this winter that you mention, and, to be secure, sent to Lincoln for an exact draft of it. But what vexed me then, and does still, is, that by the defect at the end of the inscription, one cannot be certain whether he lived in CCC or CCCC; as another C might have been there. Have you any corroborating circumstance, Sir, to affix his existence to 1300, more than to 1400? Besides, I don't know any proof of his having been architect of the church, his

LETTER 821.—[1] Petruccio Ubaldini, a Florentine illuminator and scholar, who flourished in the sixteenth century. He resided for some time in England, and is noticed in the *Anecdotes of Painting*.

[2] Sir Horatio Pallavicini, Knight (d. 1600), collector of the Pope's taxes in England during the reign of Queen Mary.

[3] Richard of Gainsborough, or of Stow (a village near Gainsborough), who executed the carved work of the Angel Choir in Lincoln Cathedral, as well as that on the crosses in memory of Queen Eleanor. He is buried in the cloister at Lincoln. The inscription on his monument is as follows:—'Hic jacet Ricardus de Gaynisburgh olym cementarius istius ecclesie qui obiit duodecim kalendarum junii Anno Domini MCCC.' (Kendrick, *Lincoln Cathedral*, p. 142.)

epitaph only calls him *Caementarius,* which, I suppose, means *Mason.*

I have observed, since my book was published, what you mention of the tapestry in Laud's trial[4]; yet as the Journals were my authority, and certainly cannot be mistaken, I have concluded that Hollar engraved his print after the Restoration. Mr. Wight, clerk of the House of Lords, says that Oliver placed them in the House of Commons.—I don't know on what grounds he says so.

I am, Sir, with great gratitude,

Your most obliged humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

822. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, May 25, 1762.

I AM diverted with your anger at old Richard; can you really suppose that I think it any trouble to frank a few covers for you? Had I been with you, I should have cured you and your whole family in two nights with James's powder. If you have any remains of the disorder, let me beg you to take seven or eight grains when you go to bed. If you have none, shall I send you some? For my own part, I am released again, though I have been tolerably bad, and one day had the gout for several hours in my head. I do not like such speedy returns. I have been so much confined that I could not wait on Mrs. Osborn, and I do not take it unkindly that she will not let me have the prints without fetching them. I met her, that is, passed her, t'other day as she was going to Bushy, and was sorry to see her look much older.

[4] Cole stated that the tapestry in the House of Lords, representing the destruction of the Armada, was engraved in Hollar's print of Laud's trial.

Well! to-morrow is fixed for that phenomenon, the Duke of Newcastle's resignation[1]. He has had a parting levee, and as I suppose all bishops are prophets, they foresee that he will never come into place again, for there was but one that had the decency to take leave of him, after crowding his rooms for forty years together; it was Cornwallis[2]. I hear not even Lord Lincoln resigns. Lord Bute succeeds to the Treasury, and is to have the Garter too on Thursday, with Prince William. Of your cousin I hear no more mention, but that he returns to his island. I cannot tell you exactly even the few changes that are to be made; but I can divert you with a *bon mot*, which they give to my Lord Chesterfield. The new peerages being mentioned, somebody said, 'I suppose there will be no duke made'; he replied, 'Oh yes, there is to be one.'—'Is? who?'—'Lord Talbot—he is to be created Duke Humphrey, and there is to be no table kept at court but his[3].' If you don't like this, what do you think of George Selwyn, who asked Charles Boone if it is true that he is going to be married to the fat rich Crawley[4]? Boone denied it—'Lord!' said Selwyn, 'I thought you was to be Patrick Fleming on the mountain, and that gold and silver you were counting!'. . .[5]

P.S. I cannot help telling you how comfortable the new disposition of the court is to me; the King and his wife are settled for good and all at Buckingham House[6], and are stripping the other palaces to furnish it. In short, they

Letter 822.—[1] The Duke's resignation was announced on May 26. The reason given was Lord Bute's refusal to grant further subsidies to the King of Prussia.

[2] Hon. Frederick Cornwallis (1713–1783), seventh son of fourth Baron Cornwallis; Bishop of Lichfield, 1750; Archbishop of Canterbury, 1768.

[3] Alluding to the extreme economy introduced by him (as Lord Steward) into the royal household.

[4] Boone married Miss Crawley on Oct. 22, 1762.

[5] Passage omitted.

[6] Recently purchased for the Queen.

have already fetched pictures from Hampton Court, which indicates their never living there; consequently Strawberry Hill will remain in possession of its own tranquillity, and not become a cheese-cake-house to the palace. All I ask of Princes is, not to live within five miles of me.

823. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 26, 1762.

Whenever I am a little remiss in writing to you, I am sure to make you amends by a revolution. Anybody would wait five weeks for a letter, if it was to tell them that the government was turned topsy-turvy. Not that it is set upon its head now; it has only lost an old tooth that had *bit* all the world. The Duke of Newcastle resigned this morning! Finding, at last, to his great surprise that he had not as much power under this King as under his great-grandfather and grandfather, he is retired, meditating, I suppose, a plan for being Prime Minister again under this King's son. Of four-and-twenty bishops that he had made, but one expects this restoration; all the rest, hoping to arrive at Canterbury before that æra, took care not to be at his Grace's last levee. People think that a little more than want of power had been necessary to make him take this resolution, and that all kind of disgusts had been given to convince him how unwelcome his company was. This is the second revolution in a year and a half—I wish the next struggle be not a little more serious. Lord Bute plays a dangerous game; he is now First Lord of the Treasury, and is to have the Garter to-morrow, with Prince William. The other changes are few, for the Duke of Newcastle's friends *episcopize*, that is, abandon him, or are ordered to remain as they are. Mr. George Grenville is Secretary of State; and Sir Francis Dash-

wood Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. Elliot[1], Treasurer of the Chambers. The Navy Board and one or two commissions of the Treasury will be all the other vacancies.

But there is a bigger event to come; the stocks believe the Peace is made, and lift up their heads. It is certain that a very courteous answer is arrived from France; and the moneyd philosophers, who do not look on dangers as wise measures, conclude that unless Lord Bute was sure of peace, he would not have ventured on dismissing the Duke. If you should not hear from me soon, you will be persuaded that we are up in arms. I have some fear that Spain is not very pacific: they have begun the siege of Miranda[2]. I used to expect the King of Prussia at Somerset House; perhaps now Queen Catherine's[3] apartment will be inhabited by her great nephews and nieces. I shall have curiosity enough to go and see Infantas, though I have little else left: I have none of that vigour of ambition that has carried on the Duke of Newcastle for five-and-forty years. Three slight fits of the gout have taught me what I believe all the ingratitude of the clergy of Cambridge[4] has not been able to instil into him. I am just recovered of an attack, far from painful, except one day that it was in my head; but even the harbinger of age is sufficient to convince me that retirement is a blessing.

It would look like vanity in me to thank you for attentions, where so much attention is due; and yet I am apt to think you did pay a little homage extraordinary on my account to the Duchess of Grafton. I am pleased you admire her so much, and she tells me how charmed she is with your reception of her. I warned you to expect no great

LETTER 823. — [1] Afterwards Sir Gilbert Elliot. *Walpole.*

[2] In the province of Traz os Montes; taken by the Spaniards on May 9, 1762.

[3] Catherine of Braganza, after the death of Charles II, lived at Somerset House. *Walpole.*

[4] The Duke was Chancellor of that University.

beauty, and yet the more you saw her, did not you like her the more? Her air, and manner, and majesty are quite her own. I must not forget my thanks too for Mr. Morrice —you must have had some satisfaction in talking over the Chute and me with him.

You may imagine that I am anxious to have the Peace, and to see Mr. Conway safe in England. I wish it privately and publicly—I pray for an end to the woes of mankind; in one word, I have no public spirit, and don't care a farthing for the interests of the merchants. Soldiers and sailors who are knocked on the head, and peasants plundered or butchered, are to my eyes as valuable as a lazy luxurious set of men, who hire others to acquire riches for them; who would embroil all the earth, that they may heap or squander; and I *dare* to say this, for I am no minister. Beckford is a patriot[5], because he will clamour if Guadaloupe or Martinico is given up, and the price of sugars falls. I am a bad Englishman, because I think the advantages of commerce are dearly bought for some by the lives of many more. This wise age counts its merchants, and reckons its armies ciphers. But why do I talk of this age?—every age has some ostentatious system to excuse the havoc it commits. Conquest, honour, chivalry, religion, balance of power, commerce, no matter what, mankind must bleed, and take a term for a reason. 'Tis shocking! Good night.

824. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, June 8, 1762.

Well! you have had Mr. Chute. I did not dare to announce him to you, for he insisted on enjoying all your ejaculations. He gives me a good account of your health and spirits, but does not say when you come hither.

[5] William Beckford, of Jamaica, and Fonthill in Dorsetshire, Alderman of London; and friend of Mr. Pitt. *Walpole.*

I hope the General, as well as your brother John, know how welcome they would be, if they would accompany you. I trust it will be before the end of this month, for the very beginning of July I am to make a little visit to Lord Ilchester, in Somersetshire[1], and I should not like not to see you before the middle or end of next month.

Mrs. Osborn has sent me the prints; they are woful; but that is my fault and the engraver's, not yours, to whom I am equally obliged; you don't tell me whether Mr. Bentley's play was acted or not, printed or not.

There is another of the Queen's brothers come over. Lady Northumberland made a pompous *festino* for him t'other night; not only the whole house, but the garden, was illuminated, and was quite a fairy scene. Arches and pyramids of lights alternately surrounded the enclosure; a diamond necklace of lamps edged the rails and descent, with a spiral obelisk of candles on each hand; and dispersed over the lawn were little bands of kettle-drums, clarionets, fifes, &c., and the lovely moon, who came without a card. The Birthday was far from being such a show; empty and unfine as possible. In truth, popularity does not make great promises to the new administration, and for fear it should hereafter be taxed with changing sides, it lets Lord Bute be abused every day, though he has not had time to do the least wrong thing. His first levee was crowded. Bothmar, the Danish minister, said, 'La chaleur est excessive!' George Selwyn replied, 'Pour se mettre au froid, il faut aller chez Monsieur le Duc de Newcastle.' There was another George, not quite so tender: George Brudenel was passing by; somebody in the mob said, 'What is the matter here?' Brudenel answered, 'Why, there is a Scotchman got into the Treasury, and they can't

LETTER 824.—[1] At Redlynch House, near Bruton.

get him out.' The Archbishop[2], conscious of not having been at Newcastle's last levee, and ashamed of appearing at Lord Bute's first, pretended he had been going by in his way from Lambeth, and, upon inquiry, had found it was Lord Bute's levee, and so had thought he might as well go in—I am glad he thought he might as well tell it.

The mob call Buckingham House, Holyrood House—in short, everything promises to be like times *I* can remember. Lord Anson is dead—poor Mrs. Osborn will not break her heart. I should think Lord Melcomb would succeed to the Admiralty. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

825. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, June 20, 1762.

I SHALL certainly execute your commissions cheerfully, punctually, and on the terms you desire: the *Annual Registers*, I mean the historic parts, are incomparable. The oratorios, as Mr. Morrice rightly advises, I will choose by proxy; for, as he and you know, I have not only very little music in me, but the company I keep are far from Handelians. But what shall I say about your brother James? I should have lectured him severely, if you had not enjoined me not—nay, I wish you would permit me; he is a good creature in general, and I think would mind me; but attentions are not his excellence—I need not repeat the name of our dear Gal, when I talk of *attentions* and *excellence*; he was perfect from the least offices to the greatest.

Have you not felt a pang in your royal capacity? Seriously, it has been dreadful, but the danger is over. The King had one of the last of these strange and universally epidemic

[2] Thomas Secker.

colds, which, however, have seldom been fatal: he had a violent cough, and oppression on his breast, which he concealed, just as I had; but my life was of no consequence, and having no physicians in ordinary, I was cured in four nights by James's powders, without bleeding. The King was blooded seven times, and had three blisters. Thank God, he is safe, and we have escaped a confusion beyond what was ever known, but on the accession of the Queen of Scots—nay, we have not even the successor born. Fazakerley[1], who has lived long enough to remember nothing but the nonsense of the law, maintained, according to their wise tenets, that as the King never dies, the Duke of York must have been proclaimed King, and then been unproclaimed again on the Queen's delivery. We have not even any standing law for the regency; but I need not paint to you all the difficulties there would have been in our situation.

The new administration begins tempestuously. My father was not more abused after twenty years than Lord Bute is in twenty days. Weekly papers swarm, and like other swarms of insects, sting. The cry you may be sure is on his Scot-hood. Lord Halifax[2] is made First Lord of the Admiralty, but will keep Ireland for some time, as it will not be necessary to appoint a new Lord-Lieutenant this twelvemonth. He is popular with the merchants, so that at least this promotion does not offend.

Our great expedition were all well at Martinico, and had lost but sixteen men. Lord Albemarle carried thence nine thousand men. We are very sanguine, and reckon the Havannah ours; but we shall not know it at least before the end of next month.

LETTER 825.—[1] Nicholas Fazackerley, Esq., an eminent Tory lawyer. *Walpole.*

[2] George Montagu, third and last Earl of Halifax. *Walpole.*—He was the second Earl of that creation.

I smiled at your idea of *our war with Spain lying in Portugal, as our war with France does in Germany.* The latter is dormant, and yet I do not think the Peace advances. Our allies, the Portuguese, behave wofully. I don't know what spirit Count La Lippe[3], who is still here, will transport to them from Westphalia: he is to command the Portuguese, and Lord Tyrawley the English.

This is a diminutive letter, but you excuse duodecimos in summer.

826. To Lady Mary Coke.

Strawberry Hill, June 30th, 1762.

When Britons are victorious[1], it is impossible not to congratulate the first heroine of Britain. Pray, Madam, did your Ladyship command Prince Ferdinand to attack the French camp in revenge for the Governor of Calais presuming to attempt making you a prisoner? Or did the spirit of John, Duke of Argyle, inspire his countrymen with this ardour, and vindicate his daughter from such an insult? I have told my Lord Hertford that I expect to hear your Ladyship has made a triumphant entry into our headquarters, and that with becoming dignity you have obtained from our general the liberty of the two hundred French officers, a proper way of resenting your confinement. Go to the army you certainly will. *Steel* waters you cannot want, you who want nothing but a helmet to be taken for Britannia.

Pray, let me know in time; it would be most shameful in me to be languishing under an acacia, while my sovereign

[3] Comte de la Lippe had been born in England, his father and mother being here in the reign of George I. *Walpole.*—William, Count of Lippe-Bückeburg (1724–1777). His mother was a daughter of George I by the Duchess of Kendal. He acted as Ordnance Master to Prince Ferdinand during the Seven Years' War.

Letter 826.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. pp. xv–xvi.

[1] At Wilhelmsthal in Hesse-Cassel, where on June 24, 1762, Prince Ferdinand defeated the French under Soubise and D'Estrées.

lady is at the head of a squadron. All our other militant dames have followed their husbands; your Ladyship will follow victory, and influence more. It is grievous that one female Campbell[2] should have quitted Germany at the opening of a campaign—no, I will go fetch my Lady Ailesbury from Park Place, and my Lady Cecilia, who is not big enough yet to hurt Master Johnson's head by wearing a coat of mail, though I fear she and I shall look a little like starved vultures that follow the army for prey. As to peace, it is now undoubtedly removed to a great distance; there can be no end of war while *another Mary has Calais written on her heart*, and a Mary whose heart will not easily break. I know to my sorrow how invulnerable it is! Well! I can but go and be killed. I shall die in your sight, and you will revenge my death, though you would not save my life. I did not think this would be my end, but the King of Prussia and other great men have been made heroes, whom nature never intended for the profession, yet I cannot help laughing to think what a figure I shall make! for I am too much a Goth, and not so much a hero, but I will be completely armed—and from my own armoury here. A rusty helmet with rotten wadding; a coat of mail that came from Coombe, and belonged to a trooper of the Earl of Warwick[3]; it will be full heavy for my strength, but there is a mark of its being bullet-proof—alas! I had forgot I am to be shot—one gauntlet; I have no more; a Persian shield enamelled, a Chinese bow, quiver, and arrows, an Indian sabre and dagger, and a spear made of wood with fifty points. Dear

[2] The Countess of Ailesbury had recently returned to England.

[3] 'Two suits of armour, on one of which is the mark of a bullet; two helmets; a gauntlet; a round leathern quiver; and two pair of stirrups; from Coombe, near Kingston in Surry, which seat formerly belonged to the great Richard Neville Earl of Warwick. These arms therefore probably were part of those which served his troops when he marched to Westminster to awe the Parliament in the reign of Henry the Sixth.' (*Description of Strawberry Hill.*)

Lady, don't set out without me, stay for Sir Scudamore. Cannot you find any little episode to amuse you in the meantime? How has the Bishop of Liège[4] behaved to you? has he neglected to kiss the hem of your garment? dispossess him; order the Chapter to elect another. I flatter myself you cannot want warfare. 'Confined to an inn! Sir, I never was a prisoner yet; I will not stay a moment in your town.' Dear Lady Mary, how I honour your spirit! I can give you a very good account of part of your family. I was at Sudbroke this evening and saw the Duchess and Lady Betty in perfect health. Mr. McKinsy told me of the battle.

If you had not had my heart before, you would have won it by your kind attention to Lady Hertford; but I fear all is in vain. She will not hear of Spa, and is gone to-day to Ragley, and I doubt will go to Ireland. Nothing touches her about herself; she is as indifferent to that, as active and anxious about her family. Adieu, Madam. Whether we meet on the banks of the Elbe or the Thames, you know I am

Most devotedly yours,
HOR. WALPOLE.

827. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Wednesday night.

SINCE you left Strawberry, the town (not the King of Prussia) has beaten Count Daun, and made the Peace, but the benefits of either have not been felt beyond Change Alley.

Lord Melcomb is dying of a dropsy in his stomach, and Lady Mary Wortley of a cancer in her breast.

Mr. Hamilton was here last night, and complained of

[4] John Theodore of Bavaria, Bishop of Liège, 1744-63.

LETTER 827.—Wrongly dated by C. June 1, 1762. (See *Notes and Queries*, Feb. 17, 1900.)

your not visiting him. He pumped me to know if Lord Hertford has not thoughts of the crown of Ireland, and was more than persuaded that I should go with him. I told him what was true, that I knew nothing of the former, and for the latter, that I would as soon return with the King of the Cherokees[1].—When England has nothing that can tempt me, it would be strange if Ireland had. The Cherokee Majesty dined here yesterday at Lord Macclesfield's, where the Clive sang to them and the mob—don't imagine I was there, but I heard so at my Lady Suffolk's.

We have tapped a little butt of rain to-night, but my lawn is far from being drunk yet. Did not you find the Vine in great beauty? My compliments to it, and to your society—I only write to enclose the enclosed. I have consigned your button to old Richard. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

I hope Mr. John has had no return.

828. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 1, 1762.

I NEVER attempt to tell you the first news of a battle in Germany, which must always reach you before it can arrive here and be sent to Florence. I scarcely ought to call it a battle, though it is a victory for us; but the French (to speak in Cibber's style) have outrun their usual outrunnings[1]. Their camp was ill-guarded, and Prince Ferdinand surprised it. At first their cavalry made a decent show of advancing, but soon turned and fled. Stainville[2] flung three thousand

[1] Three Cherokee chiefs from South Carolina arrived in London on June 21; they set out on their return in the following August.

LETTER 828.—[1] Cibber, in the Preface to his *Provoked Husband*, said, 'Mrs. Cibber had outdone her usual outdoings.' *Walpole.*

[2] Jacques de Choiseul, Marquis de Stainville, brother of the Duc de Choiseul.

men into a wood to cover their retreat; they were all taken, with above one hundred and forty officers; he himself is believed slain. Our loss was trifling; two hundred and fifty men, a Captain Middleton[3] killed; and Colonel Henry Townshend, a brave spirited young fellow of parts, youngest son of Mr. Thomas Townshend. The French grenadiers raved against their commanders, who, it is to be hoped, will shift off the blame on each other, quarrel, and pass the campaign in altercation. D'Estrées will not make Broglio[4] appear a worse general than Soubize. Lord Granby is much commended. My chief joy arises from knowing Mr. Conway is safe.

Poor Lady Ailesbury is just arrived, and this is the first taste of the peace she promised herself. Unless the French now despair of Germany, where their fairest prospect lay, I should think this action likely to continue the war; and I don't doubt but Prince Ferdinand hoped it would. He had much ground to regain here, and has now revived the passions of the people, who will not be eager for peace on the morrow of a victory, nor be very reasonable after repeated successes. Lord Bute's situation is unpleasant: misfortunes would remind us of Mr. Pitt's glory; advantages will stiffen us against accepting even such a peace as he rejected; and, I think, two Havannahs lost will not weigh with the Spaniards against their rapid progress in Portugal: the recovery of that diadem will soothe their pride more than any province taken from them will mollify it. The Portuguese behave shamefully; Lord Tyrawley is coming home disgusted with the nomination of Count La Lippe; and in truth I cannot see the wisdom or honour of that measure. If we protect Portugal, is not it more creditable to give them an English commander? And that general

[3] This was not the case.
[4] He had been recalled before the battle.

was almost a Portuguese, almost naturalized amongst them, trusted, and beloved there. What do they know of this German? Or can the English soldiery prefer him to their countryman? For though La Lippe was born here, he is a German prince.

I trust very soon to be able to send you a brick, like Harlequin, as a sample of the Havannah we shall have taken. In return, you must make Saunders[5] beat the French and Spanish squadrons.

Poor Hamburgh has tasted of the royal injustice of this age; they have compounded with the King of Denmark for a million[6]. But his is trifling usurpation; commend me to the King of Spain, for violating more ties than were ever burst by one stroke of a sceptre. We have not had a masquerade here these eight or nine years, because there was an earthquake at Lisbon; while that earthquake which fell about the ears of his own sister and her children could not stop the King of Spain from marching to drive her and them out of the ruins! Montezuma's ghost cannot complain now!

I have ordered all your books, and your brother James has undertaken for the oratorios. There is a ship going, so I would not wait for more consultation in the choice of them. Handel's best pieces are settled among his sect, and your brother knows more of his followers than I do. I was impatient to have your commission executed, and I knew no better way than this. I did not say a syllable to James, as he has repaired his omissions.

I am in distress about my gallery and cabinet: the latter was on the point of being completed, and is really striking

[5] Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean.

[6] Frederick V was threatened with war by the Czar, who, in his capacity of Duke of Holstein, wished to regain possession of Schleswig. The King, ill-provided with money, suddenly appeared before Hamburg, and forced that city, under threat of a siege, to raise the necessary funds.

beyond description. Last Saturday night my workmen took their leave, made their bow, and left me up to the knees in shavings. In short, the journeymen carpenters, like the cabinet-makers, have entered into an association not to work unless their wages are raised; and how can one complain? The poor fellows, whose all the labour is, see their masters advance their prices every day, and think it reasonable to touch their share. You would be frightened at the dearness of everything; I build out of economy, for unless I do now, in two years I shall not be able to afford it. I expect that a pint of milk will not be sold under a diamond, and then nobody can keep a cow but my Lord Clive. Indeed your country's fever is almost at the height every way. Adieu!

P.S. You have asked for the last volumes of the *Monthly Review*; I have ordered you the five last volumes; if that is not all you want, let me know. In this parcel you will receive my two first volumes of the *Anecdotes of Painting*.

829. To the Rev. William Cole.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, July 29, 1762.

I fear you will have thought me neglectful of the visit you was so good as to offer me for a day or two at this place: the truth is, I have been in Somersetshire on a visit, which was protracted much longer than I intended. I am now returned, and shall be glad to see you as soon as you please, Sunday or Monday next if you like either, or any other day you will name. I cannot defer the pleasure of seeing you any longer, though to my mortification you will find Strawberry Hill with its worst looks—not a blade of grass. My workmen too have disappointed me: they have been in the association for forcing their masters to raise their wages, and

but two are yet returned—so you must excuse litter and shavings. I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

830. To the Countess of Ailesbury.

MADAM, Strawberry Hill, July 31, 1762.

Magnanimous as the fair soul of your Ladyship is, and plaited with superabundance of Spartan fortitude, I felicitate my own good fortune who can circle this epistle with branches of the gentle olive, as well as crown it with victorious laurel. This pompous paragraph, Madam, which in compliment to my Lady Lyttelton I have penned in the style of her Lord, means no more, than that I wish you joy of the castle of Waldeck[1], and more joy on the Peace, which I find everybody thinks is concluded. In truth, I have still my doubts; and yesterday came news, which, if my Lord Bute does not make haste, may throw a little rub in the way. In short, the Czar is dethroned[2]. Some give the honour to his wife[3]; others, who add the little circumstance of his being murdered too, ascribe the revolution to the Archbishop of Novogorod, who, like other priests, thinks assassination a less affront to Heaven than three Lutheran churches[4]. I hope the latter is the truth; because, in the honey-moonhood of Lady Cecilia's tenderness, I don't know but she might miscarry at the thought of a wife preferring a crown, and scandal says a regiment of grenadiers, to her husband.

LETTER 830.—[1] Taken by General Conway.

[2] He was deposed on June 28, 1762, by a decree of the senate and clergy, and murdered on July 6 following.

[3] Catherine, a princess of Anhalt-Zerbst, married to the Czar in 1745. She was proclaimed Empress on her husband's deposition, and reigned as Catherine II till her death in 1796.

[4] The clergy apprehended that Peter intended to disestablish the Greek Church in favour of Lutheranism.

I have a little meaning in naming Lady Lyttelton and Lady Cecilia, who I think are at Park Place. Was not there a promise that you all three would meet Mr. Churchill and Lady Mary here in the beginning of August? Yes, indeed was there, and I put in my claim.—Not confining your heroic and musical Ladyships to a day or a week; my time is at your command: and I wish the rain was at mine; for, if you or it do not come soon, I shall not have a leaf left. Strawberry is browner than Lady Bell Finch.

I was grieved, Madam, to miss seeing you in town on Monday, particularly as I wished to settle this party. If you will let me know when it will be your pleasure, I will write to my sister.

I am your Ladyship's
Most faithful servant,
Hor. Walpole.

831. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 31, 1762.

I begin this letter to-night, though I don't know when it will set out, for I have a mind it should be a little more complete than I can make it at present. We are at the eve of big events, or in the obscurity of them; a Prince of Wales, a Peace, the Havannah, a revolution in Russia, all to come to light this week!

We know nothing certain, but that we have lost Newfoundland[1], and that the new opposition have got a real topic, for hitherto they have only been skirmishing with names; however, as all oppositions must improve on the foregoing, the present gives us names at length, which at least is new. Parallels, you know, are the food of all party

Letter 831.—[1] Taken in June by De Ternay, and retaken in September by Colonel Amherst, brother of the general of that name.

writings: we have Queen Isabel and Mortimer, Queen Margaret and the Duke of Suffolk, every week. You will allow that abuse does not set out tamely, when it even begins with the King's mother. Last week they were so brutal as to call the Queen *a beggarly duke's daughter*; it is shocking, for she has offended nobody, and is far from being suspected of power; but it was to load the Duke of Suffolk[2], for making the match. But what say you to a real *Queen Isabel*? We hear from Holland, but the account is very imperfect, that the Czarina has dethroned her husband. That he should be dethroned does not surprise me. He struck extraordinary strokes so fast, that I suppose his head had not much ballast. Her reign, probably, will not be of much longer duration; but I do not believe that, like her husband, she will fall in love with the King of Prussia. The Czar, in his aunt's time, was reckoned weak; his wife, very sensible and very handsome. Russia puts one in mind of the Seleucidæ and the Constantinopolitan History, the Cleopatras and Irenes; if vast crimes are not in fashion, you see it is only because despotism is generally exploded. Give human nature scope, it can still be sublimely abominable. My prophetic spirit says, that the young Emperor John[3] will come upon the scene again; in the meantime my Lord Buckingham[4], who is going ambassador to Petersburg, may try the remainder of his charms upon the heart of an Empress.

Of all the important events we are expecting, the Peace is nearest my heart. We had refused Russians[5]; and this catastrophe, if it is true, will silence the clamour there would have been on that chapter. It delivers the King of

[2] Lord Bute.

[3] John VI, deposed in 1741. On an attempt to reinstate him in 1764, he was put to death.

[4] John Hobart, second Earl of Buckinghamshire. *Walpole.*

[5] Prince Ferdinand 'told Mr. Conway that we might be joined by a body of Russians for a *trait de plume.*' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. i. p. 145.)

Denmark, too, from a storm; for the hero of Prussia, you know, he never was in my litany. In short, we have heard for this week that our peace with France was in a manner made, and that the Dukes of Bedford and Nivernois were ready to be exchanged at Dover. If France has dabbled in this revolution, adieu the olive-branch! Nay, we are told that your Italian King[6] is rather disposed to put on his old cuirass again, and thinking the Austrians have their hands full, has an eye upon a little more of the Milanese. Nothing will be cleared up, till there is another courier from Muscovy. Their poor ambassador[7], who is just arrived, has had no letters. He is not only nephew to the Chancellor, but brother to the Czar's mistress. What a region, where Siberia is next door to the drawing-room!

Mr. Conway has had a little success, which shows, at least, what he is fit for. He was ordered to besiege the castle of Waldeck, for which Prince Ferdinand was in a hurry; it was impregnable without cannon; he had none, and his powder was spent. He made them believe he was preparing to storm it, and they instantly surrendered. You may be sure this makes me happy, and yet I am impatient to have the Peace nip his laurels.

Your friend Lord Melcombe is dead of a dropsy in his stomach, just when the views of his life were nearest being realized. Lady Mary Wortley, too, is departing. She brought over a cancer in her breast, which she concealed till about six weeks ago. It burst, and there are no hopes of her. She behaves with great fortitude, and says she has lived long enough.

Two days ago I saw your nephew Horace; it always gives me pleasure, though a melancholy one; it was increased now, as he is grown much more like to his father. He

[6] Charles Emmanuel, second King of Sardinia. *Walpole.*
[7] Count Woronzow. *Walpole.*

thinks he shall go to you in about a year; I am eager for it, as I know the tender satisfaction it will give you.

August 4th.

I must send away my letter to-night, or it will not be in town time enough for the foreign post to-morrow. The Russian revolution is confirmed; the papers have even produced a declaration of the new Czarina, in which she deposes her husband with the utmost *sang-froid*. I should easily believe it genuine; it is in the style of the age; there is an honest impudence in modern majesty that is delightful. They scorn plausibility; however, there is one comfort—they level their crimes chiefly against one another. This Muscovite history, as I hear from very good authority, happened thus: The Czar, who was originally supposed impotent, and who, notwithstanding his mistress, seems to have had the modesty of thinking himself so, intended to return his two children upon his wife's hands, and had declared his rival John, his successor. The late Czarina had had the curiosity to see young John, though unknown to him: this had given Peter uneasiness; yet one of his first proceedings was to take the same step. The anecdotes of that court, however, say that John has had so many drugs given to him as to shatter his understanding extremely. Probably, as our Charles II said of a foolish popular parson, 'John's nonsense suited Peter's nonsense.' Peter, intoxicated with brandy and the King of Prussia, had thoughts of divorcing his Empress. She was at Peterhoff, two miles from Petersburgh; the Czar at another villa. An officer arrived post with a led horse, told the Czarina there was a design against her life; that she had no time to lose; she must fly, or present herself to the army in the city. Pray, Sir Horace, what do ladies in a panic do? To be sure, run into the danger, not from it. Just so acted the

Czarina. She trotted away to the capital, threw herself upon the gallantry of the Preobazinsky (or Prætorian) guards, who in Russia are the most polite and compassionate cavaliers in the world, and begged they would—not protect her—but give her the crown. One troop, who have been a little Prussianized, hesitated; the rest thought her request as reasonable as possible, and immediately proclaimed her. The rest of the people, who abhor innovations, and who, consequently, could not pardon the Czar for giving them their liberty, concurred unanimously. Not a word was said in favour of Master Fitz-Catherine [8], who certainly has no right to the diadem, till his mother's no-right devolves to him by her death. The Czar, informed of the change of scene, fled to Cronstad, and embarked. All the royal galleys were sent after him, and he was overtaken. An act of abdication was presented to him. He signed it, and then made three requests,—for his own life, and for those of his mistress and of a Prussian adjutant who had accompanied him in his flight. Whether the first and last boons were granted, story is hitherto silent; but the next morning, Mademoiselle Woronzow flung herself on her knees before the Czarina, and begged to resign the order of St. Catherine, which she said the Czar had bestowed on her two months ago, and of which she owned herself unworthy,—so, probably, knows the Czarina, who returned the cross and dismissed her. Bestuchef [9] is recalled; somebody, I forgot who, and Schualow [10], the late Empress's minion, are the chief ministers.

A civil message has been sent to Mr. Keith [11]—to the King of Prussia, that he, having thirty thousand Russians

[8] The Grand-Duke Paul.

[9] Count Bestuchew-Riumin (1693-1766), Chancellor of the Empire in 1744; exiled, 1757.

[10] Count Schoualow, favourite of the Empress Elizabeth; but this did not prove true—he was not employed by Catherine II. *Walpole.*

[11] The English Minister. *Walpole.*

in his army, which her Majesty wants, she should be glad to have them return; however, as she knows his Majesty's occasions, she permits them to obey his orders till he can spare them. He replied that by their assistance he had extricated himself from his greatest difficulty, and would send them back immediately. Here ends my first tome. One wants to know the fate of the Czar, of his predecessor and successor John; of Munich, Biron, and all those heroes of former dramas, who had been recalled from Siberia. One does not want to know what the Empress-Queen feels. She, who devoutly hates every monarch who cannot or will not get children, must be transported. But what seeds are here for more revolutions! If John and Peter never come to light again, the blood-royal of Russia will be extinct, at least be extremely equivocal; and the title of a Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst to the crown cannot fascinate the eyes of every good Muscovite. As they are compendious in their proceedings, I should think the malcontents would not waste a summer in writing *Monitors* and *North-Russians*[12].

The King of Prussia has certainly driven back Daun, and got between him and Schweidnitz. Prince Ferdinand, too, has obtained another advantage[13]. The accounts came yesterday; no English were engaged; the affair lay between Hessians and Saxons, and Stainville is dislodged from his post. The advantage is reckoned considerable. The King of France is impatient to stop the effusion of blood. Choiseul is eager for peace, and the more so, as all his schemes are baffled. That we wish it all Europe knows, but that is not the best secret for obtaining it. Many people think it agreed. I dread this northern tempest.

What a volume is here! and, perhaps, not a syllable of it new to you! You will, at least, excuse the intention.

[12] In allusion to *North Britons*, the famous weekly papers written by Wilkes against Lord Bute. *Walpole.*

[13] On July 23, 1762, near Münden.

I wish you and I had any common acquaintance left, that we might chat of something else than kings and queens! Adieu!

P.S. The Russian minister here, I am told, has received credentials from the new government.

832. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Strawberry Hill, August 5, 1762.

As you have correspondents of better authority in town, I don't pretend to send you great events, and I know no small ones. Nobody talks of anything under a revolution. That in Russia alarms me, lest Lady Mary should fall in love with the Czarina, who has deposed *her* Lord Coke, and set out for Petersburgh. We throw away a whole summer in writing *Britons* and *North Britons*; the Russians change sovereigns faster than Mr. Wilkes[1] can choose a motto for a paper. What years were spent here in controversy on the abdication of King James, and the legitimacy of the Pretender! Commend me to the Czarina. They doubted, that is, her husband did, whether her children were of genuine blood-royal. She appealed to the Preobazinski guards, excellent casuists; and, to prove Duke Paul heir to the crown, assumed it herself. The proof was compendious and unanswerable.

I trust you know that Mr. Conway has made a figure by taking the castle of Waldeck. There has been another action to Prince Ferdinand's advantage, but no English were engaged.

You tantalize me by talking of the verdure of Yorkshire; we have not had a teacupful of rain till to-day for these six

Letter 832.—[1] John Wilkes (1727–1797), M.P. for Aylesbury. He began to publish the *North Briton* in January, 1762.

weeks. Corn has been reaped that never wet its lips; not a blade of grass; the leaves yellow and falling as in the end of October. In short, Twickenham is rueful; I don't believe Westphalia looks more barren. Nay, we are forced to fortify ourselves too. Hanworth was broken open last night, though the family was all there. Lord Vere lost a silver standish, an old watch, and his writing-box with fifty pounds in it. They broke it open in the park, but missed a diamond ring, which was found, and the telescope, which by the weight of the case they had fancied full of money. Another house in the middle of Sunbury has had the same fate. I am mounting cannon on my battlements.

Your château, I hope, proceeds faster than mine. The carpenters are all associated for increase of wages; I have had but two men at work these five weeks. You know, to be sure, that Lady Mary Wortley cannot live. Adieu, my dear Lord!

Your most faithful servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

833. To the Rev. William Cole.

SIR, Strawberry Hill, August 5, 1762.

As I had been dilatory in accepting your kind offer of coming hither, I proposed it as soon as I returned. As we are so burnt, and as my workmen have disappointed me, I am not quite sorry that I had not the pleasure of seeing you this week. Next week I am obliged to be in town on business. If you please, therefore, we will postpone our meeting till the first of September; by which time I flatter myself we shall be green, and I shall be able to show you my additional apartment to more advantage. Unless you forbid me, I will expect you, Sir, the very beginning of next month. In the meantime, I will only thank you for the

obliging and curious notes you have sent me, which will make a great figure in my second edition.

I am, Sir, your much obliged humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

834. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Strawberry Hill, August 10, 1762.

I HAVE received your letter from Greatworth since your return, but I do not find that you have got one, which I sent you to the Vine, enclosing one directed for you: Mr. Chute says you did not mention hearing from me there. I left your button too in town with old Richard to be transmitted to you.

Our drought continues, though we have had one handsome storm. I have been reading the story of Phaeton in the *Metamorphosis*; it is a picture of Twickenham. *Ardet Athos, taurusque Cilix*, &c.: Mount Richmond burns, parched is Petersham; *Parnassusque biceps*, dry is Pope's grot, the nymphs of Clivden are turning to blackmores, their faces are already as glowing as a cinder; Cycnus is changed into a swan; *quodque suo Tagus amne vehit, fluit ignibus aurum*, my gold-fishes are almost molten. Yet this conflagration is nothing to that in Russia; what do you say to a Czarina mounting her horse, and marching at the head of fourteen thousand men, with a large train of artillery, to dethrone her husband? Yet she is not the only virago in that country; the conspiracy was conducted by the sister[1] of the Czar's mistress, a heroine under twenty! They have no fewer than two Czars now in coops—that is, supposing these gentle damsels have murdered neither of them. Turkey will become a moderate government; one must travel to

LETTER 834. — [1] Ekaterina Romanova (1744-1810), Princess Daskkov, Catherine's confidante.

frozen climates if one chooses to see revolutions in perfection. 'Here's room for meditation ev'n to madness;' the deposed Emperor possessed Muscovy, was heir to Sweden, and the true heir of Denmark; all the northern crowns centred in his person—one hopes he is in a dungeon—that is, one hopes he is not assassinated—you cannot crowd more matter into a lecture of morality than is comprehended in those few words. This is the fourth Czarina that you and I have seen—to be sure, as historians, we have not passed our time ill. Mrs. Anne Pitt, who, I suspect, envies the heroine of twenty a little, says, 'The Czarina has only robbed *Peter* to pay *Paul*'—and I do not believe that her brother, Mr. William Pitt, feels very happy, that he cannot immediately dispatch a squadron to the Baltic to reinstate the friend of the King of Prussia. I cannot afford to live less than fifty years more, for so long, at least, I suppose, it will be before the court of Petersburgh will cease to produce amusing scenes. Think of old Count Biron, formerly master of that empire, returning to Siberia, and bowing to Bestucheff, whom he may meet on the road from thence. I interest myself now about nothing but Russia; Lord Bute must be sent to the Orcades before I shall ask a question in English politics: at least I shall expect that Mr. Pitt, at the head of the Preobazinski guards, will seize the person of the prime minister for giving up our conquests *to the chief enemy of this nation.*

My pen is in such a sublime humour, that it can scarce condescend to tell you that Sir Edward Deering[2] is going to marry Polly Hart, Draper's old mistress; and three more baronets, whose names nobody knows but Collins[3], are treading in the same steps. My compliments to the house

[2] Sir Edward Dering, sixth Baronet, of Surrenden Dering, Kent, d. 1798.

[3] Arthur Collins (d. 1760), author of the well-known *Peerage*, published a *Baronetage of England* in 1720.

of Montagu—upon my word I congratulate the General and you, and your Viceroy, that you escaped being deposed by the primate of Novogorod.

Yours ever,
H. W.

I this minute receive yours of Sunday—you frighten me about your bill—was it a bank-bill? Whatever it was, it came in a little dab of a letter; I enclosed it in one I wrote to you on the 29th of last month, and directed mine to the Vine, so that you ought to have had it the Friday before you set out. Louis put it into the post here, with three or four other letters, to one of which I have had an answer. Write immediately to Mr. Hampden[4]; tell him it went from hence on the 29th for the Vine—and you may enclose the following bit of a direction to him, to show how careless his people are: it is my maid's handwriting in Arlington Street and the postmark is *Portsmouth*. But I must scold you a little; how can you be so careless, not to give me notice that I was to receive a bill of consequence for you; and why not tell Richard when you was to leave this place? —you see how many idle journeys his letter necessarily took. I shall be very anxious till I hear you have found it.

835. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Aug. 12, 1762.

A Prince of Wales[1] was born this morning; the prospect of your old neighbour[2] at Rome does not improve; the House of Hanover will have numbers in its own family sufficient to defend their crown—unless they marry a Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst[3]. What a shocking tragedy that has

[4] As Joint Postmaster-General.

Letter 835.—[1] Afterwards George IV.

[2] The Pretender. *Walpole.*

[3] The Czarina Catherine II was Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst. *Walpole.*

proved already! There is a manifesto[4] arrived to-day that makes one shudder! This northern Athaliah, who has the modesty not to name her murdered *husband* in that light, calls him *her neighbour*; and, as if all the world were savages, like Russians, pretends that he died suddenly of a distemper that never was expeditious; mocks Heaven with pretensions to charity and piety; and heaps the additional inhumanity on the man she has dethroned and assassinated, of imputing his death to a judgement from Providence. In short, it is the language of usurpation and blood, counselled and apologized for by clergymen! It is Brunehault and an archbishop!

I have seen Mr. Keith's first dispatch; in general, my account was tolerably correct; but he does not mention Ivan[5]. The conspiracy advanced by one of the gang being seized, though for another crime; they thought themselves discovered. Orloff[6], one of them, hurried to the Czarina, and told her she had no time to lose. She was ready for anything; nay, marched herself at the head of fourteen thousand men and a train of artillery against her husband, but not being the only Alecto in Muscovy, she had been aided by a Princess Daschkaw, a nymph under twenty, and sister to the Czar's mistress. It was not the latter, as I told you, but the Chancellor's wife[7], who offered up the order of St. Catherine. I do not know how my Lord Buckingham feels, but unless to conjure up a tempest against this fury of the north, nothing could bribe me to set my foot in her dominions. Had she been priestess of the Scythian Diana, she would have sacrificed her brother by choice. It seems she does not degenerate; her mother

[4] The manifesto, with other papers relating to the deposition of Peter III, is printed in *Ann. Reg.*, 1762, pp. 222–8.

[5] Ivan or John, the former dethroned young Czar. *Walpole.*

[6] Alexis Orloff (1737–1808), brother of the Empress's favourite. He was supposed to be the actual murderer of Peter III.

[7] Countess Woronzow.

was ambitious and passionate for intrigues; she went to Paris, and dabbled in politics with all her might.

The world had been civilizing itself till one began to doubt whether ancient histories were not ancient legends. Voltaire had unpoisoned half the victims to the Church and to ambition. Oh! there never was such a man as Borgia; the league seemed a romance. For the honour of poor historians, the assassinations of the Kings of France and Portugal, majesties still living in spite of Damien and the Jesuits, and the dethronement and murder of the Czar, have restored some credibility to the annals of former ages. Tacitus recovers his character by the edition of Petersburgh.

We expect the definitive courier from Paris every day. Now it is said that they ask time to send to Spain. What? to ask leave to desert them? The Spaniards, not so expeditious in usurpation as the Muscovites, have made no progress in Portugal. Their absurd manifestoes appeared too soon. The Czarina and Princess Daschkaw stay till the stroke is struck. Really, my dear Sir, your Italy is growing unfashionably innocent,—if you don't take care, the Archbishop of Novogorod will deserve, by his crimes, to be at the head of the *Christian* Church. I fear my friend, good Benedict[8], infected you all with his virtues.

You see how this Russian revolution has seized every cell in my head—a Prince of Wales is passed over in a line, the Peace in another line. I have not even told you that the treasure of the *Hermione*[9], reckoned eight hundred thousand pounds, passed the end of my street this morning in one-

[8] Pope Benedict XIV. *Walpole.*

[9] *Gent. Mag.* 1762, July 6: 'In the *Gazette* of this day, is the following intelligence from the Hague: "The *Hermione*, a Spanish register ship, which left Lima the 6th of January, bound for Cadiz, was taken the 21st of May off Cape St. Vincent, by three English frigates, and carried into Gibraltar. Her cargo is said to consist of near twelve millions of money registered, and unregistered to be likewise very considerable, besides 2000 serons of cocoa, and a great deal of other valuable merchandize."'

and-twenty waggons. Of the Havannah I could tell you nothing if I would; people grow impatient at not hearing from thence. Adieu!

You see I am a punctual correspondent when Empresses commit murders.

836. To the Rev. William Cole.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, August 19, 1762.

I am very sensible of the obligations I have to you and Mr. Masters [1], and ought to make separate acknowledgements to both; but, not knowing how to direct to him, I must hope that you will kindly be once more the channel of our correspondence; and that you will be so good as to convey to him an answer to what you communicated from him to me, and in particular my thanks for the most obliging offer he has made me of a picture of Henry VII; of which I will by no means rob him. My view in publishing the *Anecdotes* was, to assist gentlemen in discovering the hands of pictures they possess; and I am sufficiently rewarded when that purpose is answered. If there is another edition, the mistake in the calculation of the tapestry shall be rectified, and any others, which any gentleman will be so good as to point out. With regard to the monument of Sir Nathaniel Bacon [2], Vertue certainly describes it as at Culford; and in looking to the place to which I am referred, in Mr. Masters's History of C.C.C.C. [3], I think he himself allows in the note, that there is such a monument

Letter 836.—Incomplete in C.; now first printed entire after collation with original in possession of Mrs. Alfred Morrison.

[1] Robert Masters (1713–1798), Rector of Landbeach and Vicar of Waterbeach, in Cambridgeshire; author of *The History of the College of Corpus Christi and the Blessed Virgin Mary (commonly called Bene't) in the University of Cambridge.*

[2] Sir Nathaniel Bacon, K.B., an artist mentioned in the *Anecdotes of Painting.*

[3] Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

at Culford. Of Sir Balthazar Gerbier[4] there are several different prints. Nich. Laniere[5] purchasing pictures at the King's sale, is undoubtedly a mistake for one of his brothers —I cannot tell now whether Vertue's mistake or my own. At Longleat is a whole-length of Frances, Duchess of Richmond, exactly such as Mr. Masters describes, but in oil, and I have another whole-length of the same Duchess, I believe by Mytens[6], but younger than that at Longleat. But the best picture of her is in Wilson's[7] Life of King James, and very diverting indeed. I will not trouble you, Sir, or Mr. Masters, with any more at present; but, repeating my thanks to both, will assure you that I am, Sir, your obliged humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Petitot never painted but in enamel. The miniature might, notwithstanding, be copied from him.

837. To the Rev. Thomas Warton[1].

SIR, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 21, 1762.

I was last week surprised with a very unexpected present[2] in your name; and still more, when, upon examining it, I found myself so much and so undeservedly distinguished by your approbation. I certainly ought to have thanked you immediately, but I chose to defer my acknowledgements till I had read your volumes very attentively.

[4] Sir Balthazar Gerbier, Knight (d. 1667), 'painter, architect, and courtier.' (*D. N. B.*)

[5] Nicholas Lanier or Laniere (d. 1666), Master of the Music to Charles I and Charles II, and purchaser of many pictures for the collection of Charles I. He repurchased several of these at the sale, as Walpole stated in the *Anecdotes of Painting*.

[6] In his *Description of Strawberry Hill* Horace Walpole attributes this portrait to Mark Garrard, or Gheeraerts.

[7] Arthur Wilson (1595–1652).

LETTER 837.—[1] Thomas Warton (1728–1790), Professor of Poetry at Oxford.

[2] *Observations on the Faery Queene of Spenser*. Warton's mentions of Horace Walpole occur in the eighth, tenth, and eleventh sections.

The praise you have bestowed on me debars me, Sir, from doing all the justice I ought to your work: the pleasure I received from it would seem to have grown out of the satisfaction I felt in what, if it would not be ungrateful, I should be humble enough to call flattery; for how can you, Sir, approve such hasty, superficial writings as mine, you, who in the same pursuits are so much more correct, and have gone so much deeper? for instance, compare your account of Gothic architecture with mine; I have scarce skimmed the subject; you have ascertained all its periods. If my *Anecdotes* should ever want another edition, I shall take the liberty of referring the readers to your chronicle of our buildings.

With regard to the Dance of Death, I must confess you have not convinced me. Vertue (for it was he, not I, that first doubted of that painting at Basil) persuaded me by the arguments I found in his MSS., and which I have given, that Holbein was not the author. The latter's prints, as executed by Hollar, confirmed me in that opinion: and you must forgive me if I still think the taste of them superior to Albert Durer. This is mere matter of opinion, and of no consequence, and the only point in your book, Sir, in which I do not submit to you and agree with you.

You will not be sorry to be informed, Sir, that in the library of the Antiquarian Society there is a large and very good print of Nonsuch [3], giving a tolerable idea of that pile, which was not the case of Speed's confused scrap. I have myself drawings of the two old palaces of Richmond and Greenwich; and should be glad to show them to you, if at any time of your leisure you would favour me with a visit here. You would see some attempts at Gothic, some miniatures of scenes which I am pleased to find you love.—Cloisters, screens, round towers, and a printing-house, all

[3] In Surrey, built by Henry VIII, pulled down about 1670.

indeed of baby dimensions, would put you a little in mind of the age of Caxton and Wynken. You might play at fancying yourself in a castle described by Spenser.

You see, Sir, by the persuasions I employ, how much I wish to tempt you hither!

I am, Sir,
Your most obliged and obedient servant,
HORACE WALPOLE.

P.S. You know, to be sure, that in Ames's *Typographical Antiquities* are specified all the works of Stephen Hawes [4].

838. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sunday, August 29, 1762.

We cannot afford to stay any longer for the Havannah, and must make peace without it. The Duke of Bedford, on Wednesday next, is to be named in form Ambassador Extraordinary, as the Duc de Nivernois [1] will be the same day at Paris; on the 7th of next month they are to meet at Dover, cross over and figure-in. Our duke carries good dispositions, but as there is a grain of wrong-headed warmth in his temper, I hope it will not leaven the whole pacific cake. Still I fear that obstinate diadem in Spain! who will not be bullied as when he was plain Don Carlos King of Naples, and which perhaps he has not forgot. Lord Tyrawley is returned, and as they were not pleased to see him and English troops in Portugal, when they feared it would draw down the war upon them, he now will not allow there is any war there, calls it a combination to get

[4] Stephen Hawes (d. 1523?), to whose writings, apparently, Spenser was to some extent indebted.

LETTER 838.—[1] Louis Jules Barbon Mancini Mazarin (1716–1798), Duc de Nivernais, sometime Ambassador at Rome and Berlin. He was a *littérateur* and a member of the French Academy. He translated into French Horace Walpole's *Essay on Modern Gardening*, printed in both languages at Strawberry Hill in 1785.

our money, and says he will eat every man that is killed, if the Portuguese will engage to roast him. Absurd as this proposition is, it is the only tolerable excuse I have heard for the King of Spain. *En attendant* the signing of preliminaries, we have a victory[2] of the King of Prussia over Laudohn, and a new squabble with the Dutch. They were sending a convoy of naval stores to Cales—to sell underhand; our good allies do not injure us for nothing; Commodore More sent some men-of-war to visit them; their guardian would not be examined, which he intimated by a cannon; a fight ensued, he has lost his nose and his first-lieutenant, and is brought into Portsmouth. This is our story as arrived to-day. The Dutch minister Borel is very temperate about it, though the lost nose belonged to his nephew.

I rejoice that you agree with me in abhorring that good woman the Czarina. Semiramis and her models never thought of palliating murders by manifestoes. One would think that Peter the Great had not yet taught the Russians to read! or she could not have the confidence to write such horrid and such gross falsehoods. They are as ill-drawn as if penned in Spain or Portugal. But what do you think of her recollecting herself, crying for her husband, and wanting to attend his funeral? This, and her backward and forward dealing with the King of Prussia, show what confusion subsists in her councils. I do not grieve to hear that as much reigns in her empire. I am impatient to learn that she is in a covered waggon on the road to Siberia.

I condole with you for the misfortune of the Gallery[3], and the loss of the Laocoön; yet, if a fine statue was to be demolished, it was one that could most easily be spared, as

[2] At Reichenbach, where, on August 16, 1762, the Prince of Brunswick-Bevern defeated Lacy in an attempt to interrupt the siege of Schweidnitz.

[3] The fire took place on August 13, 1762. Except for the loss of the Laocoön, no great damage was done.

there is a duplicate at Rome, and, as I remember, not only a finer, but a more authentic. But how came the Florentines to see their gallery burn with so much indifference? It was collected by the Medici. If formed by the Lorrainers I should not wonder.

Lady Mary Wortley is dead, as I prepared you to expect. Except some trifling legacies, she has given everything to Lady Bute, so we shall never know the sum—perhaps that was intended. It is given out for inconsiderable, besides some rich baubles. Another of our old acquaintance at Florence is greatly advanced; Lady Charlotte Finch[4] is made governess to the Prince; a choice so universally approved that I do not think she will be abused even in the *North Briton.*

Mrs. Foote's[5] friend, Lord Westmoreland[6], is just dead, from a stroke of the palsy. His countess[7] is gone to your sister at Linton. His Chancellorship of Oxford will be an object of contention. Lord Litchfield[8] will have the interest of the court, which now has some influence there; yet, perhaps, those[9] who would have voted for him formerly may not now be his heartiest friends.

Oh, when I was talking of the royal child, I should have told you of a delightful card which was sent by Mrs. Salvador and Mrs. Mendez, two rich Jewesses, *to know how the Queen did.* Lady Northumberland, who was in waiting, told the servant that that was not the manner—that they should have come in person to inquire. 'That's good,' replied the fellow; 'why, my mistress lies in herself': if she had not,

[4] Second daughter of Thomas Farmor, Earl of Pomfret, and widow of William Finch, Vice-Chamberlain, next brother to the Earl of Winchelsea, who was succeeded in the title by her only son. *Walpole.*

[5] Mary, sister of Sir Horace Mann. *Walpole.*

[6] John Fane, seventh Earl of Westmorland.

[7] Mary Cavendish, Countess of Westmoreland. *Walpole.*

[8] George Henry Lee, Earl of Litchfield. *Walpole.*

[9] The Jacobites. *Walpole.*

I suppose she would have expected the Queen to send to *her*.

The embassy to Paris is not the single glory of the Bedfords. After long hopes and trials on their side, and vast repugnance on his, the Duke of Marlborough has at last married their daughter[10].

I will make your compliments to Palazzo Pitti[11] when I see it; but he has scarce been here; he is not well, and drinking waters at Sunning Hill.

Have you received your commissions, particularly the music? Your brother James promised to be expeditious, but I have been so much out of town I have not seen him. Did not you tell me you had sent a parcel of my letters by somebody? I have not received them, and have forgot who the messenger was.

Thank you for Cocchi's[12] *Spectator*, I like it better than you shall own to him. With his father's freedom of thinking, he has a great deal of humour; but don't let him pursue it. Wit will be but slender comfort in the prisons of the Inquisition, or in a fortress; more uncomfortable, if his opening the eyes of others leads them into the same situation. If curing old errors would prevent the world from falling into new ones, *à la bonne heure*; but one nonsense is as good as another; better, if the change is to be made by blood. A Gustavus Vasa may strike a stroke for liberty, but few men are born to overturn a tyranny with their pen. When established liberty is in danger, then write for it; one may prevent people perhaps from shutting their eyes; 'tis more difficult to unclose them if shut. Nor can it be done when the world is in cold blood;

[10] Lady Caroline Russell, only daughter of the Duke of Bedford, wife of George Spencer, Duke of Marlborough, who, though in love with her, was unwilling to marry her, as he did not like her mother, the Duchess of Bedford. *Walpole.*

[11] Mr. T. Pitt. *Walpole.*

[12] Son of Dr. Cocchi, a Florentine physician and author; the son wrote some *Spectators* on the model of Addison's. *Walpole.*

you may snatch a fortunate fermenting minute, but you cannot prepare it. If Cocchi must write, let him come hither; here he may make reeds say what he will[13]; but let his own barber remind him that in some countries it is not safe even to trust reeds with one's thoughts. Adieu!

P.S. When I was mentioning acquaintance you have lost, I forgot to name Lady Fane[14]; you see nervous disorders are not very mortal; I think she must have been above seventy.

839. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 9, 1762.

Nondum laurus erat, longoque decentia crine
Tempora cingebat de qualibet arbore Phoebus.

This is a hint to you, that as Phœbus, who was certainly your superior, could take up with a chestnut garland, or any crown he found, you must have the humility to be content without laurels, when none are to be had: you have hunted far and near for them, and taken true pains to the last in that old nursery-garden Germany, and by the way have made me shudder with your last journal: but you must be easy with *qualibet* other *arbore*; you must come home to your own plantations. The Duke of Bedford is gone in a fury to make peace, for he cannot be even pacific with temper; and by this time I suppose the Duke de Nivernois is unpacking his portion of olive *dans la rue de Suffolk Street.* I say, I suppose—for I do not, like my friends at Arthur's, whip into my postchaise to see every novelty. My two

[13] Alluding to Midas's barber. *Walpole.*

[14] Charlotte, sister of James, first Earl Stanhope, and mother of Charles, the last Viscount Fane, friend of Sir Horace Mann, and his predecessor at Florence. *Walpole.*

sovereigns, the Duchess of Grafton and Lady Mary Coke, are arrived, and yet I have seen neither Polly nor Lucy. The former, I hear, is entirely French; the latter as absolutely English.

Well! but if you insist on not doffing your cuirass, you may find an opportunity of wearing it. The storm thickens. The City of London are ready to hoist their standard; treason is the *bon ton* at that end of the town; seditious papers pasted up at every corner: nay, my neighbourhood is not unfashionable; we have had them at Brentford and Kingston. The Peace is the cry; but to make weight, they throw in all the abusive ingredients they can collect. They talk of your friend the Duke of Devonshire's resigning; and, for the Duke of Newcastle, it puts him so much in mind of the end of Queen Anne's time, that I believe he hopes to be minister again for another forty years.

In the meantime, there are but dark news from the Havannah; the *Gazette*, who would not fib for the world, says we have lost but four officers; the world, who is not quite so scrupulous, says our loss is heavy.—But what shocking notice to those who have *Harry Conways* there! The *Gazette* breaks off with saying that they were to storm the next day! Upon the whole, it is regarded as a preparative to worse news.

Our next monarch was christened last night, George Augustus Frederick; the Princess, the Duke of Cumberland, and Duke of Mecklenburgh, sponsors; the ceremony performed by the Bishop of London. The Queen's bed, magnificent, and they say in taste, was placed in the great drawing-room: though she is not to see company in form, yet it looks as if they had intended people should have been there, as all who presented themselves were admitted, which were very few, for it had not been notified; I suppose to prevent too great a crowd: all I have heard named, besides

those in waiting, were the Duchess of Queensbury, Lady Dalkeith, Mrs. Grenville, and about four more ladies.

My Lady Ailesbury is abominable: she settled a party to come hither, and put it off a month; and now she has been here and seen my cabinet, she ought to tell you what good reason I had not to stir. If she has not told you that it is the finest, the prettiest, the newest, and the oldest thing in the world, I will not go to Park Place on the 20th, as I have promised. Oh! but tremble you may for me, though you will not for yourself—all my glories were on the point of vanishing last night in a flame! The chimney of the new gallery, which chimney is full of deal-boards, and which gallery is full of shavings, was on fire at eight o'clock. Harry had quarrelled with the other servants, and would not sit in the kitchen; and to keep up his anger, had lighted a vast fire in the servants' hall, which is under the gallery. The chimney took fire; and if Margaret had not smelt it with the first nose that ever a servant had, a quarter of an hour had set us in a blaze. I hope you are frightened out of your senses for me: if you are not, I will never live in a panic for three or four years for you again.

I have had Lord March and the Rena[1] here for one night, which does not raise my reputation in the neighbourhood, and may usher me again for a Scotchman into the *North Briton*[2]. I have had too a letter from a German that

LETTER 839.—[1] A fashionable courtesan. *Walpole.*

[2] The favourable opinion given by Mr. Walpole of the abilities of the Scotch in the *Royal and Noble Authors*, first drew upon him the notice of the *North Briton*. The passage alluded to is the following, in the second number of that paper: 'Mr. Horace Walpole, in that deep book called the *Royal and Noble Authors*, says, We are *the most accomplished nation in Europe; the nation to which, if any one country is endowed with a superior partition of sense* (and he ought to have added, of *humour* and *taste*, in both which we excel), *I should be inclined to give the preference in that particular.* How faithful is this masterly pen of Mr. Walpole! How unlike the odious sharp and strong incision pen of Swift! He has called us only *a poor* FIERCE *northern* people; and has asserted, *that the pensions and employments possessed by the natives of Scotland in England, amounted to more than the whole body of their nobility ever spent*

I never saw, who tells me that, hearing by chance how well I am with my Lord Bute, he desires me to get him a place. The *North Briton* first *recommended* me for an employment, and has now given me interest at the back-stairs. It is a notion, that whatever is said of one, has generally some kind of foundation: surely I am a contradiction to this maxim! yet, was I of consequence enough to be remembered, perhaps posterity would believe that I was a flatterer! Good night!

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

840. To Grosvenor Bedford.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Sept. 9, 1762.

I must trouble you in an affair in which it is not easy, I fear, to assist me. My servant, Henry Jones, is grown old and wants to retire. If you could find a very good servant for me, it would be of great use. I will tell you exactly what sort of man I want. He is to be steward and butler, not my gentleman, nor have anything to do with dressing me, or with my clothes, but is to wait at table and at tea. His chief business will be to look after my family, in which he must be strict; and he must understand buying and selling, for what I shall chiefly expect will be, that he shall bring me every Saturday night the house-bills for the week, and every month those of the other tradesmen and servants. For these reasons which I cannot dispense with, I choose to have a grave servant of forty, or near it, with

at home; and that all the money they raised upon the public was hardly sufficient to defray their civil and military lists. This was at the latter end of Queen Anne's reign. How very different is the case now! I beg to recommend Mr. Walpole, too, for so very particular a compliment (which I hope flowed from his *heart* still more than from his *head*), and I entreat his Lordship to put him on the list immediately after my countrymen and the Cocoa.' *Walpole.*

a very good character, and I should wish, not married. When you inquire, be so good as not to let it be known that it is for me; as I do not like to have servants present themselves, whom I should probably not care to take. The wages I shall make little difficulty about, if it is one that I can depend upon for being careful in my family, and letting there be no waste. I shall be in town on Monday night, and if you will call on me on Tuesday or Wednesday mornings, I will talk to you farther, for though I should be glad to have this servant soon, I am in no particular haste. Adieu, dear Sir! Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. One material condition will be, that he is not to have friends coming to my house after him.

841. To Grosvenor Bedford.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Sept. 24, 1762.

I would not trouble you with the enclosed commissions, but as I think you pass by both doors almost every day. Be so good as to inquire if the persons mentioned in these advertisements are really objects of charity, and if they are, I will beg you to leave a guinea for each, and put it to my account. Yours ever,

H. W.

842. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 24, 1762.

I was disappointed at not seeing you, as you had given me hopes, but shall be glad to meet the General, as I think I shall, for I go to town on Monday to restore the furniture of my house, which has been painted; and to stop the gaps as well as I can, which I have made by bringing everything

hither; but as long as there are auctions, and I have any money or hoards, those wounds soon close.

I can tell you nothing of your Dame Montagu and her arms; but I dare to swear Mr. Chute can. I did not doubt but you would approve Mr. Bateman's, since it has changed its religion; I converted it from Chinese to Gothic. His cloister of founders, which by the way is Mr. Bentley's, is delightful; I envy him his old chairs, and the tomb of Bishop Caducanus[1]; but I do not agree with you in preferring the Duke's[2] to Stowe. The first is in a greater style, I grant, but one always perceives the *mésalliance*; the blood of Bagshot Heath will never let it be green. If Stowe had but half so many buildings as it has, there would be too many; but that profusion, that glut, enriches, and makes it look like a fine landscape of Albano; one figures oneself in Tempe or Daphne. I never saw St. Leonard's Hill; would you spoke seriously of buying it! one could stretch out the arm of one's postchaise, and reach you when one would.

I am here all in ignorance and rain, and have seen nobody these two days since I returned from Park Place. I do not know whether the mob hissed my Lord Bute at his installation[3], as they intended, or whether my Lord Talbot drubbed them for it. I know nothing of the Peace, nor of the Havannah, but I could tell you much of old English engravers[4], whose lives occupy me at present. On Sunday I am to dine with your prime minister Hamilton, for though I do not seek the world, and am best pleased when quiet here, I do not refuse its invitations, when it does not press one to pass above a few hours with it. I have no quarrel to it, when it comes not to me, nor asks me to lie from home.

LETTER 842.—[1] Caducanus or Cadwgan, Bishop of Bangor, 1215–41.

[2] The Ranger's Lodge, in Windsor Great Park.

[3] As Knight of the Garter, on Sept. 22, 1762.

[4] *A Catalogue of Engravers*, printed at Strawberry Hill in 1763.

That favour is only granted to the elect, to Greatworth, and a very few more spots. Adieu!

Yours most sincerely,
H. W.

843. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 26, 1762.

Well, my dear Sir, we write and write, but we do not take the Havannah or make the Peace; I wish the latter may not depend on the former! Lord Albemarle's last letters have not been made public; we do not doubt but there is great sickness among our troops, nor do the Spaniards seem so terrified at the name of an Englishman as the French are. The former proceed in conquering Portugal before our faces; yet we have given them a little check[1], and I hope a little spirit to the Portuguese. The Duchess of Bedford is certainly going to Paris, but we do not expect the definitive treaty before the Parliament meets. The clamour does not increase, though I do not tell you it abates. One knows not what to believe about the chiefs. Pitt is said to declare firmly against opposition; others make a salvo for him, unless *in case of a bad peace.* But neither they nor he know what he will do till he is in the middle of his first speech. In the meantime Lord Temple is all flax, tow, pitch, and combustibles. What I do believe is, that Pitt has refused all junction with the Duke of Newcastle, who has certainly contributed most to raise the flame, who is for ever at court, and yet ruining himself with more alacrity than ever in entertainments to keep up a party; yet I dare to say he will neither have courage to head an opposition, nor art enough to get to the top again, but will be just troublesome enough to obtain some insignificant post in

Letter 843.—[1] The capture of Valencia de Alcantara on Aug. 27, 1762, by British troops under Brigadier Burgoyne.

the Cabinet Council. Somebody said t'other day, 'Yet sure the Duke of Newcastle does not want parts';—'No,' replied Lord Talbot, 'for he has done without them for forty years.' His Grace, Lord Temple, and Lord Bute, met last Wednesday at the installation of the last. The first, when he performed the ceremony, embraced Lord Bute; Lord Temple sat next to him at dinner, but they did not exchange a syllable, and yet I do not esteem habitual virulence more than habitual dissimulation. The pomp was great; the King, Queen, and all the family, but Princess Amelia (who excused herself from seeing her father's trophies buried), were there: Prince William[2] was installed too, and it was the King's first appearance to take his stall. The Queen was charmed with Windsor, and they stay there till Tuesday. Pains had been taken to breed a riot, but nothing happened. The Duke de Nivernois was ill, and could not see the ceremony. He is very battered, delicate, and anxious about his health; very plain and little in his person, but with the air of a gentleman, so I hear. I have not seen him, nor have any curiosity; he translated Lord Lyttelton's *Dialogues of the Dead*, which has not given me much opinion of him.

I did not doubt but such humanity as yours would agree with me about the Czarina—but I grow a little cooled upon that subject; I have not named her with abhorrence above seven times this week.

Well, I have seen my Duchess[3]—you have not returned her as you received her. I was quite struck at seeing her so much altered. She wears no rouge, and being leaner, her features, which never were delicate, seem larger. Then, she is not dressed French, but Italian, that is, over-French. In one point, in which she cannot be improved, she seemed

[2] William Henry, third son of Frederick, Prince of Wales, afterwards Duke of Gloucester. *Walpole.*

[3] The Duchess of Grafton. *Walpole.*

so; being thinner, she looked taller. She spoke of you to my perfect content; and as if I did not know it, told me of all your good-breeding, good-nature, and attentions. She had said to a friend of mine that she had something for me from you, but that I should not have it till she saw me. That was but for half an hour, and not at her own house, so she and I both forgot it; was it my letters? I hope not, for she is gone to her father's[4] in Northumberland, and being doomed never to appear where she is formed to shine, was not at the Installation; nay, will not be in town till December. If she who was so proper for it was not at Windsor, pray do not imagine I was. I saw that show above thirty years ago, and do not, like the Duke of Newcastle, tease every reign with my presence.

Lord Melcombe, except some trifling legacies, has left everything in his power to a near relation, Mr. Windham; but Eastbury[5] and the estate are Lord Temple's, who having always threatened to pull down that pile of ugliness when it should be his, is charmed since he has seen it through the eyes of possession. I told you of Lady Mary Wortley's death and will, but I did not then know that, with her usual maternal tenderness, and usual generosity, she has left her son one guinea.

Arlington Street, Monday night, 27th.

This codicil to my letter will not rejoice you. I find here great doubts of the Peace: in the City they disbelieve it, and prove their disbelief substantially: the stocks fall fast. What a scene will follow, if this negotiation breaks off too! What acrimony, if we think ourselves again deluded by France! And does war want new edge? Wretched mortals! more wretched Kings and ministers, who look on lives as on gunpowder, and care not how many barrels they waste of

[4] Lord Ravensworth. *Walpole.* [5] Near Blandford, in Dorsetshire.

either! Negotiations indeed will fluctuate before they settle. I wish this may be only one of their qualms. Prince Ferdinand, too, will not be sparing of the human gunpowder committed to his charge: he will have a match ready in his hand to the last moment to blow up the treaty;—such a blessing is a foreign general, who has a different interest and cannot be called to account! Sure these monarchs and heroes would shudder, if they saw a bill drawn upon them thus:—

Queen of Hungary, debtor to the human species	Millions.
King of Prussia, ditto	do.
King of France, by his stewards . . .	do.
King of Spain	Many thousands.
Prince Ferdinand, a private gentleman .	Some thousands.
Czarina	Only her own husband.
Total . .	Half Europe.

844. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 28, 1762.

To my sorrow and your wicked joy, it is a doubt whether Monsieur de Nivernois will shut the temple of Janus. We do not believe him quite so much in earnest as the dove[1] we have sent, who has summoned his turtle to Paris. She sets out the day after to-morrow, escorted, to add gravity to the embassy, by George Selwyn. The stocks don't mind this journey of a rush, but draw in their horns every day. We can learn nothing of the Havannah, though the axis on which the whole treaty turns. We believe, for we have never seen them, that the last letters thence brought accounts of great loss, especially by the sickness. Colonel Burgoyne[2]

Letter 844.—[1] The Duke of Bedford, then Embassador at Paris. *Walpole.*

[2] Colonel, afterwards General Burgoyne, with the Comte de Lippe, commanded the British troops sent to the relief of Portugal. *Walpole.*—John Burgoyne (1722–1792), soldier

has given a little fillip to the Spaniards, and shown them, that though they can take Portugal from the Portuguese, it will not be entirely so easy to wrest it from the English. Lord Pulteney[3], and my nephew[4], Lady Waldegrave's brother, distinguished themselves. I hope your Hereditary Prince is recovering of the wounds in his loins; for they say he is to marry Princess Augusta.

Lady Ailesbury has told you, to be sure, that I have been at Park Place. Everything there is in beauty; and, I should think, pleasanter than a campaign in Germany. Your Countess is handsomer than fame; your daughter improving every day; your plantations more thriving than the poor woods about Marburg and Cassel. Chinese pheasants swarm there.—For Lady Cecilia Johnston, I assure you, she sits close upon her egg, and it will not be her fault if she does not hatch a hero. We missed all the glories of the Installation[5], and all the faults, and all the frowning faces there. Not a Knight was absent, but the lame and the deaf.

Your brother, Lady Hertford, and Lord Beauchamp, are gone from Windsor into Suffolk. Henry[6], who has the genuine indifference of a *Harry Conway*, would not stir from Oxford for those pageants. Lord Beauchamp showed me a couple of his letters, which have more natural humour and cleverness than is conceivable. They have the ease and drollery of a man of parts who has lived long in the world—and he is scarce seventeen!

I am going to Lord Waldegrave's[7] for a few days, and,

and dramatist, afterwards well known for his surrender to Gates at Saratoga in 1777.

[3] Only son of William Pulteney, Earl of Bath. He died before his father. *Walpole.*

[4] Edward, only son of Sir Edward Walpole. He died in 1771. *Walpole.*

[5] An installation of Knights of the Garter. *Walpole.*

[6] Henry Seymour Conway, second son of Francis, Earl and afterwards Marquis of Hertford. *Walpole.* He died unmarried in 1830.

[7] James, second Earl of Waldegrave, Knight of the Garter, had married Maria, second daughter of Sir Edward Walpole. *Walpole.*

when your Countess returns from Goodwood, am to meet her at Churchill's. Lord Strafford, who has been terribly alarmed about my Lady, mentions, with great pleasure, the letters he receives from you. His neighbour and cousin, Lord Rockingham, I hear, is one of the warmest declaimers at Arthur's against the present system[8]. Abuse continues in much plenty, but I have seen none that I thought had wit enough to bear the sea. Good night. There are satiric prints enough to tapestry Westminster Hall.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

Stay a moment: I recollect telling you a lie in my last, which, though of no consequence, I must correct. The right reverend midwife, Thomas Secker, Archbishop, did christen the babe, and not the Bishop of London[9], as I had been told by matron authority. Apropos to babes: have you read Rousseau on Education[10]? I almost got through a volume at Park Place, though impatiently; it has more tautology than any of his works, and less eloquence. Sure he has writ more sense and more nonsense than ever any man did of both! All I have yet learned from this work is, that one should have a tutor for one's son to teach him to have no ideas, in order that he may begin to learn his alphabet as he loses his maidenhead.

Thursday, noon, 30th.

Io Havannah! Io Albemarle! I had sealed my letter, and given it to Harry for the post, when my Lady Suffolk sent me a short note from Charles Townshend, to say the Havannah surrendered on the 12th of August, and that we have taken twelve ships of the line in the harbour. The

[8] Rockingham resigned his place in the Bedchamber in the following November, in consequence of his disapproval of the Peace.

[9] Richard Osbaldeston; d. 1764.

[10] *Émile, ou de l'Éducation*, published in April, 1761.

news came late last night. I do not know a particular more. God grant no more blood be shed! I have hopes again of the Peace. My dearest Harry, now we have preserved you to the last moment, do take care of yourself. When one has a whole war to wade through, it is not worth while to be careful in any one battle; but it is silly to fling one's self away in the last. Your character is established; Prince Ferdinand's letters are full of encomiums on you; but what will weigh more with you, save yourself for another war, which I doubt you will live to see, and in which you may be superior commander, and have space to display your talents. A second in service is never remembered, whether the honour of the victory be owing to him, or he killed. Turenne would have a very short paragraph, if the Prince of Condé had been general when he fell. Adieu!

845. To the Rev. William Cole.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 30, 1762.

It gives me great satisfaction that Strawberry Hill pleased you enough to make it a second visit. I could name the time instantly, but you threaten me with coming so loaded with presents, that it will look mercenary, not friendly, to accept your visit. If your chaise is empty, to be sure I shall rejoice to hear it at my gate about the 22nd of this next month: if it is crammed, though I have built a convent, I have not so much of the monk in me as not to blush—nor can content myself with praying to Our Lady of Strawberries to reward you.

I am greatly obliged to you for the accounts from Gothurst[1]. What treasures there are still in private seats, if one knew where to hunt them! The emblematic picture

Letter 845.—[1] Gothurst or Gayhurst, near Newport Pagnell in Buckinghamshire.

of Lady Digby[2] is like that at Windsor, and the fine small one at Mr. Skinner's. I should be curious to see the portrait of Sir Kenelm's father; was not he the remarkable Everard Digby[3]? How singular too is the picture of young Joseph and Madam Potiphar! *His Majora*—one has heard of Josephs that did not find the lady's purse any hindrance to Majora.

You are exceedingly obliging in offering to make an index to my prints, Sir; but that would be a sad way of entertaining you. I am antiquary and virtuoso enough myself not to dislike such employment, but could never think it charming enough to trouble anybody else with it. Whenever you do me the favour of coming hither, you will find yourself entirely at liberty to choose your own amusements—if you choose a bad one, and in truth there is not very good, you must blame yourself; while you know, I hope, that it would be my wish that you did not repent your favours to, Sir,

Yr. most obliged
Humble Servant,
Hor. Walpole.

846. To Lady Hervey.

Madam, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 1, 1762.

I hope you are as free from any complaint, as I am sure you are full of joy. Nobody partakes more of your satisfaction for Mr. Hervey's[1] safe return[2]; and now he is safe, I trust you enjoy his glory: for this is a wicked age; you are one of those un-Lacedæmonian mothers, that are not

[2] Venetia, daughter of Sir Edward Stanley, of Tonge Castle, Shropshire, and wife of Sir Kenelm Digby, Knight.

[3] Sir Everard Digby, Knight (1578–1606), executed for participation in the Gunpowder Plot.

Letter 846.—[1] General William Hervey, youngest son of Lady Hervey. *Walpole.*—Probably a mistake for Captain Augustus Hervey. See the following letter.

[2] From the Havannah. *Walpole.*

content unless your children come off with all their limbs. A Spartan countess would not have had the confidence of my Lady Albemarle to appear in the Drawing-room without at least one of her sons being knocked on the head[3]. However, pray, Madam, make my compliments to her; one must conform to the times, and congratulate people for being happy, if they like it. I know one matron, however, with whom I may condole; who, I dare swear, is miserable that she has not one of her acquaintance in affliction, and to whose door she might drive with all her sympathizing greyhounds to inquire after her, and then to Hawkins's, and then to Graham's, and then cry over a ball of rags that she is picking, and be so sorry for poor Mrs. Such-an-one, who has lost an only son!

When your Ladyship has hung up all your trophies, I will come and make you a visit. There is another ingredient I hope not quite disagreeable that Mr. Hervey has brought with him, un-Lacedæmonian too, but admitted among the other vices of our system. If besides glory and riches they have brought us peace, I will make a bonfire myself, though it should be in the mayoralty of that virtuous citizen Mr. Beckford. Adieu, Madam!

Your Ladyship's most faithful humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

847. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 3, 1762.

I AM now only the Peace in your debt, for here is the Havannah. Here it is, following despair and accompanied by glory, riches, and twelve ships of the line[1]; not all in person, for four are destroyed. The booty—that is an un-

[3] See note on the following letter.

LETTER 847.—[1] Taken in harbour of Havana.

dignified term—I should say, the plunder, or the spoils, which is a more classic word for such heroes as we are, amounts to at least a million and a half. Lord Albemarle's share will be about 140,000*l.* I wish I knew how much that makes in *talents*, or *great sesterces*. What to me is better than all, we have lost but sixteen hundred men; *but*, alas! Most of the sick recovered! What an affecting object my Lady Albemarle[2] would make in a triumph, surrounded by her three victorious sons; for she had three at stake! My friend Lady Hervey[3], too, is greatly happy; her son Augustus distinguished himself particularly[4], brought home the news, and on his way took a rich French ship going to Newfoundland with military stores. I do not surely mean to detract from him, who set all this spirit on float, but you see we can conquer, though Mr. Pitt is at his plough.

The express arrived while the Duc de Nivernois was at dinner with Lord Bute. The world says that the joy of the company showed itself with too little politeness—I hope not; I would not exult to a single man, and a minister of peace; it should be in the face of Europe, if I assumed that dominion which the French used to arrogate; nor do I believe it happened; all the company are not so charmed with the event. They are not quite convinced that it will facilitate the pacification, nor am I clear it will. The City of London will not lower their hopes, and views, and expectations, on this acquisition. Well, if we can steer

[2] Lady Anne Lenox, youngest daughter of the first Duke of Richmond. George, third Earl of Albemarle; Augustus Keppel, afterwards admiral; and General William Keppel, her three eldest sons, all commanded at the taking of the Havannah. *Walpole.*

[3] Mary Lepelle, widow of John, Lord Hervey, and mother of George William, Augustus, and Frederic, all successively Earls of Bristol. *Walpole.*

[4] In command of the *Dragon* he took part in the cannonade of the Moro Castle at the entrance to the harbour of Havana. His ship went aground, but he continued to fire till ordered to desist.

wisely between insolence from success and impatience for peace, we may secure our safety and tranquillity for many years. But they are not yet arrived, nor hear I anything that tells me the Peace will certainly be made. France *wants* peace; I question if she *wishes* it. How his Catholic royalty will take this, one cannot guess. My good friend, we are not at table with Monsieur de Nivernois, so we may smile at this consequence of the family-compact. Twelve ships of the line and the Havannah!—it becomes people who cannot keep their own, to divide the world between them!

Your nephew Foote has made a charming figure; the King and Queen went from Windsor to see Eton; he is captain of the Oppidans, and made a speech to them with great applause. It was in English, which was right; why should we talk Latin to our Kings rather than Russ or Iroquois? Is this a season for being ashamed of our country? Dr. Barnard[5], the master, is the Pitt of masters, and has raised the school to the most flourishing state it ever knew.

Lady Mary Wortley has left twenty-one large volumes in prose and verse, in manuscript; nineteen are fallen to Lady Bute, and will not see the light in haste. The other two Lady Mary in her passage gave to somebody in Holland, and at her death expressed great anxiety to have them published. Her family are in terrors lest they should be, and have tried to get them: hitherto the man is inflexible. Though I do not doubt but they are an olio of lies and scandal, I should like to see them. She had parts, and had seen much. Truth is often at bottom of such compositions, and places itself here and there without the intention of the

[5] Edward Barnard (1717–1781), Head Master of Eton, 1754–64; Provost of Eton, 1764. He raised the numbers of the school from three to five hundred.

mother. I dare say in general, these works are like Madame del Pozzo's[6] *Mémoires*. Lady Mary had more wit, and something more delicacy; their manners and morals were a good deal more alike.

There is a lad, a waiter at St. James's Coffee House, of thirteen years old, who says he does not wonder we beat the French, for he himself could thrash Monsieur de Nivernois. This duke is so thin and small, that when minister at Berlin, at a time that France was not in favour there, the King of Prussia said, if his eyes were a little older, he should want a glass to see the ambassador. I do not admire this *bon mot*. Voltaire is continuing his *Universal History*; he showed the Duke of Grafton a chapter, to which the title is, *Les Anglois vainqueurs dans les Quatre Parties du Monde*. There have been minutes in the course of our correspondence when you and I did not expect to see this chapter. It is bigger by a quarter than our predecessors the Romans had any pretensions to, and larger than I hope our descendants will see written of them, for conquest, unless by necessity, as ours has been, is an odious glory; witness my hand,

H. Walpole.

P.S. I recollect that my last letter was a little melancholy; this, to be sure, has a grain or two of national vanity; why, I must own I am a miserable philosopher; the weather of the hour does affect me. I cannot here, at a distance from the world and unconcerned in it, help feeling a little satisfaction when my country is successful; yet, tasting its honours and elated with them, I heartily, seriously wish

[6] Madame del Pozzo, an Italian lady, who, for a short time, had been mistress of the Regent of France, was celebrated for her wit, which was extremely coarse and indelicate, and was infamous for her debaucheries and abusive language. She wrote *Mémoires* of her life, in which she had spoken so scandalously of Elizabeth Farnese, Queen Dowager of Spain, that the latter employed persons to seize her and force them from her. Mr. Walpole knew her at Florence. *Walpole.*

they had their *quietus*. What is the fame of men compared to their happiness? Who gives a nation peace, gives tranquillity to all. How many must be wretched, before one can be renowned! A hero bets the lives and fortunes of thousands, whom he has no right to game with: but, alas! Cæsars have little regard to their fish and counters!

Arlington Street, Oct. 4th.

I find I have told you an enormous lie[7], but luckily I have time to retract it. Lady Mary Wortley has left nothing like the number of volumes I have said. At the Installation I hear Charles Townshend said they were four —last Thursday he told me twenty-one. I seldom do believe or repeat what he says—for the future I will think of these twenty-one volumes.

There has been a disagreeable bloody affair[8] in Germany. Soubize sent Lord Granby word that he hoped soon to embrace him—in two days they cannonaded us. It was entirely a cannonading affair, but it lasted fourteen hours, and cost them between two and three thousand men. We have lost between seven and eight hundred, with fourteen officers of the Guards killed and wounded. Prince Ferdinand, who either suspected the *Danaos*, or had a mind his army should, gave it out in orders that the whole army should be upon their guard. If our amity begins thus, how will it end?

[7] It was true that Lady Mary Wortley did leave seventeen volumes of her works and memoires. She gave her letters from Constantinople to an English clergyman in Holland, who published them; and, the day before she died, she gave him those seventeen volumes, with injunctions to publish them too; but, in two days, the man had a crown living from Lord Bute, and Lady Bute had the seventeen volumes. *Walpole.*

[8] The cannonade of Brücken-Mühle or Amöneburg, in Hesse-Nassau, carried on throughout Sept. 21, 1762, without any decisive result.

848. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Oct. 4, 1762.

I am concerned to hear you have been so much out of order, but should rejoice your sole command[1] disappointed you, if this late cannonading business[2] did not destroy all my little prospects. Can one believe the French negotiators are sincere, when their marshals are so false? What vexes me more is to hear you seriously tell your brother that you are always unlucky, and lose all opportunities of fighting. How can you be such a child? You cannot, like a German, love fighting for its own sake. No: you think of the mob of London, who, if you had taken Peru, would forget you the first Lord Mayor's Day, or for the first hyæna that comes to town. How can one build on virtue and on fame too? When do they ever go together? In my passion, I could almost wish you were as worthless and as great as the King of Prussia! If conscience is a punishment, is not it a reward too? Go to that silent tribunal, and be satisfied with its sentence.

I have nothing new to tell you. The Havannah is more likely to break off the Peace than to advance it. We are not in a humour to give up the world; *anzi*, are much more disposed to conquer the rest of it. We shall have some cannonading here, I believe, if we sign the Peace. Mr. Pitt, from the bosom of his retreat, has made Beckford mayor. The Duke of Newcastle, if not taken in again, will probably end his life as he began it—at the head of a mob. Personalities and abuse, public and private, increase to the most outrageous degree, and yet the town is at the emptiest.

Letter 848.—[1] During Lord Granby's absence from the army in Flanders the command in chief had devolved on Mr. Conway. *Walpole.*

[2] The affair of Bucker-Muhl. See *Annual Register* for the year 1762, p. 49. *Walpole.*

You may guess what will be the case in a month. I do not see at all into the storm: I do not mean that there will not be a great majority to vote anything; but there are times when even majorities cannot do all they are ready to do. Lord Bute has certainly great luck, which is something in politics, whatever it is in logic: but whether peace or war, I would not give him much for the place he will have this day twelvemonth. Adieu! The watchman goes past one in the morning; and as I have nothing better than reflections and conjectures to send you, I may as well go to bed.

849. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 14, 1762.

You will not make your fortune in the Admiralty at least; your King and cousin is to cross over and figure in with George Grenville; the latter takes the Admiralty, Lord Halifax the Seals[1]—still, I believe, reserving Ireland for pocket-money—at least no new viceroy is named. Mr. Fox undertakes the House of Commons[2]—and the Peace—and the war—for if we have the first, we may be pretty sure of the second.

You see Lord Bute totters; reduced to shift hands so often, it does not look like much stability. The campaign at Westminster will be warm. When Mr. Pitt can have such a mouthful as Lord Bute, Mr. Fox, and the Peace, I do not think three thousand pounds a year will stop it. Well, I shall go into my old corner under the window, and laugh; I had rather sit by my fire here; but if there are to be bull-feasts, one would go and see them, when one has

Letter 849.—[1] As Secretary of State for the Northern Province.

[2] 'In October 1762, Fox, with considerable reluctance, once more accepted the leadership of the House of Commons.... Fox had assured the King that Parliament should approve of the Peace by large majorities, and by the employment of the grossest bribery and intimidation he kept his word.' (*D. N. B.*)

a convenient box for nothing, and is very indifferent about the cavalier-combatants. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

850. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 20, 1762.

A new revolution has happened, which perhaps has not struck you as such, from what little has appeared in the papers. Mr. Grenville[1], Secretary of State, and Lord Halifax, First Lord of the Admiralty, have changed places. 'Well!' say you foreigners, 'and do you call that a revolution? Sure, you English are not accustomed to great events, violent catastrophes, when you look on two ministers crossing over and figuring-in, as a revolution? Why, in Russia, a wife murders her husband, seizes the crown——' Stay, my good Sir; we do not strangle the ten commandments every time there is to be an alteration in the state; but, have a little patience, and you will find these removes not quite so simple as you imagine. Mr. Grenville, besides holding the Seals, was something else, was not he? Have you never heard of 'manager in the House of Commons'? or, what defines it better, had the *management* of the House of Commons. This, Lord Halifax, being in the Lords, cannot execute—if he could, Lord Bute would perform it himself. 'Well,' you cry, 'and who is to do it?' I will tell you presently—let us dispatch Mr. Grenville first. Three explanations are given—the majority, of which number for once am I, say he had qualms on the Peace, could not digest such good terms as have been offered to France. Another set, no

Letter 850.—[1] George Grenville, next brother of Richard, Earl Temple. *Walpole.*

friends of Mr. Grenville, suspect some underhand dealings with his brother and Mr. Pitt. This I, who have a very good opinion of Grenville, do not believe. At most, I will allow him to have been afraid of signing the treaty. The third opinion, held by some of Lord Bute's friends, at least, given out by them, though not by himself, who imputes only timidity to Mr. Grenville, whisper, that the latter wanted the *real* power[2] of the House of Commons, and did not notify this ambition, till he thought the nearness of the Parliament would oblige his demands to be accorded. I have many reasons for disbelieving this. In the first place, the service was forced upon him, not sought; in the next, considering what steps have been taken for sole power, he could not expect it. In the last, the designation of his successor proves this was not fact, as Lord Bute must still have thought Mr. Grenville a less formidable substitute than the person he has been obliged to embrace—in short, Mr. Fox is again manager of the House of Commons, remaining Paymaster and waiving the Seals; that is, will defend the treaty, not sign it. This wants no comment.

I see your impatience again—what, is the treaty then made? No—shall I tell you more? I mean my private opinion; it will not be made. Not for want of inclination here, nor in the Ambassador at Paris—but I do not believe we can get it. Does that horrid and treacherous carnage, *cannonading* they call it, look like much sincerity on the French side? But the Spaniards will not accede. Have not I always told you, I was persuaded that the crown of Portugal reannexed had more charms in the proud eye of Spain than the Havannah in the eye of their interest? Mr. Stanley is indeed going directly after the Duke of

[2] Grenville proved a very ambitious man, and grew early, though secretly, an enemy of Lord Bute, as appeared afterwards. *Walpole.*

Bedford—for what I know not. I do not expect much from it.

This is the state of the day. If you ask what is to follow, I answer, confusion; and the end of the war removed to the Lord knows when. When the administration totters in four months,—when the first breach is made within the walls, not from without, is such a citadel impregnable? But if new armies, unexpected armies, join the enemy? nay, I do not tell you the Duke of Newcastle has joined Mr. Pitt; on the contrary, the world says the latter has haughtily rejected all overtures. But, pray, did not the Patriots and the Jacobites concur in every measure against my father, whatever were their different ends? That an opposition, much more formidable than is yet known, will appear, is very probable; and that Mr. Fox, so far from bringing any strength, except great abilities, to Lord Bute's support, will add fuel to the flame is, I think, past doubt. Unpopularity heaped on unpopularity does not silence clamour. Even the silly Tories will not like to fight under Mr. Fox's banner.

Upon the whole, I look on Lord Bute's history as drawing fast to a conclusion. So far from being ready to meet the Parliament, I shall not be surprised if they are not able to meet it, but throw up the cards before they begin to play them. My hopes of peace are vanished! Few disinterested persons would be content with so moderate a one as I should; yet I can conceive a peace with which I should not be satisfied. Yet if the time comes when you hear me again lamenting a glorious war, do not think me fickle and inconsistent. Had that happy stroke of a pen been struck last year, when we might have had a reasonable peace, we should not now be begging it, nor be uncertain whether we are not to be at last magnificently undone.

I believe I have made a great blunder. I told you the Duchess of Grafton said she had something for me from you, but would not deliver it till she saw me. You, I hooked into this, I do not know how. Lady Mary Coke arrived from Paris at the same time, and brought me a snuff-box, which she would not send, but give me herself. I had been inquiring about both, and interpreted of the Duchess what related to Lady Mary. So I have answered your surprise before I receive it.

My nephew, Mr. Keppel [3], is made Bishop of Exeter. How reverently ancient this makes me sound! my nephew the bishop! Would not one think I was fourscore? Lady Albemarle; there is a happy mother! Honours military and ecclesiastic raining upon her children! She owns she has felt intoxicated. The moment the King had complimented the Duke of Cumberland on Lord Albemarle's success [4], the Duke stepped across the room to Lady Albemarle, and said, 'If it was not in the Drawing-room, I would kiss you.' He is full as transported as she is.

Princess Augusta is certainly to marry the young hero of Brunswick [5]. In Portugal it goes wofully. Count la Lippe has been forced to cut the sash from the breast of a Portuguese general officer for cowardice. I suppose, however, that they will have honour enough left to stab him privately for it! Carvalho's [6] situation is beyond description; when our generals go to confer with him,

[3] Frederick, the fourth son of William Anne, second Earl of Albemarle, married Laura, eldest daughter of Sir Edward Walpole. *Walpole.*

[4] George, Lord Albemarle, the conqueror of the Havannah, was the chief favourite of William, Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

[5] Charles, Hereditary Prince, and afterwards Duke of Brunswick. *Walpole.*

[6] The famous Prime Minister of Portugal. *Walpole.*—Sebastian Joseph Carvalho (1699–1782), Count of Oeyras, Marquis of Pombal. He remained in power until the death of Joseph I (1777), when he was disgraced.

they find a guard at every door of every room in his house; bolts and bars are unlocked before they can arrive at him; he is forced to keep himself as he would secure the head of the Jesuits. I expect very soon to see the Portuguese royal family at Somerset House. Adieu!

851. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 29, 1762.

You take my philosophy very kindly, as it was meant; but I suppose you smile a little in your sleeve to hear me turn moralist. Yet why should not I? Must every absurd young man prove a foolish old one? Not that I intend, when the latter term is quite arrived, to profess preaching; nor should, I believe, have talked so gravely to you, if your situation had not made me grave. Till the campaign is ended, I shall be in no humour to smile. For the war, when it will be over, I have no idea. The Peace is a jack-o'-lanthorn that dances before one's eyes, is never approached, and at best seems ready to lead some folks into a woful quagmire.

As your brother was in town, and I had my intelligence from him, I concluded you would have the same, and therefore did not tell you of this last revolution, which has brought Mr. Fox again upon the scene. I have been in town but once since; yet learned enough to confirm the opinion I had conceived, that the building totters, and that this last buttress will but push on its fall. Besides the clamorous opposition already encamped, the world talks of another, composed of names not so often found in a mutiny. What think you of the great Duke[1], and the little Duke[2], and the old Duke[3], and the Derbyshire

Letter 851.—[1] Of Cumberland. *Walpole.* [2] Of Bedford. *Walpole.* [3] Of Newcastle. *Walpole.*

Duke[4], banded together against the favourite[5]? If so, it proves the court, as the late Lord G——[6] wrote to the Mayor of Litchfield, will have a majority in everything but numbers. However, my letter is a week old before I write it: things may have changed since last Tuesday. Then the prospect was *des plus* gloomy. Portugal at the eve of being conquered—Spain preferring a diadem to the mural crown of the Havannah—a squadron taking horse for Naples, to see whether King Carlos has any more private bowels than public, whether he is a better father than brother[7]. If what I heard yesterday be true, that the Parliament is to be put off till the 24th, it does not look as if they were ready in the green-room, and despised cat-calls.

You bid me send you the flower of brimstone, the best things published in this season of outrage. I should not have waited for orders, if I had met with the least tolerable morsel. But this opposition ran stark mad at once, cursed, swore, called names, and has not been one minute cool enough to have a grain of wit. Their prints are gross, their papers scurrilous; indeed the authors abuse one another more than anybody else. I have not seen a single ballad or epigram. They are as seriously dull as if the controversy was religious. I do not take in a paper of either side; and being very indifferent, the only way of being impartial, they shall not make me pay till they make me laugh. I am here quite alone, and shall stay a fortnight longer, unless the Parliament prorogued lengthens my holidays. I do not pretend to be so indifferent, to have so little curiosity, as not to go and see the Duke of Newcastle frightened *for* his country—the

[4] Of Devonshire. *Walpole.*

[5] John Stuart, Earl of Bute. *Walpole.*

[6] Probably Lord Gower.

[7] His son was King of Naples, his sister Queen of Portugal.

only thing that never yet gave him a panic. Then I am still such a schoolboy, that though I could guess half their orations, and know *all* their meaning, I must go and hear Cæsar and Pompey scold in the Temple of Concord. As this age is to make such a figure hereafter, how the Gronoviuses and Warburtons would despise a senator that deserted the forum when the masters of the world harangued! For, as this age is to be historic, so of course it will be a standard of virtue too; and we, like our wicked predecessors the Romans, shall be quoted, till our very ghosts blush, as models of patriotism and magnanimity. What lectures will be read to poor children on this æra! Europe taught to tremble, the great King humbled, the treasures of Peru diverted into the Thames, Asia subdued by the gigantic Clive! for in that age men were near seven feet high; France suing for peace at the gates of Buckingham House, the steady wisdom of the Duke of Bedford drawing a circle round the Gallic monarch, and forbidding him to pass it till he had signed the cession of America; Pitt more eloquent than Demosthenes, and trampling on proffered pensions like—I don't know who; Lord Temple sacrificing a brother to the love of his country; Wilkes as spotless as Sallust, and the Flamen Churchill [8] knocking down the foes of Britain with statues of the gods!—Oh! I am out of breath with eloquence and prophecy, and truth and lies: my narrow chest was not formed to hold inspiration! I must return to piddling with my Painters: those lofty subjects are too much for me. Good night!

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

P.S. I forgot to tell you that Gideon, who is dead worth

[8] Charles Churchill the poet. *Walpole.*

more than the whole land of Canaan, has left the reversion of all his milk and honey, after his son and daughter and their children, to the Duke of Devonshire, without insisting on his taking the name, or even being circumcised. Lord Albemarle is expected home in December. My nephew Keppel is Bishop of Exeter, not of the Havannah, as you may imagine, for his mitre was promised the day before the news came.

852. To Lady Hervey.

Madam, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 31, 1762.

It is too late, I fear, to attempt acknowledging the honour Madame de Chabot[1] does me; and yet, if she is not gone, I would fain not appear ungrateful. I do not know where she lives, or I would not take the liberty again of making your Ladyship my penny-post. If she is gone, you will throw my note into the fire.

Pray, Madam, blow your nose with a piece of flannel—not that I believe it will do you the least good—but, as all wise folks think it becomes them to recommend nursing and flannelling the gout, imitate them; and I don't know any other way of lapping it up, when it appears in the person of a running cold. I will make it a visit on Tuesday next, and shall hope to find it tolerably vented.

I am, Madam,
Your Ladyship's most faithful humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

P.S. You must tell me all the news when I arrive, for I know nothing of what is passing. I have only seen in the papers, that the cock and hen doves[2] that went to Paris

Letter 852.—[1] Lady Mary Chabot, daughter of the Earl of Stafford. *Walpole.*

[2] The Duke and Duchess of Bedford. *Walpole.*

not having been able to make peace, there is a third dove[3] just flown thither to help them.

853. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Thursday, Nov. 4.

The events of these last eight days will make you stare. This day se'nnight the Duke of Devonshire came to town, was flatly refused an audience, and gave up his key[1]. Yesterday Lord Rockingham resigned, and your cousin Manchester was named to the Bedchamber. The King then in Council called for the book, and dashed out the Duke of Devonshire's name. If you like spirit, *en voilà!*

Do you know, I am sorry for all this? You will not suspect me of tenderness for his Grace of Devon, nor, recollecting how the whole house of Cavendish treated me on my breach with my uncle, will any affronts that happen to them call forth my tears. But I think the act too violent and too serious, and dipped in a deeper dye than I like in politics.

Squabbles, and speeches, and virtue, and prostitution, amuse one sometimes; less and less indeed every day; but measures, from which you must advance and cannot retreat, is a game too deep—one neither knows who may be involved, nor where will be the end. It is not pleasant. Adieu! Yours ever,

H. W.

854. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 9, 1762.

I now pay my last debt to you, for I send you the Peace[1]. It arrived at three o'clock yesterday morning, and was

[3] Mr. Hans Stanley. *Walpole.*

Letter 853.—[1] He was Lord Chamberlain.

Letter 854.—[1] The Peace of Paris.

signed on the third; includes Spain, saves Portugal, and leaves the hero and heroine[2] of Germany to scratch out one another's last eye. I do not pretend to minute the particulars to you; you will have heard them from France before you can have received them from me. Nay, I do not know them exactly. Florida for the Havannah is the chief thing mentioned; so Spain pays a little for the family-compact, besides the loss of her ships, and disappointment of the crown of Portugal. I believe she relinquished her prospect of the latter to save that of Naples; a bombarding fleet was destined thither. The ministry affect to talk highly of their peace, though I think they are not very proud of it. The City condemns it already by wholesale, and will by retail. Mr. Pitt says it is inadequate to our successes, and inglorious for our allies; the gentlest words I suppose he will utter. For my part, who know nothing of the detail, I can but rejoice that peace is made. The miserable world will have some repose, and Mr. Conway is safe. I own I have lived in terror about him.

Coupled with the consequences of the Peace will be two great events that have lately happened to one considerable person, and which have occasioned much surprise. The Duke of Devonshire, who has been fluctuating between his golden key and disgust, ever since the Duke of Newcastle's fall, came from the Bath last Thursday se'nnight; prepared to resign, if ill received. He went directly to court, and bid the page in waiting tell the King he was there. A flat answer that the King would not see him was returned. He sent in again to know what he must do with his key and staff,—reply: he should receive the King's orders about them. He went directly to Lord Egremont's[3] and left them there. On the following Wednesday the King in

[2] The King of Prussia and the Empress Queen. *Walpole.*
[3] Secretary of State. *Walpole.*

Council called for the Council book, and ordered the Duke's name to be struck out of it:—a proceeding almost novel, having never happened but to Lord Bath[4] and Lord George Sackville. There are but faint reasons given for so ignominious a treatment, as his not coming to Council when summoned, &c., but the political cause assigned is, to intimidate the great lords, and prevent more resignations, which were expected. Hitherto in that light it has succeeded, for Lord Rockingham[5] alone has quitted. It is very amusing to me to see the House of Lords humbled. I have long beheld their increasing power with concern, and though not at all wishing to see the higher scale preponderating, I am convinced nothing but the crown can reduce the exorbitance of the peers, and perhaps it will be able; for I believe half those who are proud of twenty thousand pounds a year, will bear anything for a thousand more.

I forgot when I named only Lord Rockingham: the Duke's brother and brother-in-law, Lord George Cavendish and Lord Besborough[6], resigned their places[7] immediately. None of them but the Marquis in the Bedchamber are yet filled up.

I am an honester prophet than most of my profession. I record my blunders. I foretold that this ministry would not be able to open the Parliament. See how fair I am; I do not pretend that I only meant on the eleventh—it is put off to the twenty-fifth, and yet I do not brag of the event verifying my prediction. As the Peace is come, they must abide it; and probably will be able to carry it through—and yet they will have to fight their way. The Duke of Newcastle certainly—by certainly I only mean to answer

[4] W. Pulteney, Earl of Bath. *Walpole.*

[5] Charles Wentworth, second Marquis of Rockingham. *Walpole.*

[6] William Ponsonby, second Earl of Besborough. *Walpole.*

[7] As Comptroller of the Household and Joint Postmaster-General respectively.

for his resolution at this instant—goes into opposition. Lord Hardwicke, it is said, will accompany him—if he does, I shall not think Lord Bute's game so sure; that is, I have no notion of Yorkes in opposition without a moral assurance of success. If the *man* Hardwicke comes out of the weather-house, it will certainly be a stormy season.

I write shortly, for I am in a hurry; but my letter, rolled out, would make a very large one. Your own comments will make it last you some time. In short, more than one die is cast. I am returning to Strawberry for some days, rejoiced that my friends are secure; and for events, let them come as they may. I have nothing to do to be glad or sorry, whatever happens ministerially, and do not know why one may not *see* history with the same indifference that one *reads* it. Adieu!

P.S. I wish you would trouble yourself to inquire at Rome whether the mould of the Livia Mattei, made by Valory for my mother's[8] statue, exists. My cast is broken through and through, and the plaster too rotten to be repaired or to last. If existing, will you inform yourself to how much a cast in bronze would amount? If it would pass my pocket, I must be glad of another cast.

855. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Nov. 13, 1762.

You will easily guess that my delay in answering your obliging letter was solely owing to my not knowing whither to direct to you. I waited till I thought you may be returned home. Thank you for all the trouble you have given, and do give yourself for me; it is vastly more than I deserve.

[8] On her monument in Westminster Abbey. *Walpole.*

Duke Richard's portrait I willingly waive, at least for the present, till one can find out who he is. I have more curiosity about the figures of Henry VII at Christ's College; I shall be glad some time or other to visit them, to see how far either of them agree with his portrait in my picture of his marriage. St. Ethelreda was mighty welcome.

We have had variety of weather since I saw you, but I fear none of the patterns made your journey more agreeable.

I am, Sir,

Your much obliged

Humble servant,

Hor. Walpole.

856. To Henry Fox [1].

Dear Sir, Nov. 21, 1762.

After having done [2] what the world knows I have done, to try to retrieve the affairs of my family, and to save my nephew from ruin, I can have little hopes that any interposition of mine will tend to an end I wish so much. I cannot even flatter myself with having the least weight with my Lord Orford. In the present case I can still less indulge myself in any such hopes. You remember in the case of the St. Michael election, how hardly he used me on your account. I know how much he resented last year his

Letter 856.—[1] Fox had recently been made leader of the House of Commons in order to procure a majority in favour of the Peace. With the view of securing all possible parliamentary support, he offered to Lord Orford the Rangerships of St. James's and Hyde Parks through Horace Walpole, hoping thus to secure both uncle and nephew. For Fox's letter see *Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. i. pp. 168–9, whence Walpole's notes on his reply to Fox are also taken.

[2] This alludes to my having projected a match for Lord Orford with Miss Nicholl, an heiress worth one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, whom Lord Orford would not marry; and in the course of which negotiation I had a great quarrel with my uncle, old Horace Walpole, who endeavoured, though trusted with her by me, to marry her to one of his own younger sons. This quarrel had made a very great noise, and many persons were engaged in it. The young lady afterwards married the Marquis of Caernarvon. *Walpole.*

thinking you concerned in the contest about the borough[3] where he set up Mr. Thomas Walpole; as he has not even now deigned to answer Mr. Boone's letter[4], I can little expect that he will behave with more politeness to me. Yet, I think it so much my duty to lay before him anything for his advantage, and what is by no means incompatible with his honour, that I certainly will acquaint him immediately with the offer you are so good as to make him.

You see I write to you with my usual frankness and sincerity; and you will, I am sure, be so good as to keep to yourself the freedom with which I mention very nice family affairs. You must excuse me if I add one word more on myself. My wish is, that Lord Orford should accept this offer; yet, I tell you truly, I shall state it to him plainly and simply, without giving any advice, not only for the reasons I have expressed above, but because I do not mean to be involved in this affair any otherwise than as a messenger. A man who is so scrupulous as not to accept any obligation for himself, cannot be allowed to accept one for another without thinking himself bound in gratitude as much as if done to himself. The very little share I ever mean to take more in public affairs shall and must be dictated by disinterested motives. I have no one virtue to support me but that disinterestedness, and, if I act with you, no man living shall have it to say that it was not by choice and by principle.

I am, dear Sir,
Your obedient humble servant,
HORACE WALPOLE.

[3] Mr. Fox had supported Mr. Sullivan at a borough in the west against Mr. T. Walpole. I forget whether it was Callington or Ashburton. Lord Orford was heir to estates in both by his mother. *Walpole.*—It was the borough of Ashburton.

[4] Mr. Boone had acquainted me with this, and Mr. Fox thought I did not know it, but I chose to let him see I did. *Walpole.*—Fox had sounded Lord Orford through Mr. Boone on this matter of the Rangerships.

857. To the Earl of Orford.

My dear Lord, Arlington Street, Nov. 22, 1762.

I must preface what I am going to say, with desiring you to believe that I by no means take the liberty of giving you any advice, and should the proposal I have to make to you be disagreeable, I beg you to excuse it, as I thought it my duty to lay before you anything that is for your advantage, and as you would have reason to blame me if I declined communicating to you a lucrative offer.

I last night received a letter from Mr. Fox, in which he tells me, that, hearing the Parks, vacant by Lord Ashburnham's resignation, are worth 2,200*l.* a year, he will, if you desire to succeed him, do his best to procure that employment for you, if he can soon learn that it is your wish.

If you will be so good as to send me your answer, I will acquaint him with it, or if you think it more polite to thank Mr. Fox himself for his obliging offer, I shall be very well content to be, as I am in everything else, a cipher, except where I can show myself,

My dear Lord,
Your very affectionate humble servant,
Horace Walpole[1].

Letter 857.—[1] 'To this letter, nor to the offer, did Lord Orford give himself the trouble of making the least reply; but arriving in town on the very day the Parliament met, he came to me, and asked what he was to do? I replied very coldly, I did not know what he intended to do; but if his meaning was to accept, I supposed he ought to go to Mr. Fox, and tell him so, I having nothing farther to do with it than barely to acquaint him with the offer. Without preface or apology, without recollecting his long enmity to Fox (it is true, he did not know why he was Fox's enemy), and without a hint of reconciliation, to Fox he went, accepted the place, and never gave that ministry one vote afterwards; continuing in the country, as he would have done if they had given him nothing.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. i. p. 172.)

858. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 30, 1762.

As the Parliament is met, you will naturally expect to hear much news; but, whatever disposition there may be to create novelties, nothing has yet happened of any importance. One perceives that the chiefs of the opposition have not much young blood in their veins. The first day of the session was remarkable for nothing but the absence of the leaders; Mr. Fox had vacated his seat, and Mr. Pitt was laid up with the gout, as he still continues. But, if the generals want fire, the troops do not: Lord Bute was in great danger from the mob, was hissed and pelted, and, if the guards had not been fetched, would probably have fared still worse. The majority is certainly with the court; the nation against it. The Duke of Cumberland, who has entirely broken with Mr. Fox, has had a conference of four hours with Mr. Pitt. Hitherto it has produced nothing.

As wishing well to Mr. Fox, I can but be sorry he has undertaken his new province, to which his health is by no means equal. I should think the probability of his death must alarm the court, who owe their present security entirely to him, and would not meet with much quarter from Mr. Pitt, the Duke of Devonshire, or the greater Duke[1]. The resentment of the last I guess to be the bitterest of all. For the Duke of Newcastle, he only makes one smile as usual; to see him frisking while his grave is digging. Contests for power and struggles of faction have long served only to divert me. I wish I thought the present tempest would end like all others I have seen, in gratifying the dirty views of particulars; they would have their pay, and we should be quiet for a season. I don't take that to be entirely the case at present.

Letter 858.—[1] The Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

The Duke of Marlborough is Lord Chamberlain; Lord Northumberland, Chamberlain to the Queen and Cabinet Counsellor. Other places vacated by resignations are not yet filled up; but it is known that Mr. Morice, whom you have lately seen, is to be Comptroller of the Household. Your old friend, Lord Sandwich, goes ambassador to Spain[2]. Another of your friends is dead, Lord Corke[3]; and another has desired me to say much to you from him—Lord Stormont: he is a particular favourite with me.

Mr. Conway stays to conduct home the troops: as it will be above six weeks before I see him, I should be sorry if I did not envy anybody that is at a distance from these bustles. I am particularly glad that he is so, for it is not every man that has resolution enough to meddle so little in them as I do. Lord Granby is impatiently expected: it is not certain what part he will take, and, with his unbounded popularity, it cannot be indifferent. The most tempting honours have been offered to him; but, however it is, even Lord Hardwicke has resisted temptations—very lucrative temptations! Yet I do not brag of the virtue of the age; for, if there are two Fabricii, there are two hundred Esaus.

There is come forth a new state coach, which has cost 8,000*l*. It is a beautiful object, though crowded with improprieties. Its support are tritons, not very well adapted to land-carriage; and formed of palm-trees, which are as little aquatic as tritons are terrestrial. The crowd to see it on the opening of the Parliament was greater than at the Coronation, and much more mischief done.

The Duchess of Grafton has given me the drawing of the Casino at Leghorn by Inigo Jones. It is very pretty: was not I to have a church by him too?

[2] Lord Sandwich did not go to Spain; he was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty in April, 1763.

[3] John Boyle, fifth Earl of Cork and Orrery.

The Duchess of Bedford has sent to Lady Bolingbroke[4] a remarkably fine enamelled watch, to be shown to the Queen. The Queen desired her to put it on, that she might see how it looked—and then said it looked so well, it ought to remain by Lady Bolingbroke's side, and gave it her. Was not this done in a charming manner?

George Selwyn, of whom you have heard so much, but don't know, is returned from Paris, whither he went with the Duchess of Bedford. He says our passion for everything French is nothing to theirs for everything English. There is a book published called the *Anglomanie*. How much worse they understand us, even than we do them, you will see by this story. The old Maréchale de Villars gave a vast dinner to the Duchess of Bedford. In the middle of the dessert, Madame de Villars called out, 'Oh, Jesus! they have forgot! yet I bespoke them, and I am sure they are ready; you English love hot rolls—bring the rolls.' There arrived a huge dish of hot rolls, and a sauceboat of melted butter. Adieu!

859. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Dec. 20, 1762.

As I am far from having been better since I wrote to you last, my postchaise points more and more to Naples. Yet Strawberry, like a mistress,

> As oft as I ascend the hill of health,
> Washes my hold away.

Your company would have made me decide much faster, but I see I have little hopes of that, nor can I *blame* you; I don't use so rough a word with regard to myself, but to

[4] Lady Diana Spencer, eldest daughter of Charles, Duke of Marlborough, wife of Frederic St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, and one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber to the Queen. *Walpole.*

your pursuing your amusement, which I am sure the journey would be. I never doubted your constant kindness to me one moment; the affectionate manner in which you offered, three weeks ago, to accompany me to Bath, will never be forgotten. I do not think my complaint very serious, for how can it be so, when it has never confined me a whole day? But my mornings are so bad, and I have had so much more pain this last week, with restless nights, that I am convinced it must not be trifled with. Yet I think Italy would be the last thing I would try, if it were not to avoid politics. Yet I hear nothing else. The court and opposition both grow more violent every day from the same cause, the victory of the former. Both sides torment me with their affairs, though it is so plain I do not care a straw about either. I wish I was great enough to say, as a French officer on the stage at Paris said to the pit, 'Accordez-vous, canaille!' Yet to a man without ambition or interestedness, politicians are *canaille*. Nothing appears to me more ridiculous in my life than my having ever loved their squabbles, and that at an age when I loved better things too! My poor neutrality, which thing I signed with all the world, subjects me, like other insignificant monarchs on parallel occasions, to affronts. On Thursday I was summoned to Princess Emily's loo. *Loo* she called it, *politics* it was. The second thing she said to me was, 'How was you the two long days?' 'Madam, I was only there the first.' 'And how did you vote?' 'Madam, I went away.' 'Upon my word, that was carving well.'—Not a very pleasant apostrophe to one who certainly never was a time-server!—Well, we sat down. She said, 'I hear Wilkinson[1] is turned out, and that Sir Edward Winnington[2]

LETTER 859.—[1] Andrew Wilkinson, M.P. for Aldborough, Store-Keeper of the Ordnance.

[2] Sir Edward Winnington, first Baronet, of Stanford Court, Worcestershire, M.P. for Bewdley; d. 1791.

is to have his place; who is he?' addressing herself to me, who sat over against her. 'He is the late Mr. Winnington's heir, Madam.' 'Did you like that Winnington?' 'I can't but say I did, Madam.' She shrugged up her shoulders, and continued: 'Winnington originally was a great Tory; what do you think he was when he died?' 'Madam, I believe what all people are in place.'—Pray, Mr. Montagu, do you perceive anything rude or offensive in this? Hear then—she flew into the most outrageous passion, coloured like scarlet, and said, 'None of your wit; I don't understand joking on those subjects; what do you think your father would have said if he had heard you say so? He would have murdered you, and you would have deserved it.'—I was quite confounded and amazed—it was impossible to explain myself 'cross a loo-table, as she is so deaf: there is no making a reply to a woman and a Princess, and particularly for me, who have made it a rule, when I must converse with royalties, to treat them with the greatest respect, since it is all the court they will ever have from me. I said to those on each side of me, 'What can I do? I cannot explain myself now.' Well, I held my peace—and so did she for a quarter of an hour—then she began with me again—examined me on the whole debate, and at last asked me directly, which I thought the best speaker, my father or Mr. Pitt? If possible, this was more distressing than her anger. I replied, it was impossible to compare two men so different—that I believed my father was more a man of business than Mr. Pitt—'Well, but Mr. Pitt's language?'—'Madam,' said I, 'I have always been remarkable for admiring Mr. Pitt's language.' At last, this unpleasant scene ended; but as we were going away, I went close to her, and said, 'Madam, I must beg leave to explain myself; your Royal Highness has seemed to be very angry with me, and I am sure I did not mean

to offend you: all I intended to say was, that I supposed Tories were Whigs when they got places!' 'Oh!' said she, 'I am very much obliged to you; indeed, I was very angry.' Why she was angry, or what she thought I meant, I do not know to this moment, unless she supposed that I would have hinted that the Duke of Newcastle and the opposition were not men of consummate virtue, and had not lost their places out of principle. The very reverse was at that time in my head; for I meant that the Tories would be just as loyal as the Whigs, when they got anything by it.

You will laugh at my distresses, and in truth they are little serious; yet they almost put me out of humour. If your cousin realizes his fair words to you, I shall be very good-humoured again. I am not so morose as to dislike my friends for being in place. Indeed, if they are in great place, my friendship goes to sleep like a paroli at pharaoh, and does not wake again till their deal is over. Good night!

Yours ever,
H. W.

860. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 20, 1762.

I received your letter for the Duchess of Grafton, and gave it to her last night. She was so pleased with your good-breeding and compliments, that she made me read it. Her Duke is appearing in a new light, and by the figure he makes will probably soon be the head of the opposition, if it continues; though the vast majority on the preliminaries will probably damp it extremely. In the Lords there was no division; in the Commons, 319 to 65. Such a triumphancy in the court will not be easily mastered. To-day has been execution-day; great havoc is made

amongst the Duke of Newcastle's friends, who are turned out down to the lowest offices.

This is a want of moderation after victory, which I, who never loved the house of Pelham, cannot commend. He cannot indemnify his friends; and I am not apt to think he would if he could. Some of them, who had the same doubt, took care not to put this last ingratitude in his power, but abandoned him. I did miss a scene that would have pleased me. The Chancellor[1] abused the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke unmercifully, though the latter moves mighty slowly towards opposition, and counts his purse over at every step. So oft I have seen unbounded subservience to those two men in the House of Lords, that it would have pleased me to have been witness of their defeat on the same spot, and,—there I have done with it. It is an angry opposition, but very dull; does not produce a lively ballad or epigram. I have even heard but one *bon mot* of its manufacture, and that was very delicate and pretty. They were saying that everybody, without exception, was to be turned out that the Duke of Newcastle had brought in; somebody replied, 'Save the King.'

For twenty years I have been looking at parties, factions, changes, and struggles; do you wonder I am tired, when I have seen them so often acted over, and pretty much by the same *dramatis personae*? Yet I wish I had no worse reason for not enjoying the repetition. I am not only grown old (though I find that is no reason with the generality, for I think all the chiefs are very Struldbrugs in politics), but my spirits are gone.

It is always against my will when I talk of my health, and I have disguised its being out of order as long as I could; but since the fit of the gout that I had in the spring, and whose departure I believe I precipitated too fast, I have had

LETTER 860.—[1] Lord Northington. *Walpole.*

a constant pain in my breast or stomach. It comes like a fever at six in the morning, proceeds to a pain by the time I rise, and lasts with a great lowness of spirits till after dinner. In most evenings I am quite well. I am teased about my management of myself. I abhor physicians, and have scarce asked a question of one; my regimen is still more condemned; but I act by what I find succeeds best with me. You will be surprised when I tell you, that though I think my complaint a flying gout, I treat it with water and the coldest things I can find, except hartshorn; fifty drops of the latter and three pears are my constant supper, and my best nights are when I adhere to this method. I thought for three weeks I had cured myself, but for these last ten days I have been rather worse than before. In short, what I hope you will not dislike, though you will be sorry for the cause, I am thinking seriously of a journey to Italy in March. Much against my inclination, I own, except for the pleasure of seeing you.

Strawberry, which I have almost finished to my mind, and where I mean to pass the greatest part of the remainder of my life, pulls hard. I shall decide in a few days whether I shall set out, or first try Bath or Bristol. The two latter, except for the shortness of the time, are much more against my inclination than going abroad; but I have talked too much of myself; let us come to you. I am heartily glad Mr. Mackenzie is your friend; he is a man of strict honour, and will be so if he professes it. I do not know what to advise about Naples. You know I always repeat my father's maxim, *Quieta non movere.* Besides, should you like it? After so many years, would you care to tap a new world, a new set of acquaintance? But I am a bad counsellor: my aversion to embarking in new scenes, not early in one's life, is, I find it, particular; few think themselves so old as I do at five-and-forty; nor would I give myself for a rule to any

man else. My bidding adieu to the world already (I do not mean by a formal retreat, of which one always grows tired, and which one makes a silly figure by quitting again) is not a part for everybody; for I never had any ambition, and though much love for fame, I very near despise that as much too now. Youth is the only real season for joy, but cannot, nor surely should be pushed a moment beyond its term—but this is moralizing! If Mr. Mackenzie could send you to Naples, he can keep you at Florence. Continue to secure him. Try to be useful to the King in his love of *virtù*. I counselled this from the first minute of his reign.

If you choose to try for Naples, I cannot dissuade it; nor can the solicitation hurt you whether it succeed or not. Whatever you wish I wish heartily. I have long made myself of too little consequence to contribute anything to my friends but wishes. Adieu! my dear Sir.

P.S. It is very true, I had the jesse of my mother's statue, but, as I told you, it is so rotten and crumbling that I want another.

861. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, Dec. 23, 1762.

You are always abundantly kind to me, and pass my power of thanking you. You do nothing but give yourself trouble, and me presents. My cousin Calthorp is a great rarity, and I think I ought, therefore, to return him to you, but that would not be treating him like a relation, or you like a friend. My ancestor's epitaph, too, was very agreeable to me.

I have not been at Strawberry Hill these three weeks. My maid is ill there, and I have not been well myself with the same flying gout in my stomach and breast, of which

you heard me complain a little in the summer. I am much persuaded to go to a warmer climate, which often disperses these unsettled complaints. I do not care for it, nor can determine till I see I grow worse: if I do go, I hope it will not be for long; and you shall certainly hear again before I set out.

Yours most sincerely,
HOR. WALPOLE.

862. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 28, 1763.

I AM a slatternly correspondent when I have nothing to say. When that is the case, I like you should understand it by my silence, rather than give a description of a vacuum.

The Peace, which has hitched and hobbled, draws, they say, to a conclusion. The opposition died in the birth. All is quiet, but a little paper-war, which is pungent enough, but no citadel was ever taken by popguns.

Shall you be glad or sorry that my postchaise is not at the door bound for Florence? For me you will rejoice, as I trust you will be a little disappointed on your own account, though I have been so often bound for Italy, that perhaps you did not expect me even now. For this month we have had a most severe frost, which kills everybody else, and cures me. In short, I am so much better since the cold weather set in, that it has almost persuaded me that my complaint was nervous and not gouty; and, consequently, if Greenland suits me, Naples would not: however, I am come to no decision. I await the thaw before I shall know what to think; still extremely disposed to an Italian voyage, if Strawberry would give its consent.

This winter has produced no ghost, no new madness. I fear Monsieur de Nivernois will think we have been

scandalized, and that we are quite a reasonable people; but he, too, must wait for the thaw!

I have nothing to send you more but the enclosed lines on Lord Granville[1], which I wrote last year. The picture is allowed to be so like, that you, who could scarcely be acquainted with him, will know it. Adieu! I am sorry tranquillity and the post agree so ill together!

863. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Feb. 28, 1763.

Your letter of the 19th seems to postpone your arrival rather than advance it; yet Lady Ailesbury tells me that to her you talk of being here in ten days. I wish devoutly to see you, though I am not departing myself; but I am impatient to have your disagreeable function[1] at an end, and to know that you enjoy yourself after such fatigues, dangers, and ill-requited services. For any public satisfaction you will receive in being at home, you must not expect much. Your mind was not formed to float on the surface of a mercenary world. My prayer (and my belief) is, that you may always prefer what you always have preferred, your integrity, to success. You will then laugh, as I do, at the attacks and malice of faction or ministers. I taste of both; but, as my health is recovered, and my mind does not reproach me, they will perhaps only give me an opportunity, which I should never have sought, of proving that I have some virtue—and it will not be proved in the way they probably expect. I have better evidence than by hanging out the tattered ensigns of patriotism. But this and a

Letter 862.—[1] These lines on John, Earl Granville, got into print, and, therefore, are not repeated here. *Walpole.*—See Lord Orford's *Works*, vol. i. p. 31. Lord Granville died on Jan. 2, 1763.

Letter 863.—[1] The re-embarkation of the British troops from Flanders after the Peace. *Walpole.*

thousand other things I shall reserve for our meeting. Your brother [2] has pressed me much to go with him, if he goes, to Paris [3]. I take it very kindly, but have excused myself, though I have promised either to accompany him for a short time at first, or to go to him if he should have any particular occasion for me: but my resolution against ever appearing in any public light is unalterable. When I wish to live less and less in the world here, I cannot think of mounting a new stage at Paris. At this moment I am alone here, while everybody is balloting in the House of Commons. Sir John Philips proposed a Commission of Accounts, which has been converted into a select committee of twenty-one, eligible by ballot. As the ministry is not predominant in the affections of mankind, some of them may find a jury elected that will not be quite so complaisant as the House is in general when their votes are given *openly*. As many may be glad of this opportunity, I shun it; for I should scorn to do anything in secret, though I have some enemies that are not quite so generous.

You say you have seen the *North Briton*, in which I make a capital figure. Wilkes, the author, I hear, says, that if he had thought I should have taken it so well, he would have been damned before he would have written it—but I am not sore where I am not sore.

The theatre at Covent Garden has suffered more by riots [4] than even Drury Lane. A footman of Lord Dacre has been hanged for murdering the butler. George Selwyn had great hand in bringing him to confess it. That Selwyn should be a capital performer in a scene of that kind is not extraordinary: I tell it you for the strange coolness which the young fellow, who was but nineteen, expressed: as he was

[2] The Earl of Hertford.
[3] As Embassador. *Walpole.*
[4] In consequence of the refusal of the managers to admit spectators at half-price after the third act.

writing his confession, 'I murd—' he stopped, and asked, 'How do you spell *murdered*?'

Mr. Fox is much better than at the beginning of the winter; and both his health and power seem to promise a longer duration than people expected. Indeed, I think the latter is so established, that Lord Bute would find it more difficult to remove him, than he did his predecessors, and may even feel the effects of the weight he has made over to him; for it is already obvious that Lord Bute's levee is not the present path to fortune. Permanence is not the complexion of these times—a distressful circumstance to the votaries of a court, but amusing to us spectators. Adieu!

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

864. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 4, 1763.

IT is an age since I wrote to you, but I told you that the conclusion of the war would leave our correspondence a little dry. The Peace is now general[1], and the King of Prussia, who has one life more than Rominagrobis the monarch of the cats had, lights upon all his legs. He has escaped an hundred battles, and what was more threatening, three angry Empresses[2], of whom one[3], at least, is not tender of sovereign lives. If he does not write his own history, I shall not rejoice much for him; yet now he will have managements; he will not be quite so frank, as in the middle of his career and anger. Besides, his objects will have shifted so often, that his Memoires, like the Duchess of Marlborough's, will vary continually from his first impressions. There is no change in the scene at home. The opposition has proved

LETTER 864.—[1] The Peace of Hubertsburg (Feb. 15, 1763) had put an and to the war of the King of Prussia with Austria and Saxony.

[2] Elizabeth and Catherine of Russia, and Maria Theresa of Germany. *Walpole.*

[3] The Czarina Catherine. *Walpole.*

the silliest that ever was, and has scarcely even pretensions to the title. There have been more hostilities at the playhouses, than between anything that calls itself party. Both theatres have been demolished on the inside. The cause was, the managers refusing to take half prices after the second act; and with good reason; considering how everything is advanced in dearness, it is hard on them to be stinted to primitive tolls. The managers have submitted; but the King's Bench is not likely to be so acquiescent, where some of the rioters are to be tried.

The Duchess of Hamilton, who was thought in a deep consumption like her sister Coventry, has produced a son [4], and, according to the marvellous fortune attending those two beauties, will probably be mother of the two dukes [5], whose rival houses so long divided Scotland. Lord Bath's history winds up in a more melancholy manner. After preserving his only son Lord Pulteney through the course of the war, he has just lost him by a putrid fever at Madrid, as he was returning from Portugal. That enormous wealth, heaped up with so little credit, is left without an heir!

I saw yesterday a magnificent service of Chelsea china, which the King and Queen are sending to the Duke of Mecklenburgh. There are dishes and plates without number, an épergne, candlesticks, salt-cellars, sauce-boats, tea and coffee equipages; in short, it is complete; and costs twelve hundred pounds! I cannot boast of our taste; the forms are neither new, beautiful, nor various. Yet Sprimont, the manufacturer, is a Frenchman [6]. It seems their taste will not bear transplanting. But I have done; my letter has tumbled from the King of Prussia to a set of china; *encore passe*, if I had begun with the King of Poland, *ce Roy de Fayence* [7], as the other called him. Adieu!

[4] George John Campbell; d. 1764.
[5] Hamilton and Argyll.
[6] He was a Fleming.
[7] From the manufacture of porcelain at Dresden. *Walpole.*

865. To the Earl of Bute.

My Lord,

As it is now near five months since your Lordship signed my orders, I should be glad if your Lordship would please to direct the payment of the money[1].

I am, my Lord,
Your Lordship's obedient humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

Arlington Street, March 14, 1763.

866. To the Earl of Bute.

My Lord,

I am very sensible of your Lordship's obliging civility in immediately ordering my money on my application. It was by no means from want of respect to your Lordship that that application was not made sooner; but for above twenty years that I have held the office, it has been the constant practice to write to the First Secretary to desire his letter, when the Lords have signed the orders, and the payment has seldom been delayed above a fortnight after.

If your Lordship should approve of it, I had much rather, as my bills become due, apply to your Lordship, than to anybody else, unless your Lordship please to give any other directions.

I am, my Lord,
Your Lordship's most obedient humble Servant,
Hor. Walpole.

Arlington Street, March 16, 1763.

Letter 865.—Not in C.; reprinted from Lord Orford's *Works* (1798), vol. ii. p. 380.

[1] Money due to Horace Walpole as Usher of the Exchequer. Walpole explains that he had disobliged Fox; 'the consequence to me was that by his influence with Martin, Secretary of the Treasury, my payments were stopped for some months, nor made but on my writing to Lord Bute himself.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. i. p. 171.)

Letter 866.—Not in C.; reprinted from Lord Orford's *Works* (1798), vol. ii. p. 380, after collation with original in possession of Maggs Bros., Strand, W.C.

867. To Viscount Nuneham[1].

My Lord, Arlington Street, March 16, 1763.

I wish all words had not been so prostituted in compliments that some at least might be left to express real admiration. Your Lordship's etchings[2] deserve such sincere praises that I cannot bear you should think that mere civility or gratitude dictate what I would say of them, though I assure you the latter is what I feel to a great degree. I will even trust your Lordship with my vanity; I think I understand your prints, and that mine is not random praise. If it has any worth it will encourage you to proceed, and yet you have already gone beyond what I have ever seen in etching. I must beg for the white paper edition too, as I shall frame the brown, and bind the rest of your Lordship's works together.

I am, my Lord,
Yr. Lordship's
Most obliged
Humble servant,
H. Walpole.

868. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, March 25, 1763.

Though you are a runaway, a fugitive, a thing without friendship or feeling, though you grow tired of your acquaintance in half the time you intended, I will not quite give you up. I will write to you once a quarter, just to keep up a connection that grace may catch at, if it ever proposes to visit you. This is my plan, for I have little or nothing to tell you.

Letter 867.—Not in C.; reprinted from the *Harcourt Papers*, edited by E. W. Harcourt, vol. viii. pp. 91–2.

[1] Only son of first Earl Harcourt, whom he succeeded in 1777.

[2] 'Lord Nuneham's etchings are superior in boldness and freedom of stroke to anything we have seen from established artists.' (Horace Walpole, in *Essay on Modern Gardening*.)

The ministers only cut one another's throats, instead of ours. They growl over their prey like two curs over a bone, which neither can determine to quit; and the whelps in opposition are not strong enough to beat either away, though, like the species, they will probably hunt the one that shall be worsted. The saddest dog of all, Wilkes, shows most spirit. The last *North Briton* is a masterpiece of mischief. He has writ a dedication too to an old play, *The Fall of Mortimer*[1], that is wormwood; and he had the impudence t'other day to ask Dyson[2] if he was going to the Treasury, 'because,' said he, 'a friend of mine has dedicated a play to Lord Bute, and it is usual to give dedicators something; I wish you would put his Lordship in mind of it.'

Lord and Lady Pembroke are reconciled, and live again together. Mr. Hunter would have taken his daughter too, but upon condition she should give back her settlement to Lord Pembroke and her child. She replied nobly, that she did not trouble herself about fortune, and would willingly depend on her father, but for her child, she had nothing right left to do but to take care of that, and would not part with it—so she keeps both—and I suppose will soon have her lover again too, for my Lady Pembroke's beauty is not glutinous. T'other sister[3] has been sitting to Reynolds, who by her husband's directions has made a speaking picture. Lord Bolinbroke said to him, 'You must give the eyes something of Nelly O'Brien, or it will not do.' As he has given Nelly something of his wife's, it was but fair to give her something of Nelly's—and my Lady will not throw away the present!

LETTER 868.—[1] A completion of an imperfect play by Ben Jonson, which was acted in 1731.

[2] Jeremiah Dyson (1722–1776), M.P. for Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight; Joint Secretary to the Treasury, 1762–64; Lord of Trade, 1764–68; Lord of the Treasury, 1768–74; Cofferer of the Household, 1774–76. He began life as an advanced Whig, but changed his opinions on the accession of George III, and became one of the small body known as the 'King's friends.'

[3] Viscountess Bolingbroke.

Miss Nelly O'Brien

from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

I am going to Strawberry for a few days *pour faire mes pâques*. The gallery advances rapidly. The ceiling is Harry the Seventh's Chapel *in propria persona*: the canopies are all placed. I think three months will quite complete it. I have bought at Lord Granville's sale the original picture of Charles Brandon[4] and his queen; and have to-day received from France a copy of Madame Maintenon, which with my La Valière, and copies of Madame Grammont, and of the charming portrait of the Mazarine at the Duke of St. Albans's, is to accompany Bianca Capello and Ninon L'Enclos in the round tower. I hope now there will never be another auction, for I have not an inch of space, or a farthing left. As I have some remains of paper, I will fill it up with a song that I made t'other day in the postchaise, after a particular conversation that I had had with Miss Pelham the night before at the Duke of Richmond's.

THE ADVICE.

I.

The business of woman, dear Chloe, is pleasure,
And by love ev'ry fair one her minutes should measure.
'Oh! for love we're all ready,' you cry.—Very true;
Nor would I rob the gentle fond god of his due.
Unless in the sentiments Cupid has part,
And dips in the amorous transport his dart;
'Tis tumult, disorder, 'tis loathing and hate;
Caprice gives it birth, and contempt is its fate.

II.

True passion insensibly leads to the joy,
And grateful esteem bids its pleasures ne'er cloy.
Yet here you should stop—but your whimsical sex
Such romantic ideas to passion annex,

[4] Charles Brandon (d. 1545), Duke of Suffolk; m. (1515), as his third wife, Mary Tudor, Queen Dowager of France, daughter of Henry VII.

That poor men, by your visions and jealousy worried,
To nymphs less ecstatic, but kinder, are hurried.
In your heart, I consent, let your wishes be bred;
Only take care your heart don't get into your head.

Adieu, till Midsummer Day!

Yours ever,
H. W.

869. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, April 6, 1763.

You will pity my distress when I tell you that Lord Waldegrave has got the small-pox, and a bad sort. This day se'nnight, in the evening, I met him at Arthur's; he complained to me of the headache, and a sickness in his stomach. I said, 'My dear Lord, why don't you go home, and take James's powder? you will be well in the morning.' He thanked me, said he was glad I had put him in mind of it, and he would take my advice. I sent in the morning; my niece said he had taken the powder, and that James thought he had no fever, but that she found him very low. As he had no fever, I had no apprehension. At eight o'clock on Friday night, I was told abruptly at Arthur's that Lord Waldegrave had the small-pox. I was excessively shocked, not knowing if the powder was good or bad for it. I instantly went to the house—at the door I was met by a servant of Lady Ailesbury, sent to tell me that Mr. Conway was arrived. These two opposite strokes of terror and joy overcame me so much, that when I got to Mr. Conway's I could not speak to him, but burst into a flood of tears. The next morning, Lord Waldegrave hearing I was there, desired to speak to me alone—I should tell you, that the moment he knew it was the small-pox he signed his will. This has been the unvaried tenor of his behaviour, doing just what is wise and necessary, and nothing more. He

told me, he knew how great the chance was against his living through that distemper at his age[1]. That, to be sure, he should like to have lived a few years longer, but if he did not, he should submit patiently. That all he had to desire was, that if he should fail, we would do our utmost to comfort his wife, who, he feared, was breeding, and who, he added, was the best woman in the world. I told him he could not doubt our attention to her, but that at present all our attention was fixed on him. That the great difference between having the small-pox young, or more advanced in years, consisted in the fears of the latter; but that as I had so often heard him say, and now saw, that he had none of those fears, the danger of age was considerably lessened. Dr. Wilmot says, that if anything saves him, it will be this tranquillity. To my comfort I am told, that James's powder has probably been a material ingredient towards his recovery. In the meantime, the universal anxiety about him is incredible. Dr. Barnard, the master of Eton, who is in town for the holidays, says, that, from his situation, he is naturally invited to houses of all ranks and parties, and that the concern is general in all. I cannot say so much of my Lord, and not do a little justice to my niece too. Her tenderness, fondness, attention, and courage are surprising. She has no fears to become her, nor heroism for parade. I could not help saying to her, 'My dear child, there never was a nurse of your age had such attention'—she replied, 'There never was a nurse of my age had such an object.' It is this astonishes one, to see so much beauty sincerely devoted to a man so unlovely in his person; but if Adonis was sick, she could not stir seldomer out of his bedchamber. The physicians seem to have little hopes, but, as their arguments are not near so strong as their alarms, I own I do not give it up—and yet I look on it in a very dangerous light.

Letter 869.—[1] He was forty-eight.

I know nothing of news and the world, for I go to Albemarle Street early in the morning, and don't come home till late at night. Young Mr. Pitt has been dying of a fever in Bedfordshire. The Bishop of Carlisle[2], whom I have appointed Visitor of Strawberry, is gone down to him. You will be much disappointed if you expect to find the gallery near finished. They threaten me with three months before the gilding can be begun. Twenty points are at a stand by my present confinement, and I have a melancholy prospect of being forced to carry my niece thither the next time I go. The Duc de Nivernois, in return for a set of the Strawberry editions, has sent me four 'Seasons,' which, I conclude, he thought good, but they shall pass their whole round in London, for they have not even the merit of being badly old enough for Strawberry. Mr. Bentley's epistle to Lord Melcomb has been published in a magazine. It has less wit by far than I expected from him, and to the full as bad English. The thoughts are old Strawberry phrases—so are *not* the panegyrics. Here are six lines written extempore by Lady Temple on Lady Mary Coke, easy and genteel, and almost true:

> She sometimes laughs, but never loud;
> She 's handsome too, but somewhat proud;
> At court, she bears away the bell;
> She dresses fine, and figures well:
> With decency she 's gay and airy;
> Who can this be but Lady Mary?

There have been tough doings in Parliament about the tax on cider[3]; and in the western counties the discontent is so great, that if Mr. Wilkes will turn patriot-hero, or patriot-incendiary in earnest, and put himself at their head, he may obtain a rope of martyrdom before the summer is over.

[2] Charles Lyttelton; d. 1768.
[3] A bill for laying an additional duty on cider and perry.

Adieu! I tell you my sorrows, because, if I escape them, I am sure nobody will rejoice more.

Yours ever,
H. W.

870. To ———.

Dear Sir,

The medical people certainly give us little hopes of poor Lord Waldegrave, though they owned last night that all the symptoms were less unfavourable than in the morning. If I was not thoroughly persuaded of their ignorance, it would be very impertinent in me to form any opinion, not founded on theirs; yet till their arguments are clearer and more satisfactory, I shall not despair. His head is so perfectly unaffected by his disorder, that I cannot conceive how his danger should be so imminent; as they affirm that the bodily symptoms are not of half the consequence in this disorder as are those of the head. His tranquillity they own is his best chance. It is unalterable; his temper, goodness, reason, and patience double what one feels on the prospect of losing him. I am just going thither, and if I should find any material alteration, will let you know.

Yours ever,
H. W.

871. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Friday night, late [1].

Amidst all my own grief, and all the distress which I have this moment left, I cannot forget you, who have so long been my steady and invariable friend. I cannot leave it to newspapers and correspondents to tell you my

Letter 870.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of J. Pearson & Co., 5 Pall Mall Place, S.W. The name of the addressee is unknown.

Letter 871.—[1] April 8, 1763.

loss. Lord Waldegrave died to-day. Last night he had some glimmerings of hope. The most desponding of the faculty flattered us a little. He himself joked with the physicians, and expressed himself in this engaging manner; asking what day of the week it was; they told him Thursday: 'Sure,' said he, 'it is Friday'—'No, my Lord, indeed it is Thursday'—'Well!' said he, 'see what a rogue this distemper makes one; I want to steal nothing but a day.' By the help of opiates, with which, for these two or three days, they had numbed his sufferings, he rested well. This morning he had no worse symptoms. I told Lady Waldegrave, that as no material alteration was expected before Sunday, I would go and dine at Strawberry, and return in time to meet the physicians in the evening—in truth, I was worn out with anxiety and attendance, and wanted an hour or two of fresh air. I left her at twelve, and had ordered dinner at three that I might be back early. I had not risen from table when I received an express from Lady Betty Waldegrave, to tell me that a sudden change had happened, that they had given him James's powder, but that they feared it was too late, and that he probably would be dead before I could come to my niece, for whose sake she begged I would return immediately. It was indeed too late! too late for everything—late as it was given, the powder vomited him even in the agonies—had I had power to direct, he should never have quitted James—but these are vain regrets! vain to recollect how particularly kind he, who was kind to everybody, was to me! I found Lady Waldegrave at my brother's; she weeps without ceasing, and talks of his virtues and goodness to her in a manner that distracts one. My brother bears this mortification with more courage than I could have expected from his warm passions: but nothing struck me more than to see my rough savage Swiss, Louis, in tears, as he opened my

chaise. I have a bitter scene to come; to-morrow morning I carry poor Lady Waldegrave to Strawberry. Her fall is great, from that adoration and attention that he paid her, from that splendour of fortune, so much of which dies with him, and from that consideration, which rebounded to her from the great deference which the world had for his character—visions perhaps—yet who could expect that they would have passed away even before that fleeting thing, her beauty!

If I had time or command enough of my thoughts, I could give you as long a detail of as unexpected a revolution in the political world. To-day has been as fatal to a whole nation, I mean to the Scotch, as to our family. Lord Bute resigned this morning. His intention was not even suspected till Wednesday, nor at all known a very few days before. In short, it is nothing, more or less, than a panic—a fortnight's opposition has demolished that scandalous but vast majority, which a fortnight had purchased—and in five months a plan of absolute power has been demolished by a panic! He pleads to the world bad health; to his friends, more truly, that the nation was set at him. He pretends to intend retiring absolutely, and giving no umbrage. In the meantime he is packing up a sort of ministerial legacy, which cannot hold even till next session, and I should think would scarce take place at all. George Grenville is to be at the head of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; Charles Townshend[2] to succeed him; and Lord Shelburn, Charles. Sir Francis Dashwood to have his barony of Despencer[3] and the Great Wardrobe, in the room of Lord Gower, who takes the Privy Seal[4], if the

[2] Charles Townshend had no place in the ministry. Lord Shelburne became First Lord of Trade.

[3] The barony of Despencer fell into abeyance on the death of the Earl of Westmorland in 1762. The abeyance was terminated in favour of Sir Francis Dashwood, as son of the eldest daughter of the fourth Earl of Westmorland.

[4] Earl Gower became Lord Chamberlain.

Duke of Bedford takes the Presidentship[5]—but there are many ifs in this arrangement; the principal if is, if they dare stand a tempest which has so terrified the pilot. You ask what becomes of Mr. Fox? Not at all pleased with this sudden determination, which has blown up many of his projects, and left him time to heat no more furnaces, he goes to France by the way of the House of Lords[6]—but keeps his place and his tools—till something else happens. —The confusion I suppose will be enormous—and the next act of the drama a quarrel among the opposition, who would be all-powerful if they could do, what they cannot, hold together and not squabble for the plunder. As I shall be at a distance for some days, I shall be able to send you no more particulars of this interlude, but you will like a pun my brother made when he was told of this explosion —'Then,' said he, 'they must turn the *Jacks* out of the drawing-room again, and again take them into the kitchen.' Adieu! what a world to set one's heart on!

Yours ever,

H. W.

872. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, April 10, 1763.

At a time when the political world is in strange and unexpected disorder, you would wonder that I should be here, and be so for some days; but I am come on a very melancholy occasion. Lord Waldegrave[1] is just dead of the small-pox, and I have brought my poor unhappy niece hither till he is buried. He was taken ill on the Wednes-

[5] The Duke of Bedford became President of the Council.

[6] Fox was created Baron Holland of Foxley, Wiltshire, on April 17, 1763.

Letter 872.—[1] James, second Earl of Waldegrave, Knight of the Garter, Governor of George III when Prince of Wales, Teller of the Exchequer and Warden of the Stannaries, married Maria, second daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, Knight of the Bath, Mr. Walpole's eldest brother. *Walpole.*

day, the distemper showed itself on the Friday, a very bad sort, and carried him off that day se'nnight. His brother and sister were inoculated, but it was early in the practice of that great preservative, which was then devoutly opposed; he was the eldest son, and weakly. He never had any fear of it, nor ever avoided it. We scarce feel this heavy loss more than it is felt universally. He was one of those few men whose good-nature silenced even ill-nature. His strict honour and consummate sense made him reverenced as much as beloved. He died as he lived, the physicians declaring that if anything saved him, it would be his tranquillity: I soon saw by their ignorance and contradictions that *they* would not. Yet I believe James's powder would have preserved him. He took it by my persuasion, before I knew what his disorder was. But James was soon chased away, to make room for regular assassins. In the course of the illness nobody would venture to take on them so important a hazard as giving the powder again; yet in his agonies it was given, and even then had efficacy enough to vomit him; but too late! My niece has nothing left but a moderate jointure of a thousand pounds a year, three little girls, a pregnancy, her beauty, and the testimonial of the best of men, who expressed no concern but for her, and who has given her as much as he could, and ratified her character by making her sole executrix. Her tenderness, which could not be founded on any charms in his person, shows itself in floods of tears, in veneration for his memory, and by acting with just such reason and propriety as he would wish her to exert; yet it is a terrible scene! She loses in him a father, who formed her mind, and a lover whose profusion knew no bounds. From his places his fortune was very great—that is gone! From his rank and consideration with all parties, she was at the summit of worldly glory—that is gone too! Four short years were all their happiness. Since the death

of Lady Coventry, she is allowed the handsomest woman in England; as she is so young, she may find as great a match and a younger lover—but she never can find another Lord Waldegrave!

Yesterday, when her brother-in-law, the Bishop of Exeter, came hither to acquaint her with the will, and we were endeavouring to stop the torrent of her tears, by observing how satisfactory it must be to her to find what confidence her Lord had placed in her sense and conduct, she said, charmingly, 'Oh! I wish he had ever done one thing I could find fault with!' The trial is great and dismal. She is not above three months gone with child, and is to pass seven more in melancholy anxiety, to have a labour without a father, perhaps another girl, or a son, whose chance of life will be a constant anxiety to her.

The same day that put an end to Lord Waldegrave's life gave a period too to the administration of Lord Bute, his supplanter, whom he did not love, and yet whom he could hardly hate, for aversion was not in his nature; nor did ever any man who had undertaken such a post as governor to a Prince with the utmost reluctance, and who could not have been totally void of the ambition which must have attended such a charge when once accepted, feel less resentment at the disappointment; but I will say no more on Lord Waldegrave, for I forget that you never knew him, and have kept you for above two pages in suspense. Ill health, antecedent determination of retirement, and national antipathy to him, are pleaded as the motives to Lord Bute's sudden resignation, which was not known, nay, not suspected, till two days before it happened. Leave out the two first causes, which are undoubtedly false, and call the third by its true name, panic, and you have the whole secret of this extraordinary revolution. It is plain, that if Mr. Pitt had headed the opposition sooner, or that the opposition

had had any brains without him, this event would have happened earlier. A single fortnight of clamour and debate on the cider tax, copied from the noise on the excise in my father's time, and adopted into petitions from the City, frightened this mighty favourite out of all his power and plans, and has reduced Mr. Fox to take almost the same steps, though he, too, has an intended project of retirement to plead; but he keeps his place, takes a peerage, and goes to France. Lord Bute keeps nothing but the King's favour, and that, too, he is not to use. He will be wise to adhere to this measure, now he has taken the other, lest necessity should prescribe instead of option.

I suppose you by this time conclude, that when Lord Bute quitted the King, he sent the keys of St. James's and Buckingham House to Mr. Pitt. Stay a little—we are to have another episode of a summer administration first, for you find we do not wear the same suits in both seasons. Mr. Grenville is to be First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; Charles Townshend at the head of the Admiralty, and Lord Shelburne at the Board of Trade. Sir Francis Dashwood, in recompense for the woful incapacity he has shown, goes into the House of Lords, and is to succeed in the Great Wardrobe to Lord Gower, who again takes the Privy Seal, as the Duke of Bedford is to be President of the Council. Lord Hertford is named for Paris, and Lord Stormont for Vienna; the Duke of Marlborough gets what he wished, the Master of the Horse[2]; I suppose to leave the Chamberlain's office vacant for the last incumbent[3]. The Duke of Rutland to be contented with Lord Granby's being Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, where he will finish his life and fortune[4].

[2] The Duke of Marlborough became Lord Privy Seal.

[3] The Duke of Devonshire. *Walpole.*

[4] Lord Granby drank very hard, and was profusely generous. *Walpole.*

In this state I left history. All this arrangement may be already overturned. No man, I suppose, is so unwise as to expect any duration to it. It can only mean, time to deal with the opposition, or to divide them; and, considering what numbers and what great names are to be satisfied, it is a chaos into which one cannot foresee. I have seldom been a lucky prophet, and therefore shall not exercise my talent. The poor man who is gone[5] could have been of the utmost consequence at this moment to accomplish some establishment; he had been offered, and had refused the greatest things—no bad ingredient in reconciling others. In that or any other qualification I know few equal to him. Adieu!

873. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, April 14, 1763.

I have received your two letters together, and foresaw that your friendly good heart would feel for us just as you do. The loss is irreparable, and my poor niece is sensible it is. She has such a veneration for her Lord's memory, that if her sisters and I make her cheerful for a moment, she accuses herself of it the next day to the Bishop of Exeter, as if he was her confessor, and that she had committed a crime. She cried for two days to such a degree, that if she had been a fountain it must have stopped. Till yesterday she scarce eat enough to keep her alive, and looks accordingly—but at her age she must be comforted: her esteem will last, but her spirits will return in spite of herself. Her Lord has made her sole executrix, and added what little *douceurs* he could to her jointure, which is but a thousand pounds a year, the estate being but three-and-twenty hundred. The little girls will have about 8,000*l.* apiece, for the Teller's[1] place was so great during the war,

[5] Lord Waldegrave.

Letter 873.—[1] Lord Waldegrave was a Teller of the Exchequer.

that notwithstanding his temper was a sluice of generosity, he had saved 30,000*l.* since his marriage.

Her sisters have been here with us the whole time; Lady Huntingtower is all mildness and tenderness; and by dint of attention I have not displeased the other[2]. Lord Huntingtower has been here once; the Bishop most of the time: he is very reasonable and good-natured, and has been of great assistance and comfort to me in this melancholy office, which is to last here till Monday or Tuesday. We have got the eldest little girl too, Lady Laura[3], who is just old enough to be amusing; and last night my nephew arrived here from Portugal. It was a terrible meeting at first; but as he is very soldierly and lively, he got into spirits, and diverted us much with his relations of the war and the country. He confirms all we have heard of the villainy, poltroonery, and ignorance of the Portuguese, and of their aversion to the English; but I could perceive, even through his relation, that our flippancies and contempt of them must have given a good deal of play to their antipathy.

You are admirably kind, as you always are, in inviting me to Greatworth, and proposing Bath; but besides its being impossible for me to take any journey just at present, I am really very well in health, and the tranquillity and air of Strawberry have done much good. The hurry of London, where I shall be glad to be again just now, will dissipate the gloom that this unhappy loss has occasioned, though a deep loss I shall always think it. The time passes tolerably here; I have my painters and gilders and constant packets of news from town, besides a thousand letters of condolence to answer; for both my niece and I have received innumerable testimonies of the regard that was felt

[2] Mrs. Keppel.

[3] Lady Elizabeth Laura Waldegrave; m. (1782) her cousin, George Waldegrave, Viscount Chewton, eldest son of third Earl Waldegrave, whom he succeeded in 1784. She died in 1816.

for Lord Waldegrave—I have heard of but one man[4] who ought to have known his worth, that has shown no concern —but I suppose his childish mind is too much occupied with the loss of his last governor! I have given up my own room to my niece, and have betaken myself to the Holbein chamber, where I am retired from the rest of the family when I choose it, and nearer to overlook my workmen. The chapel is quite finished, except the carpet. The sable mass of the altar gives it a very sober air; for, notwithstanding the solemnity of the painted windows, it had a gaudiness that was a little profane.

I can know no news here but by rebound, and yet, though they are to rebound again to you, they will be as fresh as any you can have at Greatworth. A kind of administration is botched up for the present, and even gave itself an air of that fierceness with which the winter set out. Lord Hardwicke was told that his sons must vote with the court, or be turned out. He replied, as he meant to have them in place, he chose they should be removed now. It looks ill for the court when he is sturdy. They wished, too, to have Pitt, if they could have had him without consequences; but they don't find any recruits repair to their standard. They brag that they should have had Lord Waldegrave; a most notorious falsehood, as he had refused every offer they could invent the day before he was taken ill. The Duke of Cumberland orders his servants to say, that so far from joining them, he believes if Lord Waldegrave could have been foretold of his death, he would have preferred it to an union with Bute and Fox. The former's was a decisive panic; so sudden, that it is said Lord Egremont was sent to break his resolution of retiring to the King. The other, whose journey to France does not indicate much less apprehension, affects to walk in the streets at the most public

[4] George III.

hours to mark his not trembling. In the meantime the two chiefs have paid their bravoes magnificently—no less than fifty-two thousand pounds a year are granted in reversions! *Young* Martin[5], who is older than I am, is named my successor—but I intend he shall wait some years—if they had a mind to serve me, they could not have selected a fitter tool to set my character in a fair light by the comparison. Lord Bute's son[6] has the reversion of an Auditor of the Imprest—this is all he has done ostensibly for his family, but the great things bestowed on the most insignificant objects make me suspect some private compacts—yet I may wrong him, but I do not mean it. Lord Granby has refused Ireland, and the Northumberlands are to transport their jovial magnificence thither. I lament that you made so little of that voyage, but is this the season of rewarded merit? One should blush to be preferred within the same year. Do but think that Calcraft is to be an Irish lord[7]! Fox's millions, or Calcraft's tithes of millions, cannot purchase a grain of your virtue or character. Adieu!

Yours most truly,

H. W.

874. To the Contessa Rena.

Monsieur Walpole est très sensible aux bontés de Madame la Comtesse Rena, et la remercie infiniment de la peine qu'elle s'est bien voulu donner pour sçavoir de ses nouvelles et de celles de Madame sa nièce. La pauvre Milady Waldegrave est aussi touchée qu'elle doit l'être d'une perte si grande: Elle pleure le meilleur mari, l'amant le

[5] Samuel Martin, sometime Secretary to the Treasury.

[6] John Stuart (1744–1814), Lord Mountstuart; succeeded his father as fourth Earl of Bute in 1792; cr. Marquis of Bute in 1796. Envoy to Turin, 1779–83; Ambassador at Madrid, March–Dec. 1783, and 1795–96.

[7] This did not happen.

Letter 874.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in possession of Mr. W. V. Daniell, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, W.

plus tendre, et l'homme le plus respectable de son siècle. Monsieur Walpole, qui ne quitte pas une nièce si véritablement affligée, aura l'honneur de remercier en personne Madame Rena quand il retournera à la ville. En attendant, il l'assure de sa vive reconnoissance et de son respect.

875. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, April 22, 1763.

I have two letters from you, and shall take care to execute the commission in the second. The first diverted me much.

I brought my poor niece from Strawberry on Monday. As executrix, her presence was quite necessary, and she has never refused to do anything reasonable that has been desired of her. But the house and the business have shocked her terribly; she still eats nothing, sleeps worse than she did, and looks dreadfully: I begin to think she will miscarry. She said to me t'other day, 'They tell me that if my Lord had lived, he might have done great service to his country at this juncture, by the respect all parties had for him—this is very fine; but as he did not live to do those services, it will never be mentioned in history!' I thought this solicitude for his honour charming—but he will be known by history: he has left a small volume of *Memoirs*[1], that are a *chef-d'œuvre*. He twice showed them to me, but I kept his secret faithfully; *now* it is for his glory to divulge it.

I am glad you are going to Dr. Lewis. After an Irish voyage I do not wonder you want careening. I have often preached to you, nay, and lived to you too—but my sermons were flung away and my example.

This ridiculous administration is patched up for the

Letter 875.—[1] Published by Murray in 1821.

present; the detail is delightful, but that I shall reserve for Strawberry-tide.

Lord Bath has complained to Fanshaw[2] of Lord Pultney's extravagance, and added, 'if he had lived he would have spent my whole estate.' This almost comes up to Sir Robert Brown, who, when his eldest daughter was given over, but still alive, on that uncertainty sent for an undertaker, and bargained for her funeral in hopes of having it cheaper, as it was possible she might recover. Lord Bath has purchased the Hatton vault in Westminster Abbey, squeezed his wife, son, and daughter into it, reserved room for himself, and has set the rest to sale[3]—come; all this is not far short of Sir Robert Brown.

To my great satisfaction, the new Lord Holland has not taken the least friendly, or even formal notice of me, on Lord Waldegrave's death. It dispenses me from the least farther connection with him, and saves explanations, which always entertain the world more than satisfy.

Dr. Cumberland[4] is an Irish bishop; I hope before the summer is over that some beam from your cousin's portion of the triumvirate[5] may light on poor Bentley. If he misses it till next winter, he will be forced to try still new sunshine.

I have taken Mrs. Pritchard's[6] house for Lady Waldegrave; I offered her to live with me at Strawberry, but with her usual good sense she declined it, as she thought the children would be troublesome.

Charles Townshend's episode[7] in this revolution passes

[2] Probably Simon Fanshaw, M.P. for Grampound.

[3] This last was not the case. See *Gent. Mag.* 1780, p. 231.

[4] Denison Cumberland, Bishop of Clonfert, 1763–72; Bishop of Kilmore, 1772–74; brother-in-law of Richard Bentley the younger.

[5] The triumvirate consisted of George Grenville and the Earls of Egremont and Halifax.

[6] The actress. Her cottage at Twickenham was called Ragman's Castle.

[7] Townshend 'accepted the post of First Lord of the Admiralty, and actually went to St. James's to kiss hands for it. Presuming that no-

belief, though he does not tell it himself. If I had a son born, and an old fairy was to appear and offer to endow him with her choicest gifts, I should cry out, 'Powerful Goody, give him anything but parts!' Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

876. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, April 30, 1763.

I BEGIN with your own affairs, as what must naturally interest you the most. This morning before I came out of town I sent for your brother James, and made him sensible, by stating his conduct and dear Gal's, how much he is to blame towards you. However, I was not sorry to have outgone my commission: he has so often been negligent to you, that I wished to reclaim him thoroughly; and I trust I have, for he frankly owned he was in fault and seemed sorry that he had forced you to complain. I don't know whether I am not innocently accessory to his idleness, as he trusts to my constant writing—but that ought not to excuse him. If he mends, you will easily forgive him.

The papers have told you all the formal changes; the real one consists solely in Lord Bute being out of office, for having recovered his fright he is still as much minister as ever, and consequently does not find his unpopularity decrease. On the contrary, I think his situation more dangerous than ever: he has done enough to terrify his friends, and encourage his enemies, and has acquired no new strength;

thing would or could be refused to him . . . he carried to court with him a Mr. Burrel, one of his followers, intending the latter should kiss hands along with himself as another Lord of the Admiralty. Thinking his honour engaged to carry through this absurdity, he would not kiss the King's hand unless Burrel was admitted too. It was flatly refused, and Townshend was told that the King had no further occasion for his service.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. i. pp. 209–10.)

rather has lost strength, by the disappearance of Mr. Fox from the scene. His deputies, too, will not long care to stand all the risk for him, when they perceive, as they must already, that they have neither credit nor confidence. Indeed the new administration is a general joke, and will scarce want a violent death to put an end to it. Lord Bute is very blamable for embarking the King so deep in measures that may have so serious a termination. The longer the court can stand its ground, the more firmly will the opposition be united, and the more inflamed. I have ever thought this would be a turbulent reign, and nothing has happened to make me alter my opinion.

Mr. Fox's exit has been very unpleasant. He would not venture to accept the Treasury, which Lord Bute would have bequeathed to him; and could not obtain an earldom, for which he thought he had stipulated; but some of the negotiators asserting that he had engaged to resign the Paymaster's place, which he vehemently denies, he has been forced to take up with a barony, and has broken with his associates—I do not say friends, for with the chief[1] of *them* he had quarrelled when he embarked in the new system. He meets with little pity, and yet has found as much ingratitude as he had had power of doing service.

I am glad you are going to have a Great Duke[2]; it will amuse you, and a new court will make Florence lively, the only beauty it wants. You divert me with my friend the Duke of Modena's conscientious match: if the Duchess[3] had outlived him, she would not have been so scrupulous. But, for Hymen's sake, who is that Madame Simonetti? I trust,

LETTER 876.—[1] The Dukes of Cumberland and Devonshire. *Walpole.*

[2] Mann announced that the Emperor's second son, Peter Leopold, was to reside in Florence as his father's lieutenant. Leopold succeeded his father as Grand Duke in 1765, and his brother as Emperor in 1790.

[3] She was a daughter of the Regent Duke of Orleans. *Walpole.*

not that old painted, gaming, debauched Countess[4] from Milan, whom I saw at the fair of Reggio!

I surprise myself with being able to write two pages of pure English; I do nothing but deal in broken French. The two nations are crossing over and figuring-in. We have had a Count d'Usson[5] and his wife these six weeks; and last Saturday arrived a Madame de Boufflers[6], *sçavante, galante*, a great friend of the Prince of Conti, and a passionate admirer *de nous autres Anglois*. I am forced to live much with *tout ça*, as they are perpetually at my Lady Hervey's; and as my Lord Hertford goes Ambassador to Paris, where I shall certainly make him a visit next year—don't you think I shall be computing how far it is to Florence? There is coming, too, a Marquis de Fleury, who is to be consigned to me, as a political relation, *vu l'amitié entre le Cardinal son oncle et feu monsieur mon père*. However, as my cousin Fleury is not above six-and-twenty, I had much rather be excused from such a commission as showing the tombs and the lions, and the King and Queen, and my Lord Bute, and the waxwork[7], to a boy. All this breaks in upon my plan of withdrawing by little and little from the world, for I hate to tire it with an old lean face, and which promises to be an old lean face for thirty years longer, for I am as well again as ever. The Duc de Nivernois called here the other day in his way from Hampton Court; but, as the most sensible French never have eyes to see anything, unless they see it every day and see it in fashion, I cannot say he flattered me much, or was much struck with Strawberry. When I carried him into the cabinet, which I have told you is formed upon the idea of a Catholic chapel, he pulled off his hat, but per-

[4] It was that Madame Simonetti. *Walpole.*

[5] He was afterwards Envoy to Sweden, where he died in 1781–2. He married a Dutchwoman. *Walpole.*

[6] Mademoiselle Saujon, Marquise de Boufflers, mistress of the Prince de Conti, whom she hoped to marry. *Walpole.*

[7] Rackstrow's waxworks; see p. 317.

ceiving his error, he said, 'Ce n'est pas une chapelle pourtant,' and seemed a little displeased.

My poor niece does not forget her Lord, though by this time I suppose the world has. She has taken a house here, at Twickenham, to be near me. Madame de Boufflers has heard so much of her beauty, that she told me she should be glad to peep through a grate anywhere to get a glimpse of her,—but at present it would not answer. I never saw so great an alteration in so short a period; but she is too young not to recover her beauty, only dimmed by grief that must be temporary. Adieu! my dear Sir. I wish to hear that you are content with your brother James: I think you will be.

Monday, May 2nd, Arlington Street.

The plot thickens: Mr. Wilkes is sent to the Tower for the last *North Briton*[8]; a paper whose fame must have reached you. It said Lord Bute had made the King utter a gross falsehood in his last speech. This hero is as bad a fellow as ever hero was, abominable in private life, dull in Parliament, but, they say, very entertaining in a room, and certainly no bad writer, besides having had the honour of contributing a great deal to Lord Bute's fall. Wilkes fought Lord Talbot in the autumn, whom he had abused; and lately at Calais, when the Prince de Croy, the Governor, asked him how far the liberty of the press extended in England, replied, 'I cannot tell, but I am trying to know.' I don't believe this will be the only paragraph I shall send you on this affair.

[8] No. 45. 'This famous paper gave a flat lie to the King himself, for having, by the Favourite's suggestion, assumed the honour of obtaining peace for the King of Prussia.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. i. p. 217.)

877. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, May 1, 1763.

I feel happy at hearing your happiness; but, my dear Harry, your vision is much indebted to your long absence, which

Makes bleak rocks and barren mountains smile.

I mean no offence to Park Place, but the bitterness of the weather makes me wonder how you can find the country tolerable now. This is a May-day for the latitude of Siberia! The milkmaids should be wrapped *in the motherly comforts of a swan-skin petticoat*. In short, such hard words have passed between me and the north wind to-day, that, according to the language of the times, I was very near abusing it for coming from Scotland, and to imputing it to Lord Bute. I don't know whether I should not have written a *North Briton* against it, if the printers were not all sent to Newgate, and Mr. Wilkes to the Tower—ay, to the Tower, *tout de bon*. The new ministry are trying to make up for their ridiculous insignificance by a *coup d'éclat*. As I came hither yesterday, I do not know whether the particulars I have heard are genuine—but in the Tower he certainly is, taken up by Lord Halifax's warrant for treason; vide the *North Briton* of Saturday was se'nnight. It is said he refused to obey the warrant, of which he asked and got a copy from the two messengers, telling them he did not mean to make his escape, but sending to demand his Habeas Corpus, which was refused. He then went to Lord Halifax, and thence to the Tower; declaring they should get nothing out of him but what they knew. All his papers have been seized. Lord Chief Justice Pratt, I am told, finds great fault with the wording of the warrant.

I don't know how to execute your commission for books

of architecture, nor care to put you to expense, which I know will not answer. I have been consulting my neighbour, young Mr. Thomas Pitt[1], my present architect: we have all books of that sort here, but cannot think of one which will help you to a cottage or a greenhouse. For the former you should send me your idea, your dimensions; for the latter, don't you rebuild your old one, though in another place? A pretty greenhouse I never saw; nor without immoderate expense can it well be an agreeable object. Mr. Pitt thinks a mere portico without a pediment, and windows removable in summer, would be the best plan you could have. If so, don't you remember something of that kind, which you liked, at Sir Charles Cottrel's at Rousham? But a fine greenhouse must be on a more exalted plan. In short, you must be more particular, before I can be at all so.

I called at Hammersmith yesterday about Lady Ailesbury's tubs; one of them is nearly finished, but they will not both be completed these ten days. Shall they be sent to you by water? Good-night to her Ladyship and you, and the infanta[2], whose progress in waxen statuary I hope advances so fast, that by next winter she may rival Rackstrow's old man. Do you know that, though apprised of what I was going to see, it deceived me, and made such impression on my mind, that, thinking on it as I came home in my chariot, and seeing a woman steadfastly at work in a window in Pall Mall, it made me start to see her move? Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Arlington Street, Monday night.

The mighty commitment set out with a blunder; the warrant directed the printer, and all concerned (unnamed)

LETTER 877.—[1] Afterwards created Lord Camelford. *Walpole.*

[2] Anne Conway, afterwards Mrs. Damer.

to be taken up. Consequently Wilkes had his Habeas Corpus of course, and was committed again; moved for another in the Common Pleas, and is to appear there to-morrow morning. Lord Temple being, by another strain of power, refused admittance to him, said, 'I thought this was the Tower, but find it is the Bastille.' They found among Wilkes's papers an unpublished *North Briton*, designed for last Saturday. It contained advice to the King not to go to St. Paul's on the Thanksgiving, but to have a snug one in his own chapel; and to let Lord George Sackville carry the sword. There was a dialogue in it too between Fox and Calcraft[3]: the former says to the latter, 'I did not think you would have served me so, Jemmy Twitcher.'

878. To Sir David Dalrymple.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, May 2, 1763.

I forbore to answer your letter for a few days, till I knew whether it was in my power to give you satisfaction. Upon inquiry, and having conversed with some who could inform me, I find it would be very difficult to obtain so peremptory an order for dismissing fictitious invalids (as I think they may properly be called), as you seem to think the state of the case requires; by any interposition of mine, quite impossible. Very difficult I am told it would be to get them dismissed from our hospitals when once admitted, and subject to a clamour which, in the present unsettled state of government, nobody would care to risk. Indeed, I believe it could not be done by any single authority. The power of admission, and consequently of dismission, does not depend

[3] Calcraft had treated Fox with great ingratitude. 'In the discussion and during the defending and proving what he [Fox] had or had not said relative to the cession of the Paymaster's place, Calcraft, his own creature, his cousin, raised from extreme indigence and obscurity to enormous wealth . . . took part with Lord Shelburne, and witnessed to the latter's tale.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. i. pp. 207–8.)

on the minister, but on the Board who direct the affairs of the Hospital, at which Board preside the Paymaster, Secretary at War, Governor, &c.; if I am not quite exact, I know it is so in general. I am advised to tell you, Sir, that if upon examination it should be thought right to take the step you counsel, still it could not be done without previous and deliberate discussion. As I should grudge no trouble, and am very desirous of executing any commission, Sir, you will honour me with, if you will draw up a memorial in form, stating the abuses which have come to your knowledge, the advantages which would result to the community by more rigorous examination of candidates for admission, and the uses to which the overflowings of the military might be put, I will engage to put it into the hands of Mr. Grenville, the present head of the Treasury, and to employ all the little credit he is so good to let me have with him, in backing your request. I can answer for one thing and no more, that as long as he sits at that Board, which probably will not be long, he will give all due attention to any scheme of national utility.

It is seldom, Sir, that political revolutions bring any man upon the stage, with whom I have much connection. The great actors are not the class whom I much cultivate; consequently I am neither elated with hopes on their advancement, nor mortified nor rejoiced at their fall. As the scene has shifted often of late, and is far from promising duration at present, one must, if one lives in the great world, have now and then an acquaintance concerned in the drama. Whenever I happen to have one, I hope I am ready and glad to make use of such (however substantial) interest to do good or to oblige; and this being the case at present, and truly I cannot call Mr. Grenville much more than an acquaintance, I shall be happy, Sir, if I can contribute to your views, which I have reason to believe are those of a

benevolent man and good citizen; but I advertise you truly, that my interest depends more on Mr. Grenville's goodness and civility, than on any great connection between us, and still less on any political connection. I think he would like to do public good, I know I should like to contribute to it—but if it is to be done by this channel, I apprehend there is not much time to be lost—you see, Sir, what I think of the permanence of the present system! Your ideas, Sir, on the hard fate of our brave soldiers concur with mine; I lamented their sufferings, and have tried in vain to suggest some little plans for their relief. I only mention this, to prove to you that I am not indifferent to the subject, nor undertake your commission from mere complaisance. You understand the matter better than I do, but you cannot engage in it with more zeal. Methodize, if you please, your plan, and communicate it to me, and it shall not be lost for want of solicitation. We swarm with highwaymen, who have been heroes. We owe our safety to them, consequently we owe a return of preservation to them, if we can find out methods of employing them honestly. Extend your views, Sir, for them, and let me be solicitor to the cause.

879. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, May 6, very late, 1763.

The complexion of the times is a little altered since the beginning of this last winter. Prerogative, that gave itself such airs in November, and would speak to nothing but a Tory, has had a rap this morning that will do it some good, unless it is weak enough to do itself more harm. The judges of the Common Pleas have unanimously dismissed Wilkes from his imprisonment, as a breach of privilege; his offence not being a breach of the peace, only tending to it. The people are in transports; and it will

require all the vanity and confidence of those able ministers, Lord Sandwich and Mr. C——, to keep up the spirits of the court.

I must change this tone, to tell you of the most dismal calamity that ever happened. Lady Molesworth's[1] house, in Upper Brook Street, was burned to the ground between four and five this morning. She herself, two of her daughters, her brother[2], and six servants, perished. Two other of the young ladies jumped out of the two pair of stairs and garret windows: one broke her thigh, the other (the eldest of all) broke hers too, and has had it cut off. The fifth daughter is much burnt. The French governess leaped from the garret, and was dashed to pieces. Dr. Molesworth and his wife, who were there on a visit, escaped; the wife by jumping from the two pair of stairs, and saving herself by a rail; he by hanging by his hands till a second ladder was brought, after a first had proved too short. Nobody knows how or where the fire began; the catastrophe is shocking beyond what one ever heard: and poor Lady Molesworth, whose character and conduct were the most amiable in the world, is universally lamented. Your good hearts will feel this in the most lively manner.

I go early to Strawberry to-morrow, giving up the new opera, Madame de Boufflers, and Mr. Wilkes, and all the present topics. Wilkes, whose case has taken its place by the side of the seven Bishops, calls himself the eighth—not quite improperly, when one remembers that Sir Jonathan Trelawney[3], who swore like a trooper, was one of those confessors.

There is a good letter in the *Gazetteer* on the other side, pretending to be written by Lord Temple, and advising

LETTER 879.—[1] Mary, daughter of Archdeacon Usher; m. (1743), as his second wife, Richard Molesworth, third Viscount Molesworth.

[2] Captain Usher.

[3] Sir Jonathan Trelawney, third Baronet (d. 1721), Bishop successively of Bristol, Exeter, and Winchester.

Wilkes to cut his throat, like Lord E——[4], as it would be of infinite service to their cause. There are published, too, three volumes of Lady Mary Wortley's *Letters*, which I believe are genuine, and are not unentertaining.—But have you read Tom Hervey's letter to the late King? That beats everything for madness, horrid indecency, and folly, and yet has some charming and striking passages.

I have advised Mrs. Harris to inform against Jack, as writing in the *North Briton*; he will then be shut up in the Tower, and may be shown for old Nero[5]. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

880. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 10, 1763.

You will be impatient to hear the event of last Friday. Mr. Wilkes was delivered by the Court of Common Pleas, unanimously: not, said they, on a defect of affidavit in the warrant; not on defect of specification of libellous matter in the warrant (two objections that had been made by his counsel to the legality of the commitment); but on a breach of privilege, the libel in question not being a breach of the peace, but only tending to it.

The triumph of the opposition, you may be sure, is great. Though he is still liable to be prosecuted in the King's Bench, a step gained against the court gives confidence and encouragement. It has given so much to Mr. Wilkes and the warmest of his friends, that I think their indiscretion and indecency will revolt the gravest of their well-wishers. He keeps no bounds; wrote immediately to the Secretaries of State that his house had been robbed, and that he sup-

[4] Probably Arthur Capel (1631–1683), Earl of Essex, who is supposed to have committed suicide in the Tower of London, where he was a prisoner.

[5] An old lion there, so called. *Walpole.*

posed they had his goods—nay, he went to a justice of peace to demand a warrant for searching their houses, which, you may imagine, he did not obtain. The King ordered Lord Temple, Lord-Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire, to remove him from the militia of that county. The Earl acquainted him with that dismission, in terms of condolence; for which his Lordship has since been displaced himself. In short, the scene grows every day more serious —violence on one side, and incapacity on the other.

I quit politics, to tell you the most melancholy catastrophe that one almost ever heard or read of. The house of Lady Molesworth, in Upper Brook Street, was suddenly burnt to the ground last Friday, between four and five in the morning. Herself, two of her daughters, her brother, and three servants perished, with all the circumstances of horror imaginable! The house, which was small, happened to be crowded, by the arrival of her brother, Captain Usher, from Jamaica, who lay there but that night for the first time, and by a visit from Dr. Molesworth (her brother-in-law) and his wife. The doctor waked, hearing what he thought hail. He rose, opened the window and saw nothing. The noise increased, he opened the door, and found the whole staircase in flames and smoke. Seeing no retreat, he would have persuaded his wife to rush with him into the smoke, and perish at once, as the quickest death. She had not resolution enough. He then flung out a mattress for her to jump on (it was two pair of stairs backwards): while he was doing this he saw from the garret above one of the young ladies leap into the back court. Mrs. Molesworth then jumped out of the window, and was scarce hurt; he clambered out too, and hung by a hook: a man from the back of another house saw him, and called to him that he would bring a ladder; he did, but it was too short. However, he begged the doctor, if possible, to hang there

still, which, though his strength, for he is a very old man, almost failed him, he did and was saved; but he is since grown so disordered with the terror and calamity, that they doubt if he will live. Lady Molesworth, who lay two pair of stairs forwards, and who, to make room, had taken her eldest daughter, of seventeen, to lie with her, was seen by persons in the street at the window: the daughter jumped into the street, fell on the iron spikes, and from thence into the area. Lady Molesworth was at the other window in her shift, and lifted up her hands, either to open the sash, or in agonies for her daughter, but suddenly disappeared. Some think that the floor at that instant fell with her; I rather conclude that she swooned when her daughter leaped, and never recovered.

The young lady has had her leg cut off, and has not been in her senses since. The youngest daughter, about nine or ten, had the quickness to get out at window on the top of the house, but from spikes and chimneys could get no farther. She went back to her room where her governess was, who jumped first, and was dashed to pieces. The child then jumped, and was little hurt, though burnt, and almost stifled by the bed-clothes which Dr. Molesworth flung out, for this was her that he saw. They told her her governess was safe; she replied, 'Don't pretend to make me believe that, for I saw her dead on the pavement, and her brains scattered about.'

Another of the sisters jumped too, and escaped with a fractured thigh. A footman, who lay below, and could have saved himself easily, ran up to try to save some of the family, but being involved in flames and much burnt, was forced to try the window, fell on the spikes like Miss Molesworth, but they think will live. Lord Molesworth[1],

LETTER 880.—[1] Richard Nassau Molesworth (1748–1793), fourth Viscount Molesworth.

the only son, a boy at Westminster, was at home that day, and was to have lain there, but not having done his task, was obliged to go back to school, and was thus fortunately preserved.

The general compassion on this dreadful tragedy is much heightened by the very amiable character of Lady Molesworth. She had been a very great beauty, and was still a most pleasing woman, not above forty. Lord Molesworth[2], then very aged, married her, and had several children by her; her character and virtue beyond all suspicion, untainted and irreproachable. Her care of her children was most meritorious, and her general behaviour to the greatest degree engaging. Dr. Molesworth had been much her enemy, yet, while her husband lived, she had persuaded him to give the doctor an annuity, and since his death has treated him with the utmost friendship.

It is not yet known how this terrible accident happened. Many suspect two blacks belonging to Captain Usher, but I believe merely from not knowing how to account for it, nor where it began.

We have just got three volumes of Lady Mary Wortley's *Letters*; of which she had given copies at Venice. They are entertaining, though perhaps the least of all her works, for these were written during her first travels, and have no personal history. All relating to that is in the hands of Lady Bute, and I suppose will never see the light. These letters, though pretty well guarded, have certain marks of originality—not bating freedoms, both of opinion, and with regard to truth, for which you know she had little partiality. Adieu!

P.S. Apropos to letters, I have never received mine, which you told me you had sent so long ago.

[2] Richard Molesworth (d. 1758), third Viscount Molesworth.

881. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, May 16, 1763.

I promised you should hear from me if I did not go abroad, and I flatter myself that you will not be sorry to know that I am much better in health than I was at the beginning of the winter. My journey is quite laid aside, at least for this year; though, as Lord Hertford goes Embassador to Paris, I propose to make him a visit there early next spring.

As I shall be a good deal here this summer, I hope you did not take a surfeit of Strawberry Hill, but will bestow a visit on it while its beauty lasts; the gallery advances fast now, and I think in a few weeks will make a figure worth your looking at.

I am, dear Sir,
Your obedient humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

882. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, May 17, 1763.

'On vient de nous donner une très jolie fête au château de Straberri: tout étoit tapissé de narcisses, de tulipes, et de lilacs; des cors de chasse, des clarionettes, des petits vers galants faits par des fées, et qui se trouvoient sous la presse, des fruits à la glace, du thé, du café, des biscuits, et force hot-rolls.'—This is not the beginning of a letter to you, but of one that I might suppose sets out to-night for Paris, or rather, which I do not suppose will set out thither, for though the narrative is circumstantially true, I don't believe the actors were pleased enough with the scene, to give so favourable an account of it. The French do not come hither *to see*. *À l'angloise* happened to be the word in fashion; and half a dozen of the most fashionable people

have been the dupes of it. I take for granted that their next mode will be *à l'iroquoise*, that they may be under no obligation of realizing their pretensions. Madame de Boufflers I think will die a martyr to a taste, which she fancied she had, and finds she has not. Never having stirred ten miles from Paris, and having only rolled in an easy coach from one hôtel to another on a gliding pavement, she is already worn out with being hurried from morning till night from one sight to another. She rises every morning so fatigued with the toils of the preceding day, that she has not strength, if she had inclination, to observe the least, or the finest thing she sees! She came hither to-day to a great breakfast I made for her, with her eyes a foot deep in her head, her hands dangling, and scarce able to support her knotting-bag. She had been yesterday to see a ship launched, and went from Greenwich by water to Ranelagh. Madame Dusson, who is Dutch-built, and whose muscles are more pleasure-proof, came with her; there were besides, Lady Mary Coke, Lord and Lady Holderness, the Duke and Duchess of Grafton, Lord Hertford, Lord Villiers, Offley, Messieurs de Fleury, Déon[1], et Duclos[2]. The latter is author of the Life of Louis Onze; dresses like a dissenting minister, which I suppose is the livery of a *bel esprit*, and is much more impetuous than agreeable. We breakfasted in the great parlour, and I had filled the hall and large cloister by turns with French horns and clarionets. As the French ladies had never seen a printing-house, I carried them into mine; they found something ready set, and desiring to see what it was, it proved as follows:—

LETTER 882.—[1] Charles Geneviève de Beaumont d'Éon (1728–1810), at this time secretary to the Duc de Nivernais, on whose return to France he was for a short period Minister Plenipotentiary in London. He subsequently masqueraded for many years in woman's dress, both in England and France.

[2] Charles Pinot Duclos (1704–1774).

The Press speaks—

For Madame de Boufflers.

The graceful fair, who loves to know,
Nor dreads the north's inclement snow;
Who bids her polish'd accent wear
The British diction's harsher air;
Shall read her praise in every clime
Where types can speak or poets rhyme.

For Madame Dusson.

Feign not an ignorance of what I speak;
You could not miss my meaning, were it Greek.
'Tis the same language Belgium utter'd first,
The same which from admiring Gallia burst.
True sentiment a like expression pours;
Each country says the same to eyes like yours.

You will comprehend that the first speaks English, and that the second does not; that the second is handsome, and the first not; and that the second was born in Holland. This little *gentillesse* pleased, and atoned for the popery of my house, which was not serious enough for Madame de Boufflers, who is Montmorency, *et du sang du premier Chrétien*; and too serious for Madame Dusson, who is a Dutch Calvinist. The latter's husband was not here, nor Drumgold[3], who have both got fevers, nor the Duc de Nivernois, who dined at Claremont. The gallery is not advanced enough to give them any idea at all, as they are not apt to go out of their way for one; but the cabinet, and the glory of yellow glass at top, which had a charming sun for a foil, did surmount their indifference, especially

[3] Properly written Dromgoole. The Colonel belonged to an Irish family of Danish extraction. He was at this time acting as secretary to the Duc de Nivernais. When Dr. Johnson visited Paris in 1775 he was entertained by Dromgoole, who was then at the head of the École Militaire.

as they were animated by the Duchess of Grafton, who had never happened to be here before, and who perfectly entered into the air of enchantment and fairyism, which is the tone of the place, and was peculiarly so to-day—apropos, when do you design to come hither? Let me know, that I may have no measures to interfere with receiving you and your Grandisons[4].

Before Lord Bute ran away, he made Mr. Bentley a Commissioner of the Lottery; I don't know whether a single or double one: the latter, which I hope it is, is two hundred a year.

Thursday, 19th.

I am ashamed of myself to have nothing but a journal of pleasures to send you! I never passed a more agreeable day than yesterday. Miss Pelham gave the French an entertainment at Esher, but they have been so feasted and amused, that none of them were well enough, or reposed enough, to come, but Nivernois and Madame Dusson. The rest of the company were, the Graftons, Lady Rockingham[5], Lord and Lady Pembroke, Lord and Lady Holderness, Lord Villiers, Count Woronzow the Russian minister, Lady Sondes, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham, Miss Mary Pelham, Lady Mary Coke, Mrs. Pitt, Mrs. Anne Pitt, and Mr. Shelley. The day was delightful, the scene transporting, the trees, lawns, concaves, all in the perfection in which the ghost of Kent would joy to see them. At twelve we made the tour of the farm in eight chaises and calashes, horsemen, and footmen, setting out like a picture of Wouverman. My lot fell in the lap of Mrs. Anne Pitt, which I could have excused, as she was not at all in the style of the day, romantic, but political. We had a mag-

[4] Montagu's brother, General Charles Montagu, had recently married Countess Grandison.

[5] Mary (d. 1804), daughter and heiress of Thomas Bright, of Badsworth, Yorkshire; m. (1752) Charles Watson-Wentworth, second Marquis of Rockingham.

nificent dinner, cloaked in the modesty of earthenware: French horns and hautboys on the lawn. We walked to the belvedere on the summit of the hill, where a threatened storm only served to heighten the beauty of the landscape, a rainbow on a dark cloud falling precisely behind the tower of a neighbouring church, between another tower and the building at Claremont. Monsieur de Nivernois, who had been absorbed all day, and lagging behind, translating my verses, was delivered of his version, and of some more lines which he wrote on Miss Pelham in the belvedere, while we drank tea and coffee. From thence we passed into the wood, and the ladies formed a circle on chairs before the mouth of the cave, which was overhung to a vast height with woodbines, lilacs, and laburnums, and dignified by those tall shapely cypresses. On the descent of the hill were placed the French horns; the abigails, servants, and neighbours wandering below by the river—in short, it was Parnassus, as Watteau would have painted it. Here we had a rural syllabub, and part of the company returned to town; but were replaced by Giardini[6] and Onofrio, who with Nivernois on the violin, and Lord Pembroke on the bass, accompanied Miss Pelham, Lady Rockingham, and the Duchess of Grafton, who sang. This little concert lasted till past ten; then there were minuets, and as we had seven couple left, it concluded with a country dance—I blush again, for I danced, but was kept in countenance by Nivernois, who has one wrinkle more than I have. A quarter after twelve they sat down to supper, and I came home by a charming moonlight. I am going to dine in town, and to a great ball with fireworks at Miss Chudleigh's—but I return hither on Sunday, to bid adieu to this abominable Arcadian life, for really when one is not young,

[6] Felice de' Giardini (1716–1796), a celebrated violinist.

one ought to do nothing but *s'ennuyer*—I will try, but I always go about it awkwardly. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. I enclose a copy of both the English and French verses.

À Madame de Boufflers[7].

Boufflers, qu'embellissent les grâces,
Et qui plairoit sans le vouloir,
Elle à qui l'amour du sçavoir
Fit braver le Nord et les glaces;
Boufflers se plaît en nos vergers,
Et veut à nos sons étrangers
Plier sa voix enchanteresse.
Répétons son nom mille fois,
Sur tous les cœurs Boufflers aura des droits,
Partout où la rime et la Presse
A l'amour prêteront leur voix.

À Madame D'Usson.

Ne feignez point, Iris, de ne pas nous entendre;
Ce que vous inspirez, en grec doit se comprendre.
On vous l'a dit d'abord en hollandois,
Et dans un langage plus tendre
Paris vous l'a répété mille fois.
C'est de nos cœurs l'expression sincère;
En tout climat, Iris, à toute heure, en tous lieux,
Partout où brilleront vos yeux,
Vous apprendrez combien ils sçavent plaire.

883. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, May 21, 1763.

You have now seen the celebrated Madame de Boufflers[1]. I dare say you could in that short time perceive that she

[7] The French translation is not at present amongst the Kimbolton MSS.

Letter 883.—[1] The Comtesse de Boufflers, who since the Revolution

is agreeable, but I dare say too that you will agree with me that vivacity is by no means the *partage* of the French—bating the *étourderie* of the *mousquetaires* and of a high-dried *petit maître* or two, they appear to me more lifeless than Germans. I cannot comprehend how they came by the character of a lively people. Charles Townshend has more *sal volatile* in him than the whole nation. Their King is taciturnity itself, Mirepoix was a walking mummy, Nivernois has about as much life as a sick favourite child, and M. Dusson is a good-humoured country gentleman, who has been drunk the day before, and is upon his good behaviour. If I have the gout next year, and am thoroughly humbled by it again, I will go to Paris, that I may be upon a level with them: at present, I am *trop fou* to keep them company. Mind, I do not insist that, to have spirits, a nation should be as frantic as poor Fanny Pelham, as absurd as the Duchess of Queensbury, or as dashing as the Virgin Chudleigh. Oh that you had been at her ball t'other night! History could never describe it and keep its countenance. The Queen's real birthday, you know, is not kept: this Maid of Honour kept it—nay, while the court is in mourning, expected people to be out of mourning; the Queen's family really was so, Lady Northumberland having desired leave for them. A scaffold was erected in Hyde Park for fireworks. To show the illuminations without to more advantage, the company were received in an apartment totally dark, where they remained for two hours. —If they gave rise to any more birthdays, who could help it? The fireworks were fine, and succeeded well. On each side of the court were two large scaffolds for the Virgin's tradespeople. When the fireworks ceased, a large scene was lighted in the court, representing their Majesties;

in France of the year 1789, resided in England for two or three years with her daughter-in-law the Comtesse Émilie de Boufflers. *Walpole.*

on each side of which were six obelisks, painted with emblems, and illuminated; mottoes beneath in Latin and English: 1. For the Prince of Wales, a ship, *Multorum spes.* 2. For the Princess Dowager, a bird of paradise, and *two* little ones, *Meos ad sidera tollo.* People smiled. 3. Duke of York, a temple, *Virtuti et honori.* 4. Princess Augusta, a bird of paradise, *Non habet parem*—unluckily this was translated, *I have no peer.* People laughed out, considering where this was exhibited. 5. The three younger Princes, an orange-tree, *Promittit et dat.* 6. The two younger Princesses, the flower crown-imperial. I forget the Latin: the translation was silly enough, *Bashful in youth, graceful in age.* The lady of the house made many apologies for the poorness of the performance, which she said was only oil-paper, painted by one of her servants; but it really was fine and pretty. The Duke of Kingston was in a frock, *comme chez lui.* Behind the house was a cenotaph for the Princess Elizabeth, a kind of illuminated cradle; the motto, *All the honours the dead can receive.* This burying-ground was a strange codicil to a festival; and, what was more strange, about one in the morning, this sarcophagus burst out into crackers and guns. The Margrave of Anspach[2] began the ball with the Virgin. The supper was most sumptuous.

You ask, when I propose to be at Park Place. I ask, shall not you come to the Duke of Richmond's masquerade, which is the 6th of June? I cannot well be with you till towards the end of that month.

The enclosed is a letter which I wish you to read attentively, to give me your opinion upon it, and return it. It is from a sensible friend of mine in Scotland[3], who

[2] Christian Charles, Margrave of Anspach. He sold his territories to Prussia in 1791, and died in 1806.

[3] Sir David Dalrymple. See Horace Walpole's letter to him of May 2, 1763.

has lately corresponded with me on the enclosed subjects, which I little understand; but I promised to communicate his ideas to George Grenville, if he would state them—are they practicable? I wish much that something could be done for those brave soldiers and sailors, who will all come to the gallows, unless some timely provision can be made for them.—The former part of his letter relates to a grievance he complains of, that men who have *not* served are admitted into garrisons, and then into our hospitals, which were designed for meritorious sufferers. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

884. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, Saturday evening [May 28, 1763].

No, indeed I cannot consent to your being a dirty Philander[1]. Pink and white, and white and pink! and both as greasy as if you had gnawed a leg of a fowl on the stairs of the Haymarket with a bunter from the Cardigan's Head! For Heaven's sake don't produce a tight rose-coloured thigh, unless you intend to prevent my Lord Bute's return from Harrowgate. Write, the moment you receive this, to your tailor to get you a sober purple domino as I have done, and it will make you a couple of summer waistcoats.

In the next place, have your ideas a little more correct about us of times past. We did not furnish our cottages[2] with chairs of ten guineas apiece. Ebony for a farm-house! So, two hundred years hence some man of taste will build a hamlet in the style of George the Third, and beg his

LETTER 884.—[1] At the masquerade given by the Duke of Richmond on the 6th of June, 1763, at his house in Privy Garden. *Walpole.*

[2] General Conway was fitting up a little rustic building in his grounds.

cousin Tom Hearne to get him some chairs for it of mahogany gilt, and covered with blue damask. Adieu! I have not a minute's time more.

Yours, &c.,
Hor. Walpole.

885. To George Montagu.

Huntingdon, May 30, 1763.

As you interest yourself about Kimbolton, I begin my journal of two days here. But I must set out with owning that I believe I am the first man that ever went sixty miles to an auction. As I came for ebony, I have been up to my chin in ebony; there is literally nothing but ebony in the house; all the other goods, if there were any, and I trust my Lady Conyers[1] did not sleep upon ebony mattresses, are taken away. There are two tables and eighteen chairs, all made by the Hallet of two hundred years ago. These I intend to have; for mind, the auction does not begin till Thursday. There are more plebeian chairs of the same materials, but I have left commission for only the true black blood. Thence I went to Kimbolton and asked to see the house. A kind footman, who in his zeal to open the chaise pinched half my finger off, said he would call the housekeeper: but a groom of the chambers insisted on my visiting their Graces; and as I vowed I did not know them, he said they were in the great apartment, that all the rest was in disorder and altering, and would let me see nothing.—This was the reward of my first lie. I returned to my inn or alehouse, and instantly received a message from the Duke[2] to invite me to the Castle.

Letter 885.—[1] The Conyers' were of Great Stoughton, in Huntingdonshire.

[2] George Montagu, fourth Duke of Manchester; his wife was Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir James Dashwood, second Baronet.

I was quite undressed, and dirty with my journey, and unacquainted with the Duchess—yet was forced to go—thank the god of dust, his Grace was dirtier than me. He was extremely civil, and detected me to the groom of the chambers—asked me if I had dined. I said yes—lie the second. He pressed me to take a bed there. I hate to be criticized at a formal supper by a circle of stranger-footmen, and protested I was to meet a gentleman at Huntingdon to-night. The Duchess and Lady Caroline[3] came in from walking; and to disguise my not having dined, for it was past six, I drank tea with them. The Duchess is much altered, and has a bad short cough. I pity Catherine of Arragon for living at Kimbolton: I never saw an uglier spot. The fronts are not so bad as I expected, by not being so French as I expected; but have no pretensions to beauty, nor even to comely ancient ugliness. The great apartment is truly noble, and almost all the portraits good, of what I saw; for many are not hung up, and half of those that are, my Lord Duke does not know. The Earl of Warwick[4] is delightful; the Lady Mandeville[5], attiring herself in her wedding garb, delicious. The Prometheus is a glorious picture, the eagle as fine as my statue. Is not it by Vandyck? The Duke told me that Mr. Spence found out it was by Titian—but critics in poetry I see are none in painting. This was all I was shown, for I was not even carried into the chapel. The walls round the house are levelling, and I saw nothing without doors that tempted me to taste. So I made my bow, hurried to my inn, snapped up my dinner, lest I should again be detected, and came hither, where I am writing by a great fire, and give up my friend the east

[3] Lady Caroline Montagu.

[4] According to Cunningham, Robert Rich (1587–1658), second Earl of Warwick, by Mytens.

[5] According to Cunningham, Anne Rich (d. 1641), Viscountess Mandeville.

wind, which I have long been partial to for the south-east's sake, and in contradiction to the west, for blowing perpetually and bending all one's plantations. To-morrow I see Hinchinbrook—and London. Memento, I promised the Duke that you should come and write on all his portraits. Do, as you honour the blood of Montagu! Who is the man[6] in the picture with Sir Charles Goring, where a page is tying the latter's scarf? And who are the ladies in the double half-lengths?

Arlington Street, May 31.

Well! I saw Hinchinbrook this morning. Considering it is in Huntingdonshire, the situation is not so ugly nor melancholy as I expected; but I do not conceive what provoked so many of your ancestors to pitch their tents in that triste country, unless the Capulets[7] loved fine prospects. The house of Hinchinbrook is most comfortable, and just what I like; old, spacious, irregular, yet not vast or forlorn. I believe much has been done since you saw it—it now only wants an apartment, for in no part of it are there above two chambers together. The furniture has much simplicity, not to say too much; some portraits tolerable, none I think fine. When this lord gave Blackwood the head of the Admiral[8] that I have now, he left himself not one so good. The head he kept is very bad: the whole-length is fine, except the face of it. There is another of the Duke of Cumberland by Reynolds, the colours of which are as much changed as the original is to the proprietor. The garden is wondrous small, the park almost smaller, and no appearance of territory. The whole has a quiet decency that seems adapted to the Admiral after his retirement, or to Cromwell before his

[6] According to Cunningham, Mountjoy Blount (d. 1666), first Earl of Newport, with George Goring (d. 1663), first Earl of Norwich, and one of the latter's sons.

[7] As opposing in everything the Montagus. *Walpole.*

[8] Admiral Montagu, Earl of Sandwich, by Sir P. Lely, now in the gallery at Strawberry Hill. *Walpole.*

exaltation. I returned time enough for the Opera; observing all the way I came the proof of the duration of this east wind, for on the west side the blossoms were so covered with dust one could not distinguish them; on the eastern hand the hedges were white in all the pride of May. Good-night!

Wednesday, June 1.

My letter is a perfect diary. There has been a sad alarm in the kingdom of white satin and muslin. The Duke of Richmond was seized last night with a sore throat and fever; and though he is much better to-day, the masquerade[9] of to-morrow night is put off till Monday. Many a Queen of Scots, from sixty to sixteen, has been ready to die of the fright. Adieu once more! I think I can have nothing more to say before the post goes out to-morrow.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

886. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, June 5, 1763.

I am much concerned at the melancholy accounts you give me of both Lord and Lady Northampton[1]. They are young, handsome, and happy, and life was very valuable to them. She has been consumptive some time; but he seemed healthy and strong.

The misery in the family of Molesworth is not yet closed. The eldest young lady, who has had her leg cut off, does not yet know of the loss of her mother and sisters, but believes them much hurt, and not able even to write to her; by

[9] The masked ball given by the Duke of Richmond at his house in Privy Garden. *Walpole.*

Letter 886.—[1] Charles Compton, Earl of Northampton, married Lady Anne Somerset, eldest daughter of Noel, Duke of Somerset. *Walpole.*—The husband and wife died this year (1763) within a few months of each other, the one at Lyons, the other at Naples.

degrees they intend to tell her that her mother grows worse and then dies. Till this week she did not know she had lost a limb herself, they keeping the mangled part in a frame. One of her sisters, she of eleven, who is still lame with her bruises, was lately brought to her. They had not prepared the child, thinking she knew nothing of what had happened to Miss Molesworth. The moment the girl came in, she said, 'Oh! poor Harriet! they tell me your leg is cut off!' Still this did not undeceive her. She replied, 'No, it is not.' The method they have since taken to acquaint her with it was very artful: they told her her leg must be taken off, and then softened the shock by letting her know the truth. She wept much, but soon comforted herself, saying, 'Thank God, it is not my arm, for now I can still amuse myself.' It would surprise one that at her age so many indications should not lead her to the full extent of her calamity; but they keep her in a manner intoxicated with laudanum. She is in the widow Lady Grosvenor's [2] house, and the humanity, tenderness, and attention of Lord Grosvenor to her is not to be described. The youngest girl overheard the servants in the next room talking of her mother's death, and would not eat anything for two days.

Lord Bath's extravagant avarice and unfeelingness on his son's death rather increases. Lord Pulteney left a kind of will, saying he had nothing to give, but made it his request to his father to give his postchaise and one hundred pounds to his cousin Colman [3]; the same sum and his pictures to another cousin, and recommended the Lakes, his other cousins, to him. Lord Bath sent Colman and Lockman word they might get their hundred pounds as they could, and for the chaise and pictures they might buy them if they

[2] Jane, daughter and heiress of Thomas Warre, and widow of Sir Robert Grosvenor, sixth Baronet.

[3] George Colman, son of Lady Bath's sister, author of several dramatic works, and afterwards manager of the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. *Walpole.*

pleased, for they would be sold for his son's debts; and he expressed great anger at the last article, saying that he did not know what business it was of his son to recommend heirs to him.

I have told you of our French: we have got another curious one, La Condamine[4], *qui se donne pour philosophe.* He walks about the streets, with his trumpet and a map, his spectacles on, and hat under his arm. He lodged in Suffolk Street; his servants bawling to him disturbed the lodgers; the landlady sent two men as bailiffs to turn him out. On this he has printed in the public newspapers a letter to the people of England, telling them that he has travelled in the most barbarous countries, and never met with such savages as we are—pretty near truth; and yet I would never have abused the Iroquois to their faces in one of their own gazettes.

But, to give you some idea of his philosophy, he was on the scaffold to see Damien executed. His deafness was very inconvenient to his curiosity; he pestered the confessor with questions to know what Damien said: 'Monsieur, il jure horriblement.' La Condamine replied, 'Ma foi, il n'a pas tort'; not approving it, but as sensible of what he suffered. Can one bear such want of feeling[5]? Oh! but as a philosopher he studied the nature of man in torments;—pray, for what? One who can so far divest himself of humanity as to be, uncalled, a spectator of agony, is not likely to employ much of his time in alleviating it. We have lately had an instance that would set his philosophy to work. A young highwayman was offered his life after condemnation, if he would consent to have his leg cut off, that a new styptic

[4] Charles Marie de la Condamine (1701–1774), traveller, mathematician, and member of the French Academy.

[5] As La Condamine was on the scaffold, one of the executioners said to another, 'Est-il des nôtres?' 'Non,' replied he, 'Monsieur n'est qu'amateur.'—Yet, La Condamine was a very humane and good man. *Walpole.*

might be tried. 'What!' replied he, 'and go limping to the devil at last? no, I'll be damned first'—and was hanged!

Mr. Crawford has given me the second plan; Inigo Jones's church at Leghorn, for which I thank you. I am happy that you are easy about your brother James: I had told you he would write; have not you received that letter?

No public news. Parliamentary and political campaigns end when the military used to begin, and, thank God, we have now not them!

Did I, or did I not, tell you how much I am diverted with his Serenity of Modena's match with that old, battered, painted, debauched Simonetta? An antiquated bagnio is an odd place for conscience to steal a wedding in! Two-and-twenty years ago she was as much repaired as Lady Mary Wortley, or as her own new spouse. Why, if they were not past approaching them, their faces must run together like a palette of colours, and they would be disputing to which such an eyebrow or such a cheek belonged. The first time I saw her, at the fair of Reggio, in 1741, I was to dine with her; and going at three o'clock, found her in a loose linen gown, with no other woman, playing at faro with eleven men in white waistcoats and nightcaps. Such a scene was very new to me at that age! I did not expect that twenty years afterwards she would become mistress of the duchy, or be a ladder to help the Duke to heaven.

June 7th.

Last night we had a magnificent entertainment at Richmond House, a masquerade and fireworks. As we have consciences no wiser than his Modenese Highness's, a masquerade was a new sight to the young people, who had dressed themselves charmingly, without having the fear of an earthquake before their eyes, though Prince William and

Prince Henry[6] were not suffered to be there. The Duchesses of Richmond[7] and Grafton, the first as a Persian Sultana, the latter as Cleopatra,—and such a Cleopatra!—were glorious figures, in very different styles. Mrs. Fitzroy[8] in a Turkish dress, Lady George Lenox[9] and Lady Bolingbroke in Grecian girls, Lady Mary Coke as Imoinda, and Lady Pembroke as a pilgrim, were the principal beauties of the night. The whole garden was illuminated, and the apartments. An encampment of barges decked with streamers in the middle of the Thames, kept the people from danger, and formed a stage for the fireworks, which were placed, too, along the rails of the garden. The ground rooms lighted, with suppers spread, the houses covered and filled with people, the bridge, the garden full of masks, Whitehall crowded with spectators to see the dresses pass, and the multitude of heads on the river who came to light by the splendour of the fire-wheels, composed the gayest and richest scene imaginable, not to mention the diamonds and sumptuousness of the habits. The Dukes of York and Cumberland, and the Margrave of Anspach, were there, and about six hundred masks. Adieu!

887. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, June 16, 1763.

I do not like your putting off your visit hither for so long. Indeed, by September the gallery will probably have all its fine clothes on, and by what have been tried, I think it will look very well. The fashion of the garments to be sure will be ancient, but I have given them an air that is very becoming. Princess Amelia was here last night while I was

[6] Afterwards Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland. *Walpole.*

[7] Lady Mary Bruce. *Walpole.*

[8] Eldest daughter of Sir Peter Warren. *Walpole.*

[9] Lady Louisa Kerr, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Lothian, and wife of Lord George Lenox, second son of Charles, second Duke of Richmond. *Walpole.*

abroad, and if Margaret is not too much prejudiced by the guinea left, or by natural partiality to what servants call *our house*, I think was pleased, particularly with the chapel.

As Mountain-George will not come to Mahomet-me, Mahomet-I must come to Greatworth. Mr. Chute and I think of visiting you about the seventeenth of July, if you shall be at home, and nothing happens to derange our scheme. Possibly we may call at Horton[1]; we certainly shall proceed to Drayton, Burleigh, Fotheringay, Peterborough, and Ely; and shall like much of your company, all, or part of the tour. The only present proviso I have to make is the health of my niece[2], who is at present much out of order, we think not breeding, and who was taken so ill on Monday, that I was forced to carry her suddenly to town, where I yesterday left her better at her father's.

There has been a report that the new Lord Holland was dead at Paris, but I believe it is not true. I was very indifferent about it: eight months ago it had been lucky. I saw his jackal t'other night in the meadows, the Secretary at War[3], so emptily important and distilling paragraphs of old news with such solemnity, that I did not know whether it was a man or the Utrecht Gazette. Good-night.

Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. Since I wrote this I have received yours, and will take care of your pictures, as soon as they are notified to me.

Letter 887.—[1] The seat of the Earl of Halifax, near Northampton.
[2] Countess Waldegrave.
[3] Welbore Ellis, afterwards Lord Mendip.

888. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 30, 1763.

Monsieur de la Condamine will certainly have his letter; but, my dear Sir, it is as sure that I shall not deliver it myself. I have given it to my Lord Hertford for him, while I act being in the country. To tell you the truth, La Condamine is absurdity itself. He has had a quarrel with his landlady, whose lodgers being disturbed by La Condamine's servant being obliged to bawl to him, as he is deaf, wanted to get rid of him. He would not budge: she dressed two chairmen for bailiffs to force him out. The next day he published an address to the people of England, in the newspaper, informing them that they are the most savage nation in or out of Europe. I honour his zeal for inoculation, which is combated by his countrymen. Even here, nonsense attacks it; that is of course, for the practice is sense; but I wish humane men, or men of reflection, would be content to feel and to think, without advertising themselves by a particular denomination. But they will call themselves philosophers, and the instant they have created themselves a character, they think they must distinguish themselves by it, and run into all kind of absurdities. I wish they would consider that the most desirable kind of understanding is the only kind that never aims at any particularity; I mean common sense. This is not Monsieur de la Condamine's kind; and Count Lorenzi must excuse me if I avoid the acquaintance. I think I said something of him in a former letter.

Lord Strathmore is arrived, and has brought the parcel. He has been twice at Palazzo Pitti[1]. I prefer the master of the latter. The Lord is too *doucereux* and Céladonian[2].

Letter 888.—[1] The house of Mr. Thomas Pitt, at Twickenham. *Walpole.*

[2] Too much of a swain, a Céladon. *Walpole.*

You say I am patron of the French; I fear they do not think so. Very, very few of them have struck me. Then the trouble of conversing in a language not one's own, and the difficulty of expressing one's ideas as one would, disheartens me. Madame de Boufflers has pleased me most, and conceives us the best; though I doubt whether she will return so partial to us as she came. She told me one day, 'Dans ce pays-ci c'est un effort perpétuel pour se divertir'; and she did not seem to think we succeed. However, next spring I must go to Paris, which at present, like the description of the grave, is the way of all flesh. Foley, the banker at Paris, told Lord Strathmore that thirty thousand pounds have been remitted from hence every month since the Peace, for the English that flock thither.

Your account of Lord Northampton is moving. He will, I fear, be little better for Tronchin[3], who, I am assured, from very good judges at Paris, is little better than a charlatan.

I have nothing to tell you, and I am glad of it; we have a long repose from politics; and it is comfortable when folks can be brought to think or talk of something else, which they seldom will in winter. My gallery occupies me entirely, but grows rather too magnificent for my humility; however, having at no time created myself a philosopher, I am at liberty to please myself, without minding a contradiction or two. Adieu!

889. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 1, 1763.

Mr. Chute and I intend to be with you on the seventeenth or eighteenth, but as we are wandering swains, we do not drive our nail into one day of the almanac irremovably.

[3] Louis Tronchin (1709–1781), a celebrated Swiss physician.

Our first stage is to Blecheley[1], the parsonage of venerable Cole, the antiquarian of Cambridge. Blecheley lies by Fenny Stratford; now can you direct us how to make Horton in our way from Stratford to Greatworth? If this meander engrosses more time than we propose, do not be disappointed, and think we shall not come, for we shall. The journey you must accept as a great sacrifice either to you or to my promise, for I quit the gallery almost in the critical minute of consummation. Gilders, carvers, upholsters, and picture-cleaners are labouring at their several forges, and I do not love to trust a hammer or a brush without my own supervisal. This will make my stay very short, but it is a greater compliment than a month would be at another season; and yet I am not profuse of months. Well! but I begin to be ashamed of my magnificence; Strawberry is growing sumptuous in its latter day; it will scarce be any longer like the fruit of its name, or the modesty of its ancient demeanour, both which seem to have been in Spenser's prophetic eye, when he sung of

> the blushing strawberries
> Which lurk, close-shrouded from high-looking eyes,
> Showing that sweetness low and hidden lies.

In truth, my collection was too great already to be lodged humbly; it has extended my walls, and pomp followed. It was a neat little house, it now will be a comfortable one, and, except one fine apartment, does not deviate from its simplicity. Adieu! I know nothing about the world, care nothing about the world, and am only Strawberry's and

Yours sincerely,

H. Walpole.

Letter 889.—[1] Bletchley.

890. To Sir David Dalrymple.

Strawberry Hill, July 1, 1763.

Perhaps, Sir, you have wondered that I have been so long silent about a scheme that called for dispatch. The truth is, I have had no success. Your whole plan has been communicated to Mr. Grenville by one[1] whose heart went with it, going always with what is humane. Mr. Grenville mentions two objections; one, insuperable as to expedition; the other, totally so. No crown or public lands could be so disposed of without an Act of Parliament. In that case the scheme should be digested during a war, to take place at the conclusion, and cannot be adjusted in time for receiving the disbanded. But what is worse, he hints, Sir, that your good heart has only considered the practicability with regard to Scotland, where there are no poor's rates. Here every parish would object to such settlers. This is the sum of his reply; I am not master enough of the subject or the nature of it, to answer either difficulty. If you can, Sir, I am ready to continue the intermediate negotiator; but you must furnish me with answers to these obstacles, before I could hope to make any way even with any private person. In truth, I am little versed in the subject; which I own, not to excuse myself from pursuing it if it can be made feasible, but to prompt you, Sir, to instruct me. Except at this place, which cannot be called the country, I have scarce ever lived in the country, and am shamefully ignorant of the police and domestic laws of my own country. Zeal to do any good, I have; but I want to be tutored when the operation is at all complicated. Your knowledge, Sir, may supply my deficiencies; at least you are sure of a solicitor for your good intentions in your, &c.

Letter 890.—[1] Probably General Conway. See letter to him of May 21, 1763.

891. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, July 1, 1763.

As you have given me leave, I propose to pass a day with you, on my way to Mr. Montagu's. If you have no engagement, I will be with you on the 16th of this month, and if it is not inconvenient, and you will tell me truly whether it is or not, I shall bring my friend Mr. Chute with me, who is destined to the same place. I will beg you too to let me know how far it is to Blecheley, and what road I must take. That is, how far from London, or how far from Twickenham, and the road from each, as I am uncertain yet from which I shall set out. If any part of this proposal does not suit you, I trust you will own it, and I will take some other opportunity of calling on you, being most truly, dear Sir,

Your much obliged and obedient servant,

Hor. Walpole.

892. To Charles Lyttelton, Bishop of Carlisle.

My good Lord, Strawberry Hill, July 10, 1763.

You are ever kind and obliging to me, and indulge my virtuoso humour with as much charity as if a passion for collecting were a Christian want. I thank you much for the letter on King James's death: it shall certainly make its appearance with the rest of your bounties. At present that volume is postponed; I have got a most delectable work to print, which I had great difficulty to obtain, and which I must use while I can have it. It is the life of the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury, written by himself—one

Letter 892.—Not in C.; now printed from original in possession of Viscount Cobham.

of the most curious pieces my eyes ever beheld—but I will not forestall the amusement it will give you.

Do I confound it, or is the print of Master Prideaux the same with that of Master Basset? I have some such notion: if it is, I have it. If not, I will inquire of Ramsay. As to your nephew[1], he is a lost thing; I have not set eyes on him this fortnight; he has deserted Palazzo Pitti, at least has abandoned me. Nay, I do not guess when we shall meet, for this day se'nnight I begin a ramble to George Montagu's, Drayton, Burleigh, Ely, Peterborough, and I don't know where. This is to occupy the time, while they finish what remains to paint and gild of the gallery. This is very necessary, for with impatience I have spoiled half the frames that are new gilt, and do ten times more harm than I mean to do good. However, I see shore; three weeks will terminate all the workmen have to do—I shall long to have your Lordship see it, though I shall blush, for it is much more splendid than I intended, and too magnificent for me.

Mr. Borlase[2], I believe, knows your Lordship has some partiality for me. He honours me far beyond my deserts; and forgets how little share I can claim in the *Anecdotes*, as greatly the largest part was owing to Vertue.

If I have any time towards the end of the summer, I will certainly visit the Museum; I have much business there; but you will allow, my good Lord, that it is not from idleness that I have neglected going thither. I am not apt to be idle; few people have done so much of nothing, or have been so constantly employed, though indeed about trifles. I have almost tired myself, it is true, and yet I do not hitherto find my activity much relaxed.

You do not mention Rose Castle[3]: is it in disgrace?—

[1] Thomas Pitt, afterwards Lord Camelford.

[2] Dr. William Borlase (1695–1772), Rector of Ludgvan, Cornwall, a writer on Cornish antiquities, and a friend and correspondent of Bishop Lyttelton.

[3] Lyttelton's episcopal residence

well, be it so. Change it for Hartlebury or Farnham Castles—to these Pitt and I can come with our Gothic trowels.

News I can send you none, for none I know. I seldom in summer do know an event that has happened since 1600. It is one of those ancient truths that

I am your Lordship's
Most bounden Servant and poor
Beadsman,
HOR. WALPOLE.

893. To the Rev. William Cole.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry Hill, July 12, 1763.

Upon consulting maps and roads and the knowing, I find it will be my best way to call on Mr. Montagu first, before I come to you, or I must go the same road twice. This will make it a few days later than I intended before I wait on you, and will leave you time to complete your hay-harvest, as I gladly embrace your offer of bearing me company on the tour I meditate to Burleigh, Drayton, Peterborough, Ely, and twenty other places, of all which you shall take as much or as little as you please. It will I think be Wednesday or Thursday se'nnight before I wait on you, that is the 20th or 21st, and I fear I shall come alone, for Mr. Chute is confined with the gout: but you shall hear again before I set out. Remember I am to see Sir Kenelm Digby's.

Thank you much for your informations; the Countess of Cumberland is an acquisition, and quite new to me. With the Countess of Kent I am acquainted since my last edition.

Addison certainly changed *scies* in the epitaph to *indicabit*

near Carlisle; Hartlebury and Farnham Castles are the residences of the Bishops of Worcester and Winchester.

to avoid the jingle with *dies*: though it is possible that the thought may have been borrowed elsewhere. Adieu, Sir!

Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

894. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir,

Wednesday is the day I propose waiting on you; what time of it the Lord and the roads know; so don't wait for me any part of it. If I should be violently pressed to stay a day longer at Mr. Montagu's, I hope it will be no disappointment to you; but I love to be uncertain, rather than make myself expected and fail.

Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

895. To George Montagu.

Stanford, Saturday night, July 23, 1763.

'Thus far our arms have with success been crowned'—bating a few mishaps, which will attend long marches like ours. We have conquered as many towns as Louis Quatorze in the campaign of seventy-two; that is, seen them, for he did little more, and into the bargain he had much better roads, and a drier summer. It has rained perpetually till to-day, and made us experience the rich soil of Northamptonshire, which is a clay-pudding, stuck full of villages. After we parted with you on Thursday, we saw Castle Ashby[1] and Easton Mauduit[2]. The former is most magnificently trist, and has all the formality of the Comptons. I should admire it if I could see out of it, or anything in it,

Letter 895.—[1] A seat of the Earl of Northampton, near Wellingborough.

[2] A seat of the Earl of Sussex.

but there is scarce any furniture, and the bad little panes of glass exclude all objects.

Easton is miserable enough; there are many modern portraits, and one I was glad to see of the Duchess of Shrewsbury[3]. We lay at Wellinborough—pray never lie there—the beastliest inn upon earth is there! We were carried into a vast bedchamber, which I suppose is the club-room, for it stunk of tobacco like a justice of peace. I desired some boiling water for tea; they brought me a sugar-dish of hot water in a pewter plate!

Yesterday morning we went to Boughton[4], where we were scarce landed, before the Cardigans, in coach and six and three chaises, arrived with a cold dinner in their pockets, on their way to Deane, for as it is in dispute, they never reside at Boughton. This was most unlucky, that we should pitch on the only hour in the year in which they are there. I was so disconcerted, and so afraid of falling foul of the Countess and her caprices, that I hurried from chamber to chamber, and scarce knew what I saw, but that the house is in the grand old French style, that gods and goddesses lived over my head in every room, and that there was nothing but pedigrees all round me and under my feet, for there is literally a coat of arms at the end of every step of the stairs—did the Duke mean to pun, and intend this for the *descent* of the Montagus?—Well! we hurried away and got to Drayton an hour before dinner. Oh! the dear old place! you would be transported with it. In the first place, it stands in as ugly a hole as Boughton—well! that is not its beauty. The front is a brave strong castle wall, embattled and loopholed for defence. Passing the great gate, you come to a sumptuous but narrow modern court,

[3] Adelaida Paleotti (d. 1726), Duchess of Shrewsbury.

[4] A seat of the late Duke of Montagu, near Kettering. It was in dispute between his daughters, Lady Beaulieu and the Countess of Cardigan.

behind which rises the old mansion, all towers and turrets. The house is excellent; has a vast hall, ditto dining-room, king's chamber, trunk gallery at the top of the house, handsome chapel, and seven or eight distinct apartments, besides closets and conveniences without end. Then it is covered with portraits, crammed with old china, furnished richly, and not a rag in it under forty, fifty, or a thousand years old; but not a bed or chair that has lost a tooth, or got a grey hair, so well are they preserved. I rummaged it from head to foot, examined every spangled bed, and enamelled pair of bellows, for such there are; in short, I do not believe the old mansion was ever better pleased with an inhabitant, since the days of Walter de Drayton, except when it has received its divine old mistress. If one could honour her more than one did before, it would be to see with what religion she keeps up the old dwelling and customs, as well as old servants, who you may imagine do not love her less than other people do. The garden is just as Sir John Germain brought it from Holland; pyramidal yews, *treillages*, and square cradle walks, with windows clipped in them. Nobody was there, but Mr. Beauclerc and Lady Catherine[5], and two parsons: the two first suffered us to ransack and do as we would, and the two last assisted us, informed us, and carried us to every tomb in the neighbourhood. I have got every circumstance by heart, and was pleased beyond my expectation, both with the place and the comfortable manner of seeing it. We stayed there till after dinner to-day, and saw Fotheringam[6] in our way hither. The castle is totally ruined. The mount, on which the keep stood, two doorcases, and a piece of the moat, are all the remains. Near it is a front and

[5] Lady Catherine Ponsonby (d. 1789), eldest daughter of second Earl of Bessborough; m. (1763) Hon. Aubrey Beauclerk, son of Lord Vere of Hanworth, whom he succeeded in 1781, becoming Duke of St. Albans in 1787.

[6] So in MS.; read Fotheringay.

two projections of an ancient house, which, by the arms about it, I suppose was part of the palace of Richard and Cicely, Duke and Duchess of York[7]. There are two pretty tombs for them and their uncle Duke of York in the church, erected by order of Queen Elizabeth. The church has been very fine, but is now intolerably shabby, yet many large saints remain in the windows, two entire, and all the heads well painted. You may imagine we were civil enough to the Queen of Scots, to feel a feel of pity for her, while we stood on the very spot where she was put to death; my companion[8], I believe, who is a better royalist than I am, felt a little more—there. I have obeyed you. To-morrow we see Burleigh and Peterborough, and lie at Ely; on Monday I hope to be in town, and on Tuesday I hope much more to be in the gallery at Strawberry Hill, and to find the gilders laying on the last leaf of gold. Good night!

Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

896. To George Montagu.

Hockerill[1], Monday night, July 25, vol. 2nd.

I continue. You must know we were drowned on Saturday night. It rained, as it did at Greatworth on Wednesday, all night and all next morning, so we could not look even at the outside of Burleigh; but we saw the inside pleasantly; for Lord Exeter, whom I had prepared for our intentions, came to us, and made every door and every lock fly open, even of his magazines, yet unranged. He is going through the house by degrees, furnishing a room every year, and has

[7] Lady Cicely Nevill (d. 1495), daughter of first Earl of Westmorland, wife of Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, and mother of Edward IV and Richard III.

[8] William Cole.

Letter 896.—[1] Hockerill or Bishop's Stortford, on the high road between London and Newmarket.

already made several most sumptuous. One is a little tired of Carlo Maratti and Luca Jordano, yet still these are treasures. The china and japan are of the finest, miniatures in plenty, and a shrine full of crystal vases, filigree, enamel, jewels, and the trinkets of taste that have belonged to many a noble dame. In return for his civilities, I made my Lord Exeter a present of a glorious cabinet, whose drawers and sides are all painted by Rubens. This present you must know was his own, but he knew nothing of the hand or the value. Just so I have given Lady Betty Germain a very fine portrait, that I discovered at Drayton in the wood-house.

I was not much pleased with Peterborough; the front is adorable, but the inside has no more beauty than consists in vastness.—By the way, I have a pen and ink that will not form a letter[2].—We were now sent to Huntingdon in our way to Ely, as we found it impracticable, from the rains and floods, to cross the country thither. We landed in the heart of the assizes, and almost in the middle of the races, both which, to the astonishment of the virtuosi, we eagerly quitted this morning. We were hence sent south to Cambridge, still on our way northward to Ely—but when we were got to Cambridge we were forced to abandon all thoughts of Ely, there being nothing but lamentable stories of inundations and escapes. However, I made myself amends with the University, which I have not seen these four-and-twenty years, and which revived many youthful scenes, which, merely from their being youthful, are forty times pleasanter than any other ideas. You know I always long to live at Oxford—I felt that I could like to live even at Cambridge again. The colleges are much cleaned and improved since my days, and the trees and groves more venerable; but the town is tumbling about their ears. We surprised Gray with our appearance, dined and drank tea

[2] The original is very ill-written.

with him, and are come hither within sight of land. I always find it worth my while to make journeys, for the joy I have in getting home again. A second adieu!

897. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 8, 1763.

You judge rightly, I am very indifferent about Dr. Shorton, since he is not Dr. Shorter.

It has done nothing but rain since my return; whoever wants hay, must fish for it; it is all drowned, or swimming about the country. I am glad our tour gave you so much pleasure; you was so very obliging, as you have always been to me, that I should have been grieved not to have had it give you satisfaction. I hope your servant is quite recovered.

The painters and gilders quit my gallery this week, but I have not got a chair or a table for it yet; however, I hope it will have all its clothes on by the time you have promised me a visit. I am, dear Sir,

Your much obliged
Humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

898. To Dr. Ducarel.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 8, 1763.

I have been rambling about the country, or should not so long have deferred to answer the favour of your letter. I thank you for the notices in it, and have profited of them. I am much obliged to you too for the drawings you intended me; but I have since had a letter from Mr. Churchill, and he does not mention them.

899. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 9, 1763.

My gallery claims your promise; the painters and gilders finish to-morrow, and next day it washes its hands. You talked of the 15th; shall I expect you then, and the Countess[1], and the Contessina[2], and the Baroness[3]?

Lord Digby is to be married immediately to the pretty Miss Feilding[4]; and Mr. Boothby[5], they say, to Lady Mary Douglas. What more news I know I cannot send you; for I have had it from Lady Denbigh and Lady Blandford[6], who have so confounded names, genders, and circumstances, that I am not sure whether Prince Ferdinand is not going to be married to the Hereditary Prince. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

P.S. If you want to know more of me, you may read a whole column of abuse upon me in the *Public Ledger* of Thursday last; where they inform me that the Scotch cannot be so sensible as the English, because they have not such good writers. Alack! I am afraid *the most sensible* men in any country do *not* write.

I had writ this last night. This morning I receive your paper of evasions, *perfide que vous êtes!* You may let it

Letter 899.—[1] Of Ailesbury. *Walpole.*

[2] Miss Anne Seymour Conway. *Walpole.*

[3] Elizabeth Rich, second wife of George, Lord Lyttelton. *Walpole.*

[4] Elizabeth (d. 1765), daughter of Hon. Charles Fielding; m. (Sept. 5, 1763) Henry Digby, seventh Baron (afterwards first Earl) Digby.

[5] Charles Skrimshire Boothby Clopton, known as 'Prince' Boothby, grandson of Thomas Boothby, of Tooley Park, near Leicester, and brother-in-law of Hugo Meynell, first master of the Quorn Hounds. He was a man about town, and a companion of Fox, Fitzpatrick, and others of that set. In later life he became very eccentric, and committed suicide (July 27, 1800) by shooting himself at his rooms in Clarges Street.

[6] They were both Dutchwomen, and spoke very bad English. *Walpole.*

alone, you will never see anything like my gallery—and then to ask me to leave it the instant it is finished! I never heard such a request in my days!—Why, all the earth is begging to come to see it: as Edging[7] says, I have had offers enough from blue and green ribands to make me a falbala-apron. Then I have just refused to let Mrs. Keppel and her Bishop be in the house with me, because I expected all you—it is mighty well, mighty fine!—No, sir, no, I shall not come; nor am I in a humour to do anything else you desire: indeed, without your provoking me, I should not have come into the proposal of paying Giardini. We have been duped and cheated every winter for these twenty years by the undertakers of operas, and I never will pay a farthing more till the last moment, nor can be terrified at their puffs; I am astonished you are. So far from frightening me, the kindest thing they could do would be not to let one have a box to hear their old threadbare voices and frippery thefts; and as for Giardini himself, I would not go 'cross the room to hear him play to eternity. I should think he could frighten nobody but Lady Bingley[8] by a refusal.

900. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 10, 1763.

I have waited in hopes that the world would do something worth telling you: it will not, and I cannot stay any longer without asking you how you do, and hoping you have not quite forgot me. It has rained such deluges, that I had some thoughts of turning my gallery into an ark, and began to pack up a pair of bantams, a pair of cats, in short, a pair of every living creature about my house: but it

[7] A character in Cibber's *Careless Husband*.

[8] Hon. Harriet Benson, daughter of first Baron Bingley; m. (1731) George Fox Lane, cr. Baron Bingley in 1762.

is grown fine at last, and the workmen quit my gallery to-day without hoisting a sail in it. I know nothing upon earth but what the ancient ladies in my neighbourhood knew threescore years ago; I write merely to pay you my peppercorn of affection, and to inquire after my Lady, who I hope is perfectly well. A longer letter would not have half the merit: a line in return will however repay all the merit I can possibly have to one to whom I am so much obliged.

I am, my dear Lord, your most faithful servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

901. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Aug. 11, 1763.

I AM never so fruitful in summer, you know, as in winter. This year I am particularly barren. Your letter of July 23rd has given me a little fillip, or I don't know when I should have writ, for I have not a single circumstance to tell you, but that you will soon see a greater prince than him of Lichtenstein. The Duke of York is going to take a Mediterranean tour with Augustus Hervey[1], and, when at Leghorn, will certainly see Florence. You will find him civil, condescending, and good-natured to a great degree; and *loro eccellenze*, the *Dame Fiorentine*, will like him still better, for he is very *galant* and very generous.

I am very sorry for Lord Northampton, and yet I could not help smiling at his physician's expression, that he seemed to go *al patibolo in gala*[2]. La Condamine, I believe, is departed; I have heard nothing of him this month or six weeks. The French do not arrive in such shoals as we do

LETTER 901.—[1] Captain of a man-of-war, and afterwards Earl of Bristol. *Walpole.*

[2] The Earl of Northampton, although dying of consumption, insisted on making his state entry as Ambassador to the Venetian Republic.

at Paris; there are no fewer than five English Duchesses there, Ancaster, Richmond, Bridgewater, Hamilton, and Douglas[3]: the two last, indeed, upon an extraordinary law-suit[4], which is vastly too long for a letter, and curious enough for the *Causes Célèbres*. It is a contest about the Douglas estate, to which the Hamiltons think a pretender has been set up, and whom they say they shall, or have detected. This suit is not more extraordinary than the taste of the French, who prefer the Duchess of Ancaster[5] to either the Hamilton or the Richmond. The last (Lady Ailesbury's daughter) is in all the bloom of youth and beauty, but awkward and unfashioned; the second is sadly changed by ill health from that lovely figure which disputed with her sister Coventry; and yet one is surprised that what was so charming, or what could be so charming, should not be preferred to the first, who is not young, was at best a pretty figure, is now repaired by every evident art, and is a heap of *minauderies* and affectations which have not even the stamp of a woman of quality; but taste seems as much extinguished in France as spirit or parts. Adieu!

902. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 15, 1763.

The most important piece of news I have to tell you is, that the gallery is finished; that is, the workmen have quitted it. For chairs and tables, not one is arrived yet. Well! how you will tramp up and down in it!—Methinks I wish you would. We are in the perfection of beauty; verdure itself was never green till this summer, thanks to the deluges of rain. Our complexion used to be mahogany

[3] Margaret, daughter of James Douglas, of Mains, Dumbartonshire; m. (1758) Archibald Douglas, first Duke of Douglas; d. 1774.

[4] The Douglas Cause.

[5] Daughter of Mr. Panton, of Newmarket. *Walpole.*

in August. Nightingales and roses indeed are out of blow, but the season is celestial. I don't know whether we have not even had an earthquake to-day. Lady Buckingham[1], Lady Waldegrave, the Bishop of Exeter, and Mrs. Keppel, and the little Hotham[2] dined here; between six and seven we were sitting in the great parlour; I sat in the window looking at the river. On a sudden I saw it violently agitated, and, as it were, lifted up and down by a thousand hands. I called out, they all ran to the window; it continued; we hurried into the garden, and all saw the Thames in the same violent commotion for I suppose a hundred yards. We fancied at first there must be some barge rope; not one was in sight. It lasted in this manner, and at the farther end, towards Teddington, even to dashing. It did not cease before I got to the middle of the terrace, between the fence and the shell[3]. Yet this is nothing to what is to come. The Bishop and I walked down to my meadow by the river. At this end were two fishermen in a boat, but their backs had been turned to the agitation, and they had seen nothing. At the farther end of the field was a gentleman fishing, and a woman by him; I had perceived him in the same spot at the time of the motion of the waters, which was rather beyond where it was terminated. I now thought myself sure of a witness, and concluded he could not have recovered his surprise. I ran up to him; 'Sir,' said I, 'did you see that strange agitation of the waters?' 'When, Sir?'—'When, Sir! now, this very instant, not two minutes ago.' He replied, with the phlegm of a philosopher, or of a man that *can* love fishing, 'Stay, Sir, let me recollect if I remember nothing of it.' 'Pray, Sir,' said I,

Letter 902.—[1] Mary Anne Drury, Countess of Buckinghamshire.

[2] Henrietta Gertrude, daughter of Sir Charles Hotham-Thompson, eighth Baronet, and great-niece of the Countess of Suffolk, with whom she frequently resided. She died unmarried in 1816.

[3] The shell bench, designed by Bentley.

scarce able to help laughing, 'you must remember whether you remember it or not, for it is scarce over.' 'I am trying to recollect,' said he, with the same coolness. 'Why, Sir,' said I, 'six of us saw it from my parlour window yonder.' 'Perhaps,' answered he, '*you might perceive it better where you was*, but I suppose it was an earthquake.' His nymph had seen nothing neither, and so we returned as wise as most who inquire into natural phenomena. We expect to hear to-morrow that there has been an earthquake somewhere; unless this appearance portended a state-quake. You see, my impetuosity does not abate much; no, nor my youthfullity, which bears me out even at a *sabbat*. I dined last week at Lady Blandford's, with her, the old Denbigh, the old Litchfield[4], and Methuselah knows who. I had stuck some sweet peas in my hair, was playing at quadrille, and singing to *mes sorcières*. The Duchess of Argyle and Mrs. Young came in. You may guess how they stared—at last the Duchess asked what was the meaning of those flowers? 'Lord, Madam,' said I, 'don't you know it is the fashion? The Duke of Bedford is come over with his hair full.' Poor Mrs. Young took this in sober sadness, and has reported that the Duke of Bedford wears flowers. You will not know me less by a precipitation of this morning. Pitt and I were busy adjusting the gallery. Mr. Elliot came in and discomposed us; I was horridly tired of him. As he was going, he said, 'Well, this house is so charming, I don't wonder at your being able to live so much alone'—I, who shudder at the thought of anybody's living with me, replied very innocently, but a little too quick—'No, only pity me when I don't live alone.' Pitt was shocked, and said, 'To be sure he will never forgive you, as long as he lives.' Mrs. Leneve used often to advise me never to begin being

[4] Probably Frances (d. 1769), daughter of Sir John Hales, fourth Baronet, of Woodchurch, Kent, and widow of second Earl of Lichfield.

civil to people I did not care for, 'For,' says she, 'you grow weary of them, and can't help showing it, and so make it ten times worse, than if you had never attempted to please them.'

I suppose you have read in the papers the massacre of my innocents. Every one of my Turkish sheep, that I have been nursing up these fourteen years, torn to pieces in one night by three strange dogs! They killed sixteen outright, and mangled the two others in such a manner, that I was forced to have them knocked on the head. However, I bore this better than an interruption.

I have scrawled and blotted this letter, so I don't know whether you can read it; but it is no matter, for I perceive it is all about myself; but what has one else in the dead of summer? In return, tell me as much as you please about yourself, which you know is always a most welcome subject to me. One may preserve one's spirits with one's juniors, but I defy anybody to care but about their cotemporaries. One wants to know about one's predecessors; but who has the least curiosity about their successors? This is abominable ingratitude: one takes wondrous pains to consign one's own memory to them at the same time that one feels the most perfect indifference to whatever relates to them themselves.—Well, they will behave just so in their turns. Adieu! Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

903. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 1, 1763.

My letters are like the works of Vertot; I write nothing but *les Révolutions d'Angleterre.* Indeed, the present history is like some former I have sent you,—a revolution that has not taken place, and, resembling Lord Granville's[1], begun

Letter 903.—[1] In 1746. *Walpole.*

and ended in three days. I could have dispatched it last Tuesday with regard to the termination of it; but, though I heard it was begun, even on the Saturday while it was beginning, my curiosity did not carry me to town till Tuesday, when I found it all addled. Still, I knew too little to detail it to you; and, even now, I can tell you little more than the outlines and general report—but have patience; this is one of the events which in this country will produce paper-war enough, and between attacks and defences one comes pretty near to the truth of the whole.

Last Sunday was se'nnight Lord Egremont[2] died suddenly, though everybody knew he would die suddenly: he used no exercise, and could not be kept from eating, without which prodigious bleedings did not suffice. A day or two before he died, he said, 'Well, I have but three turtle-dinners to come, and if I survive them I shall be immortal.' He was writing, as my Lady breakfasted, complained of a violent pain in his head, asked twice if he did not look very particularly, grew speechless, and expired that evening. He has left eighteen thousand pounds a year, and, they say, an hundred and seventy thousand pounds in money. I hope you have as much philosophy as I have, or you will lose patience at these circumstances, when you are eager to hear the revolution. That week, you may be sure, was passed by the public in asking who was to be Secretary of State? It seemed to lie between your old friend, Lord Sandwich, and Lord Egmont. Lord Shelburne, a young aspirer, who intends the world shall hear more of him, *et qui postule le ministère*, was in the meantime one of the candidates to succeed Lord Egremont. Somebody said, 'It ought to be given to him as you marry boys under age, and then send them to travel till they are ripe.' While this vacancy was

[2] Sir Charles Wyndham, first Earl of Egremont. *Walpole.*—He was the second Earl.

the public's only object, behold Mr. Pitt, in his chair, with two servants before it, goes openly, at nine o'clock on Saturday morning, through the Park to Buckingham House. You rub your eyes; so did the mob, and thought they did not see clear. Mr. Pitt, of all men alive, except Lord Temple and Mr. Wilkes, the most proscribed there, Mr. Pitt to Buckingham House! *Oui, véritablement!* What! to ask to be Secretary of State? By no means: sent for; desired to accept the administration. Well, but do you know who stared more than the mob or you? the ministers did; for it seems this was the act and deed of Lord Bute, who, though he had given the present administration letters of attorney to act for him, has thought better of it, and retained the sole power himself; the consequence of which was, as it was before, he grew horridly frightened, and advised this step, which has done him more hurt than all he had done before.

Mr. Pitt stayed with the King three hours; is said not to have demanded more than might well be expected that he would demand; and had all granted. The next day, Sunday, the opposition were much pleased, looking on their desires as obtained; the ministers, as much displeased, thinking themselves betrayed by Lord Bute. On Monday, Mr. Pitt, who the day before had seen the Duke of Newcastle and the Lord Mayor Beckford,—the one or the other of whom is supposed to have advised what follows,—went again to the King, with a large increase of demands. What those were are variously stated, nor do I pretend to tell you how far the particulars are exact. The general purport is, though I dare say not to the extent given out, that he insisted on a general dismission of all who had voted for the Peace; and that he notified his intention of attacking the Peace itself: that he particularly proscribed Lord Holland, Lord Halifax, Lord Sandwich, Lord Barrington, and Lord Shelburne; named himself and Charles Townshend for

Secretaries of State, Lord Temple for the Treasury, Pratt for Chancellor; proposed some place, not of business, for the Duke of Newcastle, forgot Mr. Legge, and desired the Duke of Cumberland for the head of the army. They tell you, that the King asked him, 'Mr. Pitt, if it is right for you to stand by your friends, why is it not as right for me to stand by mine?' and that the treaty broke off, on his Majesty refusing to give up his. Broken off the negotiation certainly is. Why broken, I shall, as I told you before, wait a little before I settle my belief. The ministers were sent for again; Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple, according to the modern well-bred usage, were at the levee yesterday, had each their Drawing-room question; and there ended this interlude.

It is said Lord Sandwich kisses hands to-morrow for Secretary of State. If a President of the Council is named too, I shall think they mean to stand it: if not, shall conclude a door is still left open for treating.

There was a little episode, previous to this more dignified drama, which was on the point of employing the attention of the public, if it had not been overlaid by the revolution in question. The famous Mr. Wilkes was challenged at Paris, by one Forbes, an outlawed Scot in the French service, who could not digest the *North Britons*. Wilkes would have joked it off, but it would not do. He then insisted on seconds; Forbes said duels were too dangerous in France for such extensive proceedings. Wilkes adhered to his demand. Forbes pulled him by the nose, or, as Lord Mark Kerr[3], in his well-bred formality, said to a gentleman, 'Sir, you are to suppose I have thrown this glass of wine in your face.' Wilkes cried out murder! The *lieutenant de police* was sent for, and obliged Forbes to promise that he would proceed no farther. Notwithstanding the present discussion,

[3] Brother of the Marquis of Lothian, a very brave but remarkably formal man. *Walpole.*

you may imagine the Scotch will not let this anecdote be still-born. It is cruel on Lord Talbot, whom Wilkes ventured to fight.

Other comical passages have happened to us at Paris. Their King, you know, is wondrous shy to strangers, awkward at a question, or too familiar. For instance, when the Duke of Richmond was presented to him, he said, 'Monsieur le Duc de Cumberland boude le Roi, n'est-ce pas?' The Duke was confounded. The King persisted, 'Il le fait, n'est-il pas vrai?' The Duke answered very properly, 'Ses ministres quelquefois, Sire, jamais sa Majesté.' This did not stop him: 'Et vous, Milord, quand aurez-vous le cordon bleu?' George Selwyn, who stood behind the Duke, said softly, 'Answer that if you can, my Lord.' To Lord Holland, the King said, 'Vous avez fait bien du bruit dans votre pays, n'est-ce pas?' His answer was pretty too: 'Sire, je fais tout mon possible pour le faire cesser.' Lord Holland was better diverted with the Duchess d'Aiguillon[4]; she got him and Lady Holland tickets for one of the best boxes to see the fireworks on the Peace, and carried them in her coach. When they arrived, he had forgot the tickets; she flew into a rage, and, *sans marchander*, abused him so grossly that Lady Holland coloured, and would not speak to her. Not content with this, when her footman opened the door of the coach, the Duchess, before all the mob, said aloud, 'C'est une des meilleures têtes de l'Angleterre, et voici la bêtise qu'il a faite!' and repeated it. He laughed, and the next day she recollected herself, and made an excuse. . . .[5]

Mrs. Poyntz[6] is *au comble de la gloire* there; she has cured Madame Victoire[7] of the stone, by Mrs. Stephens's medicine.

[4] Anne Charlotte de Crussol de Florensac, Duchesse d'Aiguillon.

[5] Passage omitted.

[6] Anna Maria Mordaunt, wife of Stephen Poyntz, governor of William, Duke of Cumberland. She had been a great beauty: the poem of *The Fair Circassian* was written on her. She was Maid of Honour to Queen Caroline. *Walpole.*

[7] Fourth daughter of Louis XV; d. 1800.

When Mrs. Poyntz took leave of them for Spa, they shut the door, and the whole royal family kissed her; for the King is so fond of his children that, they say, it was visible every day in his countenance whether his daughter was better or worse.

We sent you Sir William Stanhope[8] and my Lady, a fond couple; you have returned them to us very different. When they came to Blackheath, he got out of the chaise to go to his brother Lord Chesterfield's, made her a low bow, and said, 'Madam, I hope I shall never see your face again.' She replied, 'Sir, I will take all the care I can that you never shall.' He lays no gallantry to her charge. It would not be very wonderful if he did, considering the disproportion of their ages, of which he was so sensible, that finding her extremely alarmed the first night, he said, 'It is I, Madam, that have most reason to be frightened.'

We are sending you another couple, the famous Garrick[9] and his once famous wife[10]. He will make you laugh as a mimic, and as he knows we are great friends, will affect great partiality to me; but be a little upon your guard, remember he is an *actor*.

My poor niece[11] has declared herself not breeding: you will be charmed with the delicacy of her manner in breaking it to General Waldegrave[12]. She gave him her Lord's seal with the coronet. You will be more charmed with her. On Sunday the Bishop of Exeter[13] and I were talking of this new convulsion in politics—she burst out in a flood of tears, reflecting on the great rank her Lord, if living, would naturally attain on this occasion.

[8] A man of wit, and brother of the famous Lord Chesterfield. His third wife was sister of Sir Francis Delaval. *Walpole.*

[9] The Garricks left England in September 1763, and travelled on the Continent until April 1765.

[10] La Violetta, a German dancer. *Walpole.*

[11] Lady Waldegrave. *Walpole.*

[12] General John Waldegrave, her husband's brother and successor.

[13] Dr. Keppel, her brother-in-law. *Walpole.*

I think I have nothing more to tell you, but a *bon mot* of my Lady Townshend. She has taken a strange little villa at Paddington, near Tyburn. People were wondering at her choosing such a situation, and asked her, in joke, what sort of neighbourhood she had: 'Oh,' said she, 'one that can never tire me, for they are hanged every week.' Good night. This would be a furious long letter, if it was not short by containing a whole revolution.

904. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 3, 1763.

I have but a minute's time for answering your letter; my house is full of people, and has been so from the instant I breakfasted, and more are coming—in short, I keep an inn; the sign, 'The Gothic Castle.'—Since my gallery was finished I have not been in it a quarter of an hour together; my whole time is passed in giving tickets for seeing it, and hiding myself while it is seen.—Take my advice, never build a charming house for yourself between London and Hampton Court: everybody will live in it but you.

I fear you must give up all thoughts of the Vine for this year, at least for some time. The poor master is on the rack. I left him the day before yesterday in bed, where he had been ever since Monday with the gout in both knees and one foot, and suffering martyrdom every night. I go to see him again on Monday. He has not had so bad a fit these four years; and he has probably the other foot still to come. You must come to me at least in the meantime, before he is well enough to receive you. After next Tuesday I am unengaged, except on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday following; that is, the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth, when the family from Park Place are to be with me. Settle your motions, and let me know them as soon as you can, and

give me as much time as you can spare. I flatter myself the General and Lady Grandison will keep the kind promise they made me, and that I shall see your brother John and Mr. Miller too.

My niece is not breeding. You shall have the auction books as soon as I can get them, though I question if there is anything in your way; however, I shall see you long before the sale, and we will talk on it.

There has been a revolution and a re-revolution, but I must defer the history till I see you, for it is much too big for a letter written in such a hurry as this. Adieu!

Yours faithfully,

H. W.

905. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 7, 1763.

As I am sure the house of Conway will not stay with me beyond Monday next, I shall rejoice to see the house of Montagu this day se'nnight (Wednesday), and shall think myself highly honoured by a visit from Lady Beaulieu[1]; I know nobody that has a better taste, and it would flatter me exceedingly if she should happen to like Strawberry.

I knew you would be pleased with Mr. T. Pitt; he is very amiable and very sensible, and one of the very few that I reckon quite worthy of being at home at Strawberry.

I have again been in town to see Mr. Chute; he thinks the worst over, yet he gets no sleep, and is still confined to his bed: but his spirits keep up surprisingly. As to your gout, so far from pitying you, 'tis the best thing that can happen to you. All that claret and port are very kind to you, when they prefer the shape of lameness to that of apoplexies, or dropsies, or fevers, or pleurisies.

Letter 905.—[1] Isabella Montagu, Baroness Beaulieu, formerly Dowager Duchess of Manchester.

Let me have a line certain what day I may expect your party, that I may pray to the sun to illuminate the cabinet. Adieu! Yours ever,

H. W.

906. To the Hon. George Grenville.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Sept. 7, 1763.

Though I am sensible I have no pretensions for asking you a favour, and, indeed, should be very unwilling to trespass on your good nature, yet I flatter myself I shall not be thought quite impertinent in interceding for a person, who I can answer has neither been to blame, nor any way deserved punishment, and therefore I think you, Sir, will be ready to save him from prejudice. The person is my deputy, Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, who, above five-and-twenty years ago, was appointed Collector of the Customs in Philadelphia by my father.

I hear he is threatened to be turned out. If the least fault can be laid to his charge, I do not desire to have him protected. If there cannot, I am too well persuaded, Sir, of your justice not to be sure you will be pleased to protect him.

When I have appealed to your good nature and justice, it would be impertinent to say more than that I am, &c., &c.

Horace Walpole.

907. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 13, 1763.

The administration is resettled: the opposition does not come in; and the old ministers have resumed their functions. The Duke of Bedford, who had formerly advised

to invite Mr. Pitt to court, finding himself omitted in Mr. Pitt's list, is cordially united, nay, incorporated with the administration; he has kissed hands for President of the Council. Lord Sandwich is the new Secretary of State, Lord Egmont the new head of the Admiralty, and Lord Hilsborough the new First Lord of Trade, for Lord Shelburne, whom I mentioned to you in my last, has resigned in the midst of these bustles. Many reasons are given, but the only one that people choose to take is, that, thinking Mr. Pitt must be minister, and finding himself tolerably obnoxious to him, he is seeking to make his peace at any rate.

This concussion has produced one remarkable event, the total removal of Lord Bute, which Mr. Grenville and Lord Halifax made the absolute *sine quâ non* of their re-acceptance. The favourite Earl has given it under his hand that he will go abroad. Thus ends his foolish drama—not its consequences, for the flames he has lighted up will not be extinguished soon.

I could tell you a great deal of what is reported of the dialogue in the closet, but not a circumstance which is not denied on one side or the other, for though there were but two interlocutors[1], there is a total disagreement in the relation. Parties will not meet in better humour next session for this abortive negotiation: the paper-war is rekindled with violence, but produces no wit; nay, scarce produces the bulk of a pamphlet, for the fashionable warfare at present is carried on by anonymous[2] letters in the daily newspapers, which die as suddenly as other lies of the day. This skirmishing is sharp and lively, but not very entertaining.

LETTER 907.—[1] The King and Pitt.

[2] It is certain that from this time, when anonymous writers could get their letters printed in the daily newspapers, pamphlets grew exceedingly more rare. *Walpole.*

I have not a syllable of other news to send you. You must take this rather as a codicil to my last letter, than as pretending to be a letter itself. The Parliament, I suppose, will not meet till after Christmas, and till then little material is likely to happen; unless some notable death should intervene, which, considering the tottering condition of some principal performers, is not unlikely. An old statesman that has November to pass through in his way to preferment, may chance never to arrive at it. Adieu!

908. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 3, 1763.

I was just getting into my chaise to go to Park Place, when I received your commission for Mrs. Cosby's pictures; but I did not neglect it, though I might as well, for the old gentlewoman was a little whimsical, and though I sent my own gardener and farmer with my cart to fetch them on Friday, she would not deliver them, she said, till Monday; so this morning they were forced to go again—they are now all safely lodged in my cloister; when I say safely, you understand that two of them have large holes in them, as witness this bill of lading signed by your aunt. There are eleven in all, besides Lord Halifax, seven half-lengths and four heads; the former are all desirable, and one of the latter; the three others woful. Mr. Wicks is now in the act of packing them, for we have changed our minds about sending them to London by water, as your waggoner told Louis last time I was at Greatworth, that if they were left at the Old Hat, near Acton, he would take them up and convey them to Greatworth; so my cart carries them thither, and they will set out towards you next Saturday.

I felt shocked, as you did, to think how suddenly the prospect of joy at Osterley was dashed after our seeing it. However, the young lover[1] died handsomely. Fifty thousand pounds will dry tears, that at most could be but two months old. His brother[2], I heard, has behaved still more handsomely, and confirmed the legacy, and added from himself the diamonds that had been prepared for her—here is a charming wife ready for anybody that likes a sentimental situation, a pretty woman, and a large fortune[3].

I have been often at Bulstrode from Chaffont, but I don't like it. It is Dutch and trist. The pictures you mention in the gallery would be curious if they knew one from another; but the names are lost, and they are only sure that they have so many pounds of ancestors in the lump. One or two of them indeed I know, as the Earl of Southampton, that was Lord Essex's friend.

The works of Park Place go on bravely; the cottage will be very pretty, and the bridge sublime, composed of loose rocks, that will appear to have been tumbled together there the very week of the deluge. One stone is of fourteen hundred weight. It will be worth an hundred of Palladio's bridges, that are only fit to be used in an opera. I had a ridiculous adventure on my way thither. A Sir Thomas Reeves wrote to me last year, that he had a great quantity of heads of painters, drawn by himself from Dr. Mead's collection, of which many were English, and offered me the use of them. This was one of the numerous unknown correspondents which my books have drawn upon me. I put it off then, but being to pass near his door, for he lives but two miles from

LETTER 908.—[1] Francis Child, banker and M.P. for Bishop's Castle.
[2] Robert Child; d. 1782.
[3] Francis Child had been on the point of marrying Hon. Maria Constantia Hampden, only daughter of fourth Baron Trevor (afterwards Viscount Hampden). She married, in 1764, Henry Howard, twelfth Earl of Suffolk, and died in 1767.

Maidenhead, I sent him word I would call on my way to Park Place. After being carried to three wrong houses, I was directed to a very ancient mansion, composed of timber, and looking as unlike modern habitations, as the picture of Penderel's house in Clarendon. The garden was overrun with weeds, and with difficulty we found a bell. Louis came riding back in great haste, and said, 'Sir, the gentleman is dead suddenly.' You may imagine I was surprised—however, as an acquaintance I had never seen was a very endurable misfortune, I was preparing to depart, but happening to ask some women, that were passing by the chaise, if they knew any circumstance of Sir Thomas's death, I discovered that this was not Sir Thomas's house, but belonged to a Mr. Meake[4], a fellow of a college at Oxford, who was actually just dead, and that the antiquity itself had formerly been the residence of Nel Gwyn. Pray inquire after it the next time you are at Frogmore. I went on, and after a mistake or two more found Sir Thomas—a man about thirty in age, and twelve in understanding; his drawings very indifferent, even for the latter calculation. I did not know what to do or say, but commended them, and his child, and his house, said I had all the heads, hoped I should see him at Twickenham, was afraid of being too late for dinner, and hurried out of his house before I had been there twenty minutes. It grieves one to receive civilities when one feels obliged, and yet finds it impossible to bear the people that bestow them.

I have given my assembly, to show my gallery; and it was glorious; but happening to pitch upon the feast of tabernacles, none of my Jews could come, though Mrs. Clive proposed to them to change their religion. So I am forced to exhibit once more. For the morning spectators, the

[4] Rev. John Meeke, Fellow of Pembroke College.

crowd augments instead of diminishing. It is really true that Lady Hertford called here t'other morning, and I was reduced to bring her by the back gate into the kitchen; the house was so full of company that came to see the gallery, that I had nowhere else to carry her. Adieu!

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. I hope the least hint has never dropped from the Beaulieus of that terrible picture of Sir Charles Williams[5], that put me into such confusion the morning they breakfasted here. If they did observe the inscription, I am sure they must have seen too how it distressed me.

Your collection of pictures is packed up, and makes two large cases and one smaller.

My next assembly will be entertaining; there will be five countesses, two bishops, fourteen Jews, five papists, a doctor of physic, and an actress; not to mention Scotch, Irish, East and West Indians.

I find that, to pack your pictures, Louis has taken some paper out of a hamper of waste, into which I had cast some of the Conway Papers. Perhaps only as useless—however, if you find any such in the packing, be so good as to lay them by for me.

909. To the Rev. William Cole.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 8, 1763.

You are always obliging to me and always thinking of me kindly; yet for once you have forgotten the way of

[5] The portrait of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, holding a paper inscribed *Isabella or the Morning*, which hung in the blue bedchamber at Strawberry Hill. The 'Isabella' of the poem was Lady Beaulieu.

obliging me most. You do not mention any thought of coming hither, which you had given me cause to hope would be about this time. I flatter myself nothing has intervened to deprive me of that visit. Lord Hertford goes to France the end of next week; I shall be in town to take leave of him; but after the 15th, that is, this day se'nnight, I shall be quite unengaged, and the sooner I see you after the 15th, the better, for I should be sorry to drag you across the country in the badness of November roads.

I shall treasure up your notices against my second edition; for the volume of Engravers is printed off, and has been some time; I only wait for some of the plates. The book you mention I have not seen, nor do you encourage me to buy it. Some time or other however I will get you to let me turn it over.

As I will trust that you will let me know soon when I shall have the pleasure of seeing you here, I will make this a very short letter; indeed I know nothing new or old worth telling you.

Your obedient and obliged humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

910. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 17, 1763.

I DON'T know how long it is since I wrote to you,—I fear a great while; but I think my fidelity to you as a correspondent is so proved, that you may be sure not an incident worthy of a paragraph has happened when you do not hear from me. The very newspapers have subsisted only on the price of stocks, horse-races, the arrival of the good ship *Charming Nancy*, and such anecdotes, with the assistance of the heroic controversy

between Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Forbes, of which one is heartily sick. But the campaign draws near, and will be hot enough. Methinks I wish we had some fresh generals; I am rather tired of the old ones, all of whom I have seen so often both on the offensive and defensive, that I am incredibly incurious about their manœuvres.

The press for soldiers is so warm that Augustus Hervey could not be spared to attend the Duke of York, who has sailed some time. I shall be very impatient to hear of the Duke's arrival at Florence; tell me the whole history. You will be very anxious, but you will acquit yourself perfectly well. Lord Hertford set out on his embassy last Thursday, and by this time I suppose Monsieur de Guerchy [1] is in London. Most of our Parisian English are come back. The newspapers have given the rage of going to Paris a good name; they call it the *French disease.* I shall be a little ashamed of having it so late; but I shall next spring. Having Lord Hertford there will be so agreeable a way of seeing Paris, that one cannot resist, especially as I took such pains to see so little of it when I was there before. I don't expect to like it much better now, though having a particular friend minister goes a great way in reconciling one to a country not one's own; I don't believe I should have been quite so fond of Florence, if I had lived with nothing but Florentines. This time I am determined to ascertain what I have always doubted of, whether there is any such thing as a lively Frenchman; the few I knew, and all those I have seen here, have had no more vivacity than a German. You see I do not go prejudiced.

Have you got Mr. Garrick yet? If you have, you may keep him; there is come forth within these ten days a young actor, who has turned the heads of the whole

LETTER 910.—[1] Claude François (1715–1767), Comte de Guerchy, recently appointed French Ambassador in London.

town. The first night of his appearance the audience, not content with clapping, stood up and shouted. His name is Powell[2]; he was clerk to Sir Robert Ladbroke, and so clever in business that his master would have taken him in partner, but he had an impulse for the stage, was a *Heaven-born hero*, as Mr. Pitt called my Lord Clive. His figure is fine and voice most sonorous, as they say, for I wait for the rebound of his fame, and till I can get in, for at present all the boxes are taken for a month. As the reputation of this prodigy could not have reached France, where they have the *English disease*, they were content with showering honours on Mr. Garrick; appointed a box for him, revived their best plays, and recalled their veteran actors. Their Helvetius, whose book has drawn such persecution on him, and the persecution such fame, is coming to settle here, and brings two Miss Helvetiuses, with fifty thousand pounds apiece, to bestow on two immaculate members of our most august and incorruptible senate, if he can find two in this virtuous age who will condescend to accept his money. Well, we may be dupes to French follies, but they are ten times greater fools to be the dupes of our virtue. Good night.

Arlington Street, Oct. 18.

I brought this to town to-day for the Secretary's office, and found yours of October 1st. Marshal Botta's advice of ceding your palace to the Duke of York may be very proper, but his Royal Highness, who is all good breeding and good humour, will certainly not suffer it. Yet, I am not averse to your making the offer, if it is still to make. Do you know, my national pride is wonderfully gratified by the Pope's humility and respect for whom we please to have

[2] William Powell (1735–1769), whose popularity became so great as to excite Garrick's jealousy.

Duke of York. An hundred and fifty years ago an English Protestant dared not own himself for such at Rome; now they invite the very son of a family that has turned out their Stuarts, under the nose of those very Stuarts, nay, when the Stuart Duke of York is even a cardinal. I trust it is not only the Papal chair that has sunk, but the crown of England that has risen. Think of the mighty Elizabeth excommunicated by Sixtus V and the brother of George III invited to Rome by Clement XIII! If the honours I have told you Mr. Garrick has received in France do not obtain him a chair in a Florentine *conversazione*, I think you must threaten them with the thunder of the Vatican, which you see we have at command; but to be serious, I would not have you get into a squabble about him; he is not worth that.

We hear the King of Poland[3] is dead; is that to be the source of a new war? You will see by the *Gazette*, that without such an event we had a nest-egg for another war. There have been half a dozen battles in miniature with the Indians in America[4]. It looked so odd to see a list of killed and wounded just treading on the heels of the Peace.

911. To the Earl of Hertford.

My dear Lord, Arlington Street, Oct. 18, 1763.

I am very impatient for a letter from Paris[1], to hear of your outset, and what my Lady Hertford thinks of the new world she is got into, and whether it is better or worse than she expected. Pray tell me all: I mean of that sort, for

[3] Augustus III, King of Poland; d. Oct. 5, 1763.

[4] Some tribes of Indians rose in the summer of 1763. They laid waste the frontiers of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Maryland, and took some of the smaller forts. They were defeated by Colonel Bouquet in August, at Bushy Run, but the war was still in progress, and continued till the following year.

Letter 911.—[1] Lord Hertford had just gone to Paris as Ambassador.

I have no curiosity about the family compact, nor the harbour of Dunkirk. It is your private history—your audiences, reception, comforts or distresses, your way of life, your company—that interests me; in short, I care about my cousins and friends, not, like Jack Harris, about my Lord Ambassador. Consider you are in my power. You, by this time, are longing to hear from England, and depend upon me for the news of London. I shall not send you a tittle, if you are not very good, and do not (one of you, at least) write to me punctually.

This letter, I confess, will not give you much encouragement, for I can absolutely tell you nothing. I dined at Mr. Grenville's to-day, where, if there had been anything to hear, I should have heard it; but all consisted in what you will see in the papers—some diminutive battles in America, and the death of the King of Poland, which you probably knew before we did. The town is a desert; it is like a vast plain, which, though abandoned at present, is in three weeks to have a great battle fought upon it. One of the colonels, I hear, is to be in town to-morrow, the Duke of Devonshire. I came myself but this morning, but as I shall not return to Strawberry till the day after to-morrow, I shall not seal my letter till then. In the meantime, it is but fair to give you some more particular particulars of what I expect to know. For instance, of Monsieur de Nivernois's cordiality; of Madame Dusson's affection for England; of my Lord Holland's joy at seeing you in France, especially without your secretary[2]; of all my Lady Hertford's cousins at St. Germains; and I should not dislike a little anecdote or two of the late embassy[3], of which I do not doubt you

[2] Lord Holland 'procured his wife's brother-in-law, Mr. Bunbury, to be imposed on Lord Hertford as secretary of the embassy, an affront Lord Hertford was advised not to digest: but though he acquiesced in it, he treated Bunbury with such obstinate coldness, that the latter was glad to quit the employment.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. i. p. 209.)

[3] That of the Duke of Bedford.

will hear plenty. I must trouble you with many compliments to Madame de Boufflers, and with still more to the Duchesse de Mirepoix, who is always so good as to remember me. Her brother, Prince de Beauvau[4], I doubt has forgotten me. In the disagreeableness of taking leave, I omitted mentioning these messages. Good night for to-night—oh! I forgot—pray send me some *café au lait*: the Duc de Picquigny[5] (who by the way is somebody's son, as I thought) takes it for snuff, and says it is the new fashion at Paris; I suppose they drink rappee after dinner.

Wednesday night.

I might as well have finished last night; for I know nothing more than I did then, but that Lady Mary Coke arrived this evening. She has behaved very honourably, and not stolen the Hereditary Prince.

Mr. Bowman[6] called on me yesterday before I came, and left word that he would come again to-day, but did not. I wished to hear of you from him, and a little of my old acquaintance at Rheims. Did you find Lord Beauchamp much grown? Are all your sons to be like those of the Amalekites[7]? who were I forget how many cubits high.

Pray remind Mr. Hume[8] of collecting the whole history of the expulsion of the Jesuits. It is a subject worthy of his inquiry and pen. Adieu! my dear Lord.

[4] The son of Horace Walpole's old friend, the Princesse de Craon.

[5] Marie Joseph Louis d'Albert d'Ailly (1741–1793), Duc de Piquigny, eldest son of the Duc de Chaulnes, whom he succeeded in 1769.

[6] According to Croker, Mr. Bowman was travelling tutor to Lord Beauchamp, with whom he had lately been at Rheims.

[7] All Lord Hertford's sons, and some of his daughters, were unusually tall.

[8] David Hume was secretary to Lord Hertford.

912. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 12, 1763.

I send you the catalogue as you desired; and as I told you, you will, I think, find nothing to your purpose: the present Lord bought all the furniture-pictures at Navestock: the few now to be sold are the very fine ones of the best masters, and likely to go at vast prices, for there are several people determined to have some one thing that belonged to Lord Waldegrave. I did not get the catalogue till the night before last, too late to send by the post, for I had dined with Sir Richard Lyttelton at Richmond, and was forced to return by Kew Bridge, for the Thames was swelled so violently that the ferry could not work. I am here quite alone in the midst of a deluge, without Mrs. Noah, but with half as many animals. The waters are as much out as they were last year, when her vice-majesty of Ireland[1], that now is sailed to Newmarket with both legs out at the fore glass, was here. Apropos, the Irish court goes on ill; they lost a question by forty the very first day on the Address. The Irish not being so absurd or so complimental as Mr. Allen[2], they would not suffer the word *adequate* to pass. The Prime Minister is so unpopular that they think he must be sent back. His patent and Rigby's are called in question. You see the age is not favourable to Prime Ministers! Well! I am going amidst it all, very unwillingly; I had rather stay here, for I am sick of the storms, that once loved them so cordially. Over and above, I am not well; this is the third winter my nightly fever has returned. It comes like the bellman before Christmas, to put me in mind of my mortality.

Letter 912.—[1] The Countess of Northumberland.

[2] Ralph Allen (1694–1764), of Prior Park, Bath. A coolness had arisen between him and Pitt in consequence of the latter's refusal to join his fellow member for Bath in presenting to the King an address from the Bath Corporation, in which the word 'adequate,' describing the recently-concluded Peace, was inserted by Allen's advice.

Sir Michael Foster[3] is dead, a Whig of the old rock: he is a greater loss to his country than the prim Attorney-General[4], who has resigned, or than the Attorney's father[5], who is dying, will be.

My gallery is still in such request, that, though the middle of November, I gave out a ticket to-day for seeing it. I see little of it myself, for I cannot sit alone in such state; I should think myself like the mad Duchess of Albemarle[6], who fancied herself Empress of China. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

I ask you nothing about your coming, for I conclude we shall not see you till Christmas. My compliments to your brother John and your almoner Mr. Miller.

913. To the Earl of Hertford.

Arlington Street, Nov. 17, 1763.

If the winter keeps up to the vivacity of its début, you will have no reason to complain of the sterility of my letters. I do not say this from the spirit of the House of Commons on the first day, which was the most fatiguing and dull debate I ever heard, dull as I have heard many; and yet for the first quarter of an hour it looked as if we were met to choose a King of Poland, and that all our names ended in *isky*. Wilkes, the night before, had presented himself at the Cockpit: as he was listening to the Speech, George Selwyn said to him, in the words of the *Dunciad*, 'May Heaven preserve the ears you lend!' We lost four hours debating whether or not it was necessary to open the session

[3] Sir Michael Foster, Knight (1689–1763), Puisne Judge of the King's Bench.

[4] Hon. Charles Yorke.

[5] The Earl of Hardwicke.

[6] Elizabeth Cavendish, Duchess of Albemarle; d. 1734.

with reading a bill. The opposite sides, at the same time, pushing to get the start, between the King's message, which Mr. Grenville stood at the bar to present, and which was to acquaint us with the arrest of Wilkes and all that affair, and the complaint which Wilkes himself stood up to make. At six we divided on the question of reading a bill. Young Thomas Townshend[1] divided the House injudiciously, as the question was so idle; yet the whole argument of the day had been so complicated with this question, that in effect it became the material question for trying forces. This will be an interesting part to you, when you hear that your brother[2] and I were in the minority. You know *him*, and therefore know he did what he thought right; and for *me*, my dear Lord, you must know that I would die in the House for its privileges, and the liberty of the press. But come, don't be alarmed: this will have no consequences. I don't think your brother is going into opposition; and for me, if I may name myself to your affection after *him*, nothing but a question of such magnitude can carry me to the House at all. I am sick of parties and factions, and leave them to buy and sell one another. Bless me! I had forgot the numbers: they were 300, we 111. We then went upon the King's message; heard the *North Briton* read; and Lord North, who took the prosecution upon him and did it very well, moved to vote it a scandalous libel, &c., *tending to foment treasonable insurrections.* Mr. Pitt gave up the paper, but fought against the last words of the censure. I say *Mr. Pitt*, for indeed, like Almanzor, he fought almost singly, and spoke forty times: the first time in the day with much wit, afterwards with little energy. He had a tough enemy

LETTER 913.—[1] Thomas (d. 1800), eldest son of Hon. Thomas Townshend; cr. (March 6, 1783) Baron Sydney of Chislehurst, Kent; and Viscount Sydney, 1789. M.P. for Whitchurch; Lord of the Treasury, 1765–67; Paymaster-General, 1767–68; Secretary at War, 1782; Home Secretary, 1782–83, and 1783–89.

[2] General Conway.

too; I don't mean in parts or argument, but one that makes an excellent bull-dog, the Solicitor-General Norton. Legge was, as usual, concise; and Charles Townshend, what is not usual, silent. We sat till within few minutes of two, after dividing again; we, our exact former number, 111; they, 273; and then we adjourned to go on the point of privilege the next day; but now

> Listen, lordlings, and hold you still;
> Of doughty deeds tell you I will.

Martin, in the debate, mentioned the *North Briton*, in which he himself had been so heavily abused; and he said, 'Whoever stabs a reputation in the dark, without setting his name, is a cowardly, malignant, and scandalous scoundrel.' This, looking at Wilkes, he repeated twice, with such rage and violence, that he owned his passion obliged him to sit down. Wilkes bore this with the same indifference as he did all that passed in the day. The House too, who from Martin's choosing to take a public opportunity of resentment, when he had so long declined any private notice, and after Wilkes's courage was become so problematic, seemed to think there was no danger of such champions going further; but the next day, when we came into the House, the first thing we heard was that Martin had shot Wilkes: so he had; but Wilkes has six lives still good. It seems Wilkes had writ, to avow the paper, to Martin, on which the latter challenged him. They went into Hyde Park about noon; Humphrey Cotes, the wine-merchant, waiting in a postchaise to convey Wilkes away if triumphant. They fired at the distance of fourteen yards: both missed. Then Martin fired and lodged a ball in the side of Wilkes; who was going to return it, but dropped his pistol. He desired Martin to take care of securing himself, and assured him he would never say a word against him, and he allows that Martin behaved well. The wound

yesterday was thought little more than a flesh-wound, and he was in his old spirits. To-day the account is worse, and he has been delirious: so you will think when you hear what is to come. I think, from the agitation his mind must be in, from his spirits, and from drinking, as I suppose he will, that he probably will end here. He puts me in mind of two lines of *Hudibras*[3], which, by the arrangement of the words combined with Wilkes's story, are stronger than Butler intended them:—

> But he that fights and runs away
> May live to fight another day.

His adventures with Lord Talbot, Forbes, and Martin, make these lines history.

Now for Part the Second. On the first day, in *your* House, where the Address was moved by Lord Hillsborough and Lord Suffolk, after some wrangling between Lord Temple, Lord Halifax, the Duke of Bedford, and Lord Gower, Lord Sandwich laid before the House the most blasphemous and indecent poem that ever was composed, called *An Essay on Woman, with notes, by Dr. Warburton.* I will tell you none of the particulars: they were so exceedingly bad, that Lord Lyttelton begged the reading might be stopped. The House was amazed; nobody ventured even to ask a question: so it was easily voted everything you please, and a breach of privilege into the bargain. Lord Sandwich then informed your Lordships that Mr. Wilkes was the author. Fourteen copies alone were printed, one of which the ministry had bribed the printer to give up. Lord Temple then objected to the manner of obtaining it; and Bishop Warburton, as much shocked at infidelity as Lord Sandwich had been at obscenity, said, 'the blackest fiends in hell would not keep company with Wilkes when he should arrive there.' Lord

[3] These lines are not in *Hudibras.*

Sandwich moved to vote Wilkes the author; but this Lord Mansfield stopped, advertising the House that it was necessary first to hear what Wilkes could say in his defence. To-day, therefore, was appointed for that purpose; but it has been put off by Martin's *lodging a caveat.* This bomb was certainly well conducted, and the secret, though known to many, well kept. The management is worthy of Lord Sandwich, and like him. It may sound odd for me, with my principles, to admire Lord Sandwich; but besides that he has in several instances been very obliging to me, there is a good humour and an industry about him that are very uncommon. I do not admire politicians; but when they are excellent in their way, one cannot help allowing them their due. Nobody but he could have struck a stroke like this.

Yesterday we sat till eight on the Address, which yet passed without a negative: we had two very long speeches from Mr. Pitt and Mr. Grenville; many fine parts in each. Mr. Pitt has given the latter some strong words, yet not so many as were expected. To-morrow we go on the great question of privilege; but I must send this away, as we have no chance of leaving the House before midnight, if before next morning.

This long letter contains the history of but two days; yet if two days furnish a history, it is not my fault. The ministry, I think, may do whatever they please. Three hundred, that will give up their own privileges, may be depended upon for giving up anything else. I have not time or room to ask a question, or say a word more.

Nov. 18, Friday.

I have luckily got a holiday, and can continue my dispatch, as you know dinner-time is my chief hour of business. The Speaker[4], unlike Mr. Onslow, who was immortal

[4] Sir John Cust.

in the chair, is taken very ill, and our House is adjourned to Monday. Wilkes is thought in great danger: instead of keeping him quiet, his friends have shown their zeal by visiting him, and himself has been all spirits and riot, and sat up in his bed the next morning to correct the press for to-morrow's *North Briton*. His *bons mots* are all over the town, but too gross, I think, to repeat; the chief are at the expense of poor Lord George [5]. Notwithstanding Lord Sandwich's masked battery, the tide runs violently for Wilkes, and I do not find people in general so inclined to excuse his Lordship as I was. One hears nothing but stories of the latter's impiety, and of the concert he was in with Wilkes on that subject. Should this hero die, the Bishop of Gloucester may doom him whither he pleases, but Wilkes will pass for a saint and a martyr.

Besides what I have mentioned, there were two or three passages in the House of Lords that were diverting. Lord Temple dwelled much on the Spanish ministry being devoted to France. Lord Halifax replied, 'Can we help that? We can no more oblige the King of Spain to change his ministers, than his Lordship can force his Majesty to change the present administration.' Lord Gower, too, attacking Lord Temple on want of respect to the King, the Earl replied, 'he never had wanted respect for the King: he and his family had been attached to the House of Hanover *full as long* as his Lordship's family had [6].'

You may imagine that little is talked of but Wilkes, and what relates to him. Indeed, I believe there is no other news, but that Sir George Warren [7] marries Miss Bishop, the Maid of Honour. The Duchess of Grafton is at Euston, and *hopes* to stay there till after Christmas. Operas do not begin till to-morrow se'nnight; but the Mingotti is to sing,

[5] Lord George Sackville.

[6] Lord Gower's father was a convert from Jacobitism.

[7] Sir George Warren, K.B., of Poynton, Cheshire.

and that contents me. I forgot to tell you, and you may wonder at hearing nothing of the Reverend Mr. Charles Pylades [8], while Mr. John Orestes is making such a figure: but Dr. Pylades, the poet, has forsaken his consort and the Muses, and is gone off with a stone-cutter's daughter. If he should come and offer himself to you for chaplain to the embassy!

The Countess of Harrington was extremely alarmed last Sunday, on seeing the Duc de Perquigny enter her assembly: she forbade Lady Caroline [9] speaking to such a debauched young man, and communicated her fright to everybody. The Duchess of Bedford observed to me that as Lady Berkeley and some other matrons of the same stamp were there, she thought there was no danger of any violence being committed. For my part, the sisters are so different, that I conclude my Lady Hertford has not found any young man in France wild enough for *her*. Your counterpart, M. de Guerchy, takes extremely. I have not yet seen his wife.

I this minute received your charming long letter of the 11th, and give you a thousand thanks for it. I wish next Tuesday was past, for Lady Hertford's sake. You may depend on my letting you know, if I hear the least rumour in your disfavour. I should do so without your orders, for I could not bear to have you traduced and not advertise you to defend yourself. I have hitherto not heard a syllable; but the newspapers talk of your magnificence, and I approve extremely your intending to support their evidence; for though I do not think it necessary to scatter pearls and diamonds about the streets like their vice-majesties of Ireland, one owes it to oneself and to the King's choice to prove it was well made.

[8] Wilkes's friend, Charles Churchill, the poet.

[9] Lady Caroline Stanhope (d. 1767), eldest daughter of second Earl of Harrington; m. (1765) Kenneth Mackenzie, Viscount Fortrose (afterwards Earl of Seaforth).

The colour given at Paris to Bunbury's stay in England has been given out here too. You need not, I think, trouble yourself about that; a majority of three hundred will soon show, that if he was detained, the reason at least no longer subsists.

Hamilton[10] is certainly returning from Ireland. Lord Shannon's son[11] is going to marry the Speaker's daughter, and the Primate has begged to have the honour of joining their hands.

This letter is wofully blotted and ill-written, yet I must say it is print compared to your Lordship's. At first I thought you had forgot that you was not writing to the Secretary of State, and had put it into cipher. Adieu! I am neither dead of my fever nor apoplexy, nay, nor of the House of Commons. I rather think the violent heat of the latter did me good. Lady Aylesbury was at court yesterday, and benignly received; a circumstance you will not dislike.

P.S. If I have not told you all you want to know, interrogate me, and I will answer the next post.

914. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 17, 1763.

The campaign is opened, hostilities begun, and blood shed. Now you think, my dear Sir, that all this is metaphor, and mere eloquence. You are mistaken: our diets, like that approaching in Poland, use other weapons than the tongue; ay, in good truth, and they who use the tongue too, and who perhaps you are under the common error

[10] William Gerard Hamilton.

[11] Richard Boyle (1728–1807), Viscount Boyle, eldest son of first Earl of Shannon, whom he succeeded in 1764; m. Catherine (d. 1827), daughter of Hon. John Ponsonby, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons.

of thinking would not fight, have signalized their prowess. But stay, I will tell you my story more methodically; perhaps you shall not know for these two pages what member of the British Senate, of that august divan whose wisdom influences the councils of all Europe, as its incorrupt virtue recalls to mind the purest ages of Rome, was shot in a duel yesterday in Hyde Park. The Parliament met on Tuesday. We—for you know I have the honour of being a senator—sat till two in the morning; and had it not been that there is always more oratory, more good sense, more knowledge, and more sound reasoning in the House of Commons, than in the rest of the universe put together, the House of Lords only excepted, I should have thought it as tedious, dull, and unentertaining a debate as ever I heard in my days. The business was a complaint made by one King George of a certain paper called the *North Briton*, No. 45, which the said King asserted was written by a much more famous man called Mr. Wilkes.—Well! and so you imagine that Mr. Wilkes and King George went from the House of Commons and fought out their quarrel in Hyde Park? And which do you guess was killed? Again you are mistaken. Mr. Wilkes, with all the impartiality in the world, and with the phlegm of an Areopagite, sat and heard the whole matter discussed, and now and then put in a word, as if the affair did not concern *him*. The House of Commons, who would be wisdom itself, if they could but all agree on which side of a question wisdom lies, and who are sometimes forced to divide in order to find this out, did divide twice on this affair. The first time, one hundred and eleven, of which I had the misfortune to be one, had more curiosity to hear Mr. Wilkes's story than King George's; but three hundred being of the contrary opinion, it was plain they were in the right, especially as they had no *private* motives

to guide them. Again, the individual one hundred and eleven could not see that the *North Briton* tended to foment treasonable insurrections, though we had it argumentatively demonstrated to us for seven hours together: but the moment we heard two hundred and seventy-five gentlemen counted, it grew as plain to us as a pike-staff, for a syllogism carries less conviction than a superior number, though that number does not use the least force upon earth, but only walk peaceably out of the House and into it again. The next day we were to be in the same *numerical* way convinced that we ought to be but one hundred and ten, for that we ought to expel Mr. Wilkes out of the House: and the majority were to prove to us (for we are slow of comprehension, and imbibe instruction very deliberately) that in order to have all London acquainted with the person and features of Mr. Wilkes, it would be necessary to set him on a high place called the pillory, where everybody might see him at leisure. Some were even almost ready to think that, being a very ugly man, he would look better without his ears; and poor Sir William Stanhope, who endeavoured all day by the help of a trumpet to listen to these wise debates and found it to no purpose, said, 'If they want a pair of ears they may take mine, for I am sure they are of no use to me.' The regularity, however, of these systematic proceedings has been a little interrupted. One Mr. Martin[1], who has much the same quarrel to Mr. Wilkes with King George, and who chose to suspend his resentment like his Majesty, till with proper dignity he could notify his wrath to Parliament, did express his indignation with rather less temper than the King had done, calling Mr. Wilkes to his face *cowardly scoundrel*,

LETTER 914.—[1] Samuel Martin, a West Indian, Secretary to the Treasury, when Lord Bute was First Lord, and Treasurer to the Princess Dowager of Wales. *Walpole.*

which you, who represent monarchs, know is not royal language. Mr. Wilkes, who, it seems, whatever may have been thought, had rather die compendiously than piecemeal, inquired of Mr. Martin by letter next morning, if he, Mr. Wilkes, was meant by him, Mr. Martin, under the periphrasis *cowardly scoundrel*. Mr. Martin replied in the affirmative, and accompanied his answer with a challenge. They immediately went into Hyde Park; and, at the second fire, Mr. Wilkes received a bullet in his body. Don't be frightened, the wound was not mortal—at least it was not yesterday. Being corporally delirious to-day, as he has been mentally some time, I cannot tell what to say to it. However, the breed will not be lost, if he should die. You have still countrymen enough left: we need not despair of amusement.

Now, would not you think that this man had made noise enough, and that he had no occasion to burn a temple to perpetuate his name? Alas, alas! there is nothing like having two strings to one's bow. The very day in which the scene I have mentioned passed in the House of Commons, Lord Sandwich produced to the Lords a poem, called an *Essay on Woman*, written by the same Mr. Wilkes, though others say, only enlarged by him from a sketch drawn by a late son[2] of a late archbishop. It is a parody on Pope's *Essay on Man*; and, like that, pretending to notes by Dr. Warburton, the present holy and orthodox Bishop of Gloucester. It is dedicated to Fanny Murray[3], whom it prefers to the Virgin Mary from never having had a child; and it calls the ass a noble animal, which never disgraced itself but once, and that was when it was ridden on into Jerusalem. You may judge by these samples of the whole: the piece, indeed, was only printed, and only fourteen

[2] Thomas Potter, son of Dr. Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury. *Walpole.*

[3] A noted courtesan, afterwards married to Ross the actor. *Walpole.*

copies, but never published. Mr. Wilkes complains that he never read it but to two persons, who both approved it highly, Lord Sandwich and Lord Despencer[4]. The style, to be sure, is at least not unlike that of the last. The wicked even affirm, that very lately, at a club with Mr. Wilkes, held at the top of the playhouse in Drury Lane, Lord Sandwich talked so profanely that he drove two harlequins out of company. You will allow, however, that the production of this poem so critically was masterly: the secret too was well kept: nor till a vote was passed against it, did even Lord Temple suspect who was the author. If Mr. Martin has not killed him, nor should we, you see here are faggots enough in store for him still. The Bishop of Gloucester, who shudders at abuse and infidelity, has been measuring out ground in Smithfield for his execution; and in his speech begged the devil's pardon for comparing him to Wilkes.

Well, now! after all, do you with your plain Florentine understanding comprehend one word of what I have been saying? Do you think me or your countrymen quite distracted? Go, turn to your Livy, to your history of Athens, to your life of Sacheverel. Find upon record what mankind has been, and then you will believe what it is. We are poor pigmy, short-lived animals, but we are comical, —I don't think the curtain fallen and the drama closed. Three hundred is an omnipotent number, and may do whatever it will; and yet I think there are some single men, whom three hundred cannot convince. Well, but then they may cut their ears off; I don't see what could hinder it. Adieu!

[4] Sir Francis Dashwood, Lord Despencer. *Walpole.*

915. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Nov. 20, 1763.

You are in the wrong, believe me you are in the wrong to stay in the country; London never was so entertaining since it had a steeple or a mad-house. Cowards fight duels; Secretaries of State turn Methodists on the Tuesday, and are expelled the playhouse for blasphemy on Friday. I am not turned Methodist, but Patriot, and what is more extraordinary, am *not* going to have a place. What is more wonderful still, Lord Hardwicke has made two of his sons resign their employments. I know my letter sounds as enigmatic as Merlin's Almanack; but *my* events have really happened. I had almost persuaded myself like you to quit the world—thank my stars I did not! Why, I have done nothing but laugh since last Sunday; though on Tuesday I was one of a hundred and eleven that were outvoted by three hundred; no laughing matter generally to a *true* Patriot, whether he thinks his country undone or himself. Nay, I am still more absurd—even for my dear country's sake I cannot bring myself to connect with Lord Hardwicke, or the Duke of Newcastle, though they are in the minority—an unprecedented case, not to love everybody one despises, when they are of the same side. On the contrary, I fear I resemble a fond woman, and dote on the *dear betrayer*. In short (and to write something that you can understand), you know I have long had a partiality for your cousin Sandwich, who has out-Sandwiched himself. He has impeached Wilkes for a blasphemous poem, and has been expelled for blasphemy himself by the Beef-steak Club at Covent Garden. Wilkes has been shot by Martin, and instead of being burnt at an *auto da fé*, as the Bishop of Gloucester intended, is reverenced as a saint by the mob,

and if he dies, I suppose, the people will squint themselves into convulsions at his tomb, in honour of his memory. Now, is not this better than feeding one's birds and one's bantams, poring one's eyes out over old histories, not half so extraordinary as the present, or ambling to Squire Blencow's on one's pad-nag, and playing at cribbage with one's brother John and one's parson? Prithee come to town, and let us put off taking the veil for another year. Besides, by this time twelvemonth we are sure the world will be a year older in wickedness, and we shall have more matter for meditation. One would not leave it methinks till it comes to the worst, and that time cannot be many months off. In the meantime, I have bespoken a dagger, in case the circumstances should grow so classic as to make it becoming to kill oneself; however, though disposed to quit the world, as I have no mind to leave it entirely, I shall put off my death to the last minute, and do nothing rashly, till I see Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple place themselves in their curule chairs in St. James's Market, and resign their throats to the victors. I am determined to see them dead first, lest they should play me a trick, and be hobbling to Buckingham House, while I am shivering and waiting for them on the banks of Lethe. Adieu! Yours,

HORATIUS.

916. To the Earl of Hertford.

Arlington Street, Nov. 25, 1763.

You tell me, my dear Lord, in a letter I have this moment received from you, that you have had a comfortable one from me; I fear it was not the last: you will not have been fond of your brother's voting against the court[1]. Since that, he

LETTER 916.—[1] Conway's vote against the court deeply offended the King, who at once proposed to Grenville to dismiss him from his

has been told by different channels that they think of taking away regiments from opposers. He heard it, as he would the wind whistle: while in the shape of a threat he treats it with contempt; if put into execution, his scorn would subside into indifference. You know he has but one object—doing what is right; the rest may betide as it will. One or two of the ministers, who are honest men, would, *I have reason to believe*, be heartily concerned to have such measures adopted; but they are not directors. The little favour *they* possess, and the desperateness of their situation, oblige them to swallow many things they disapprove, and which ruin their character with the nation; while others, who have no character to lose, and whose situation is no less desperate, care not what inconveniences they bring on their master, nor what confusion on their country, in which they can never prosper, except when it is convulsed. The nation, indeed, seem thoroughly sensible of this truth. They are unpopular beyond conception: even of those that vote with them there are numbers that express their aversion without reserve. Indeed, on Wednesday, the 23rd, this went farther: we were to debate the great point of privilege[2]: Wilbraham objected, that Wilkes was involved in it, and ought to be present. On this, though, as you see, a question of slight moment, fifty-seven left them at once: they were but 243 to 166. As we had sat, however, till eight at night, the

employments. This step was not taken until after Conway's vote against the legality of general warrants in February 1764.

[2] 'The doctrine that no member of Parliament could be arrested or prosecuted without the express permission of the House, except for treason, felony, or actual breach of the peace, or for refusal to pay obedience to a writ of Habeas Corpus, had hitherto been fully acknowledged. . . . In spite of the opposition of Pitt and of a powerful protest signed by seventeen peers, a resolution was now carried through both Houses "that privilege of Parliament does not extend to the case of writing and publishing seditious libels, nor ought to be allowed to obstruct the ordinary course of the laws in the speedy and effectual prosecution of so heinous and dangerous an offence."' (Lecky, *Hist. Cent. XVIII*, ed. 1895, vol. iii. p. 254.)

debate was postponed to next day. Mr. Pitt, who had a fever and the gout, came on crutches, and wrapped in flannels: so he did yesterday, but was obliged to retire at ten at night, after making a speech of an hour and fifty minutes; the worst, I think, I ever heard him make in my life. For our parts, we sat till within ten minutes of two in the morning; yet we had but few speeches, all were so long. Hussey, Solicitor to the Princess of Wales [3], was against the court, and spoke with great spirit, and true Whig spirit. Charles Yorke shone exceedingly. He had spoke and voted with us the night before; but now maintained his opinion against Pratt's. It was a most able and learned performance, and the latter part, which was oratoric, uncommonly beautiful and eloquent. You find I don't let partiality to the Whig cause blind my judgement. That speech was certainly the masterpiece of the day. Norton would not have made a figure, even if Charles Yorke had not appeared; but giving way to his natural brutality, he got into an ugly scrape. Having so little delicacy or decency as to mention a cause in which he had prosecuted Sir John Rushout (who sat just under him) for perjury, the tough old knight (who had been honourably acquitted of the charge) gave the House an account of the affair; and then added, 'I was assured the prosecution was set on foot by that *honest gentleman*; I hope I don't call him out of his name—and that it was in revenge for my having opposed him in an election.' Norton denied the charge, upon his honour, which did not seem to persuade everybody. Immediately after this we had another episode. Rigby, totally unprovoked either by anything said or by the complexion of the day, which was grave and argumentative, fell upon Lord Temple, and described his behaviour on the commitment of Wilkes. James Grenville, who sat behind him, rose in all the acrimony of resentment: drew a very

[3] He was Solicitor to the Queen.

favourable picture of his brother, and then one of Rigby, conjuring up the bitterest words, epithets, and circumstances that he could amass together: told him how interested he was, and how ignorant: painted his journey to Ireland to get a law-place[4], for which he was so unqualified; and concluded with affirming he had fled from thence to avoid the vengeance of the people. The passive Speaker suffered both painters to finish their works, and would have let them carry their colours and brushes into Hyde Park the next morning, if other people had not represented the necessity of demanding their paroles that it should go no farther. They were both unwilling to rise: Rigby did at last, and put an end to it with humour and good-humour. The numbers were 258 to 133. The best speech of all those that were *not* spoken was Charles Townshend's. He has for some time been informing the world that for the last three months he had constantly employed six clerks to search and transcribe records, journals, precedents, &c. The production of all this mountain of matter was a mouse, and that mouse still-born: he has voted with us, but never uttered a word.

We shall now repose for some time; at least I am sure I shall. It has been hard service: and nothing but a Whig point of this magnitude could easily have carried me to the House at all, of which I have so long been sick. Wilkes will live, but is not likely to be in a situation to come forth for some time. The blasphemous book has fallen ten times heavier on Sandwich's own head than on Wilkes's: it has brought forth such a catalogue of anecdotes as is incredible! Lord Hardwicke fluctuates between life and death. Lord Effingham is dead suddenly, and Lord Cantelupe has got his troop.

These are all our news; I am glad yours go on so

[4] Rigby was Master of the Rolls in Ireland.

smoothly. I take care to do you justice at M. de Guerchy's for all the justice you do to France, and particularly to the house of Nivernois. D'Éon[5] is here still: I know nothing more of him but that the honour of having a hand in the Peace overset his poor brain. This was evident on the fatal night at Lord Halifax's: when they told him his behaviour was a breach of the peace, he was quite distracted, thinking it was the peace between his country and this.

Our operas begin to-morrow. The Duchess of Grafton is come for a fortnight only. My compliments to the Ambassadress, and all your court.

917. To the Earl of Hertford.

Arlington Street, Dec. 2, 1763.

I have been expecting a letter all day, as Friday is the day I have generally received a letter from you, but it is not yet arrived, and I begin mine without it. M. de Guerchy has given us a prosperous account of my Lady Hertford's audience: still I am impatient to hear it from yourselves. I want to know, too, what you say to your brother's being in the minority. I have already told you that unless they use him ill, I do not think him likely to take any warm part. With regard to dismission of officers, I hear no more of it: such a violent step would but spread the flames, which are already fierce enough. I will give you an instance: last Saturday, Lord Cornwallis[1] and Lord

[5] 'D'Éon took it into his fancy that one Treyssac de Vergy, an adventurer, was brought over to assassinate him; and on this belief broke out so outrageously against the Count after dinner at Lord Halifax's, that the Earl, at M. de Guerchy's desire, was obliged to send for Justice Fielding and put D'Éon under arrest; and next day Vergy swore the peace against him.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. i. p. 242.)

Letter 917.—[1] Charles Cornwallis (1738–1805), second Earl Cornwallis, cr. Marquis Cornwallis in 1792; entered the army in 1756. He took a prominent part in the American War, but after several successes he was obliged to surrender at Yorktown (Oct. 19, 1781). He was Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies, 1786–93;

Allen[2] came drunk to the Opera: the former went up to Rigby in the pit, and told him in direct words that Lord Sandwich was a pickpocket. Then Lord Allen, with looks and gestures no less expressive, advanced close to him, and repeating this again in the passage, would have provoked a quarrel, if George West[3] had not carried him away by force. Lord Cornwallis, the next morning in Hyde Park, made an apology to Rigby for his behaviour, but the rest of the world is not so complaisant. His pride, insolence, and over-bearingness, have made him so many enemies, that they are glad to tear him to pieces for his attack on Lord Temple, so unprovoked, and so poorly performed. It was well that with his spirit and warmth he had the sense not to resent the behaviour of those two drunken young fellows.

On Tuesday your Lordship's House sat till ten at night, on the resolutions we had communicated to you; and you agreed to them by 114 to 35: a puny minority indeed, considering of what great names it was composed! Even the Duke of Cumberland voted in it; but Mr. Yorke's speech in our House, and Lord Mansfield's in yours, for two hours, carried away many of the opposition, particularly Lord Lyttelton, and the greater part of the Duke of Newcastle's Bishops. The Duke of Grafton is much commended. The Duke of Portland commenced, but was too much frightened. There was no warmth nor event; but Lord Shelburne, who they say spoke well, and against the court, and as his friends had voted in our House, has produced one, the great Mr. Calcraft being turned out yesterday, from some muster-mastership; I don't know what.

General, 1793; Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1798–1801.

[2] Joshua Allen (1728–1816), fifth Viscount Allen.

[3] Hon. George West (1733–1776), second son of first Earl Delawarr.

Lord Sandwich is canvassing to succeed Lord Hardwicke, as High Steward of Cambridge; another egg of animosity. We shall, however, I believe, be tolerably quiet till after Christmas, as Mr. Wilkes will not be able to act before the holidays. I rejoice at it: I am heartily sick of all this folly, and shall be glad to get to Strawberry again, and hear nothing of it. The ministry have bought off Lord Clive with a bribe that would frighten the King of France himself: they have given him back his 25,000*l.* a year[4]. Walsh[5] has behaved nobly: he said he could not in conscience vote with the administration, and would not vote against Lord Clive, who chose him: he has therefore offered to resign his seat. Lady Augusta's[6] fortune was to be voted to-day, and Lord Strange talked of opposing it; but I had not the curiosity to go down. This is all our politics, and indeed all our news; we have none of any other kind. So far you will not regret England. For my part, I wish myself with you. Being perfectly indifferent who is minister and who is not, and weary of laughing at both, I shall take hold of the first spring to make you my visit.

Our operas do not succeed. Giardini, now become *minister*, and having no exchequer to buy an audience, is grown unpopular. The Mingotti, whom he has forced upon the town, is as much disliked as if he had insisted on her being first Lord of the Treasury. The first man, though with sweet notes, has so weak a voice that he might as well hold his tongue like Charles Townshend. The *figurantes* are very pretty, but can dance no more than Tommy Pelham. The first man dancer is handsome, well made, and strong enough to make his fortune *anywhere*: but, you know, fortunes made in private are seldom agreeable to the public. In

[4] The 'jaghir' granted to Clive by Mir Jaffier, of which the East India Directors wished to deprive him.

[5] John Walsh, M.P. for Worcester.

[6] The Princess Augusta, eldest daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales, married in Jan. 1764 to the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick.

short, it will not do; there was not a soul in the pit the second night.

Lady Mary Coke has received her gown by the Prince de Masseran[7], and is exceedingly obliged to you, though much disappointed; this being a slight gown made up, and not the one she expected, which is a fine one bought for her by Lady Holland, and which you must send somehow or other: if you cannot, you must dispatch an ambassador on purpose. I dined with the Prince de Masseran, at Guerchy's the day after his arrival; and if faces speak truth, he will not be our ruin. Oh! but there is a ten times more delightful man—the Austrian minister[8]: he is so stiff and upright, that you would think all his mistress's diadems were upon his head, and that he was afraid of their dropping off.

I know so little of Irish politics, that I am afraid of misinforming you; but I hear that Hamilton, who has come off with honour in a squabble with Lord Newton[9] about the latter's wife, speaks and votes with the opposition against the Castle. I don't know the meaning of it, nor, except it had been to tell you, should I have remembered it.

Well! your letter will not come, and I must send away mine. Remember, the holidays are coming, and that I shall be a good deal out of town. I have been charming hitherto, but I cannot make brick without straw. *Encore*, you are almost the only person I ever write a line to. I grow so old and so indolent that I hate the sight of a pen and ink.

[7] The Spanish Ambassador in London.

[8] Count von Seillern.

[9] Brinsley Butler (1728–1779), Lord Newtown Butler, son of first Earl of Lanesborough, whom he succeeded in 1768; m. (1754) Lady Jane Rochfort, daughter of first Earl of Belvidere.

918. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, Dec. 6, 1763.

According to custom I am excessively obliged to you: you are continually giving me proofs of your kindness. I have now three packets to thank you for, full of information, and have only to lament the trouble you have given yourself.

I am glad for the tomb's sake and my own, that Sir Giles Allington's[1] monument is restored. The draft you have sent is very perfect. The account of your ancestor Tuer[2] shall not be forgotten in my next edition. The pedigree of Allington I had from Collins[3] before his death, but I think not so perfect as yours. You have made one little slip in it: my mother was grand-daughter, not daughter of Sir John Shorter, and was not an heiress, having three brothers, who all died after her, and we only quarter the arms of Shorter, which I fancy occasioned the mistake, by their leaving no children. The verses by Sir Edward Walpole[4], and the translation by Bland[5], are published in my Description of Houghton.

I am come late from the House of Lords, and am just going to the Opera, so you will excuse me saying more, than that I have a print of Archbishop Hutton[6] for you (it is Dr. Ducarel's), and a little plate of Strawberry, but I do not send them by the post, as it would crease them: if you

Letter 918.—[1] Sir Giles Allington, Knight, of Horseheath, Cambridgeshire, an ancestor of Horace Walpole.

[2] Herbert Tuer, painter, of whom a short account is given in *Anecdotes of Painting*.

[3] Arthur Collins (d. 1760), author of the *Peerage*.

[4] Sir Edward Walpole, K.B., great-grandfather of Horace Walpole. The verses in question were written upon his wife's death.

[5] Henry Bland, Dean of Durham; d. 1746.

[6] Matthew Hutton, Archbishop of Canterbury; d. 1758.

will tell me how to convey them otherwise, I will. I repeat many thanks to you and am,

Dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

H. Walpole.

919. To the Earl of Hertford.

Friday, Dec. 9, 1763.

Your brother has sent you such a full account of his transaction with Mr. Grenville[1], that it is not necessary for me to add a syllable, except, what your brother will not have said himself, that he has acted as usual with the strictest honour and firmness, and has turned this negotiation entirely to his own credit. He has learned the ill wishes of his enemies, and what is more, knows who they are: he has laughed at them, and found at last that their malice was much bigger than their power. Mr. Grenville, as you would wish, has proved how much he disliked the violence of his associates, as I trust he will, whenever he has an opportunity, and has at last contented himself with so little or nothing, that I am sure you will feel yourself obliged to him. For the measure itself, of turning out the officers in general who oppose, it has been much pressed, and what is still sillier, openly threatened by one set; but they dare not do it, and having notified it without effect, are ridiculed by the whole town, as well as by the persons threatened, particularly by Lord Albemarle, who has treated their menaces with the utmost contempt and spirit. This mighty storm, like another I shall tell you of, has vented itself on Lord Shelburne and Colonel Barré[2], who were

Letter 919.—[1] At a meeting on Dec. 4, in presence of the Duke of Richmond, Grenville tried to pledge Conway to support the government. Conway refused to bind himself.

[2] Isaac Barré (1726-1802), M.P. for Chipping Wycombe. Joint Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, 1766-68; Trea-

yesterday turned out; the first from aide-de-camp to the King, the latter from adjutant-general and governor of Stirling. Campbell[3], to whom it was promised before, has got the last; Ned Harvey, the former. My present expectation is an oration from Barré, in honour of Mr. Pitt; for those are scenes that make the world so entertaining. After that, I shall demand a satire on Mr. Pitt, from Wilkes; and I do not believe I shall be balked, for Wilkes has already expressed his resentment on being given up by Pitt, who, says Wilkes, ought to be expelled for an impostor. I do not know whether the Duke of Newcastle does not expect a palinodia from me. T'other morning at the Duke's levee he embraced me, and hoped I would come and eat a bit of Sussex mutton with him. I had such difficulty to avoid laughing in his face that I got from him as fast as I could. Do you think me very likely to forget that I have been laughing at him these twenty years?

Well! but we have had a prodigious riot: are not you impatient to know the particulars? It was so prodigious a tumult, that I verily thought half the administration would have run away to Harrowgate. The *North Briton* was ordered to be burned by the hangman at Cheapside on Saturday last. The mob rose; the greatest mob, says Mr. Sheriff Blunt, that he has known in forty years. They were armed with that most bloody instrument, the mud out of the kennels: they hissed in the most murderous manner; broke Mr. Sheriff Harley's[4] coach-glass in the most frangent manner; scratched his forehead, so that he is forced to wear a little patch in the most becoming

surer of the Navy, 1782; Paymaster-General, 1782–83. He was a political adherent of Shelburne, and, after his dismissal, of Pitt. He was one of the most prominent members of the opposition to Lord North's ministry.

[3] Captain (afterwards Sir James) Campbell, of Ardkinglass, M.P. for Stirling Burghs.

[4] Hon. Thomas Harley (1730–1804), third son of third Earl of Oxford, M.P. for the City of London. He was Lord Mayor in 1767.

manner; and obliged the hangman to burn the paper with a link, though faggots were prepared to execute it in a more solemn manner. Numbers of gentlemen, from windows and balconies, encouraged the mob, who, in about an hour and half, were so undutiful to the ministry, as to retire without doing any mischief, or giving Mr. Carteret Webb [5] the opportunity of a single information, except against an ignorant lad, who had been in town but ten days.

This terrible uproar has employed us four days. The sheriffs were called before your House on Monday, and made their narrative. My brother Cholmondeley, in the most pathetic manner, and suitably to the occasion, recommended it to your Lordships, to search for precedents of what he believed never happened since the world began. Lord Egmont, who knows of a plot, which he keeps to himself, though it has been carrying on these twenty years, thought more vigorous measures ought to be taken on such a crisis, and moved to summon the mistress of the Union Coffee-house [6]. The Duke of Bedford thought all this but piddling, and at once attacked Lord Mayor, Common Council, and charter of the City, whom, if he had been supported, I believe he would have ordered to be all burned by the hangman next Saturday. Unfortunately for such national justice, Lord Mansfield, who delights in every opportunity of exposing and mortifying the Duke of Bedford, and Sandwich, interposed for the magistracy of London, and, after much squabbling, saved them from immediate execution. The Duke of Grafton, with infinite shrewdness and coolness, drew from the witnesses that the whole mob was of one mind; and the day ended in a vote of general censure on the rioters. This was communicated to us at a confer-

[5] Philip Carteret Webb (d. 1770), M.P. for Haslemere and Joint Solicitor to the Treasury.

[6] The sheriff stated that the rioters had been encouraged by persons at the Union Coffee-house.

ence, and yesterday we acted the same farce; when Rigby trying to revive the imputation on the Lord Mayor, &c. (who, by-the-by, *did* sit most tranquilly at Guildhall during the whole tumult), the ministry disavowed and abandoned him to a man, vindicating the magistracy, and plainly discovering their own fear and awe of the City, who feel the insult, and will from hence feel their own strength. In short, to finish this foolish story, I never saw a transaction in which appeared so little parts, abilities, or conduct; nor do I think there can be anything weaker than the administration, except it is the opposition: but an opposition, bed-rid and tongue-tied, is a most ridiculous body. Mr. Pitt is laid up with the gout; Lord Hardwicke, though much relieved by a quack medicine, is still very ill; and Mr. Charles Townshend is as silent as my Lord Abercorn—that they two should ever be alike!

This is not all our political news; Wilkes is an inexhaustible fund: on Monday was heard, in the Common Pleas, his suit against Mr. Wood[7], when, after a trial of fourteen hours, the jury gave him damages of one thousand pounds; but this was not the heaviest part of the blow. The Solicitor-General[8] tried to prove Wilkes author of the *North Briton*, and failed in the proof. You may judge how much that miscarriage adds to the defeat. Wilkes is not yet out of danger: they think there is still a piece of coat or lining to come out of the wound. The campaign is over for the present, and the troops going into country quarters. In the meantime, the house of Harrington has supplied us with new matter of talk. My Lord was robbed[9] about three o'clock in the night between Saturday and Sunday last, of money, bills, watches, and snuff-boxes, to the amount of

[7] For seizing Wilkes's papers.

[8] Sir Fletcher Norton.

[9] The robbery was committed by John Wesket, Lord Harrington's porter, and one Bradley. Wesket was hanged on evidence given by Bradley.

three thousand pounds. Nothing is yet discovered, but that the guard in the Stable Yard saw a man in a great-coat and white stockings come from thereabouts, at the time I have named. The servants have all been examined over and over to no purpose. Fielding is all day in the house, and a guard of his at night. The bureau in my Lord's dressing-room (the little red room where the pictures are) was forced open. I fear you can guess *who* was at first suspected[10].

I have received yours, my dear Lord, of Nov. 30th, and am pleased that my Lady Hertford is so well reconciled to her ministry. You forgot to give me an account of her audience, but I have heard of the Queen's good-natured attention to her.

The anecdotes about Lord Sandwich are numerous; but I do not repeat them to you, because I know nothing how true they are, and because he has, in several instances, been very obliging to me; and I have no reason to abuse him. Lord Hardwicke's illness, I think, is a rupture and consequences.

I hope to hear that your little boy is recovered. Adieu! I have filled my gazette, and exhausted my memory. I am glad such gazettes please you: I can have no other excuse for sending such tittle-tattle.

920. To Miss Anne Pitt.

Arlington Street, Dec. 10, 1763.

I SHOULD be much concerned that anybody should have reason to complain of Lord Hertford, much more so amiable a man and one I esteem so much as Mr. Selwin. However

[10] Walpole evidently refers to Lady Harrington's favourite footman Richard. See vol. iii. p. 389.

LETTER 920.—Not in C.; now printed from *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th Report, Appendix, Part III, vol. i. p. 145.

this neglect has happened, nothing shall be wanting on my part, as far as I have any credit, to set it right, not only from an old partiality to Mr. Selwin, but as your recommendation, Madam, tells me that you wish it too. I was ignorant that my Lord Hertford did not use Mr. Selwin's and Mr. Foley's house[1]; but with those private affairs you may believe, Madam, I never meddle, nor ask a question relating to them. Mr. Selwin indeed does not seem to desire it, nor if he did, would it become me to take liberties with my Lord Hertford's goodness to me, on such subjects. The obliging esteem with which Mr. Selwin mentions both my Lord and Lady deserves a return from them; I shall certainly let them know it, and can answer for the goodness of their hearts that they will not be insensible to it.

The passages you are so kind as to quote, Madam, relative to Lady Hertford, and confirmed by Mr. Selwin, give me the greatest satisfaction. Indeed I hear from all hands that she is not disliked.

I hope, Madam, you find benefit from the waters; the town begins to empty very fast, though I believe the Parliament will not adjourn before Thursday se'nnight. I return you, Madam, Mr. Selwin's letter; assure you I shall take the first opportunity of doing him justice.

921. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 12, 1763.

My last journal was dated the 18th of last month. Since that period we have been totally employed upon Mr. Wilkes, or events flowing from him; for he is an inexhaustible source. I shall move regularly, and tell you his history in order.

In the first place, he is not dead of his wound, though not

[1] Mr. Selwyn and Mr. Foley were bankers in Paris. See letter to the Earl of Hertford of Dec. 16, 1763.

yet out of danger, for they think another piece of his coat is to come away, as two have already.

On the 23rd we, the Commons, had a debate that lasted late, whether we should proceed to the question on privilege, as Wilkes could not attend. There was a great defection among the royal troops, and the minority amounted to 166: but the next day, on the question itself, it sunk to 133, when we resigned our privilege into the hands of any messengers that should be sent for it. Mr. Pitt was brought thither in flannels, and spoke for two hours, but was forced to retire four hours before we came to the question.

These debates were followed by a curious account of the famous blasphemous and bawdy poem, the *Essay on Woman*, published by one Kidgell[1], a Methodist parson, who had been employed to hunt it out. The man has most deservedly drawn on himself a torrent of indignation and odium, which I suppose he will forget in a deanery[2].

The next proceeding was in the Lords, who sat till ten at night on the question of agreeing to our resolutions. The Duke of Cumberland, who voted at the head of the minority, was as unsuccessful as he has been in other engagements, and was beaten by 114 to 35.

So much for within doors. But without, where the minority is the majority, the event was very different. The *North Briton* was ordered to be burned by the hangman at Cheapside on the third of this month. A prodigious riot ensued; the sheriffs were mobbed, the constables beaten, and the paper with much difficulty set on fire by a link, and then rescued. The ministry, some in a panic and some in a rage, fetched the sheriffs before both Houses; but, after examinations and conferences for four days, the whole result

LETTER 921.—[1] Rev. John Kidgell, Chaplain to the Earl of March.

[2] Kidgell was forced to leave England for debt, and died abroad. *Walpole.*

was, that all the world had appeared to be on the same side, that is, not well disposed to the administration. This dissatisfaction has been increased by a violent attack made by the Duke of Bedford on the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council, for not discountenancing and suppressing the riot; and though he was abandoned by the rest of the ministry, who paid court to the City at his Grace's expense, they were so exasperated, that a motion being made to thank the sheriffs for their behaviour, and to prosecute one of the rioters, who is in prison, it was rejected on a division by the casting vote of the Lord Mayor.

The ministry have received a still greater mortification: the Under-Secretary, Mr. Wood, has been cast in the Common Pleas in damages of a thousand pounds to Mr. Wilkes; the printers too have recovered four hundred; and, what is still more material, the Solicitor-General could not make out his proof of Wilkes being author of the *North Briton.*

The last scene has been an attempt to assassinate Wilkes. A sea-lieutenant, called Alexander Dunn [3], got into his house on Thursday night last for that purpose; but he is not only mad, but so mad that he had declared his intention in a coffee-house some nights before; and said twelve more Scotchmen, for he is one, were engaged in the same design.

I have told you all this briefly, but you may imagine what noise so many events have made in the hands of some hundred thousand commentators.

The famous Lord Shelburne, and the no less famous Colonel Barré—I don't know whether their fame has reached you—are turned out for joining the opposition.

The approaching holidays will suspend farther hostilities for some time, or prepare more. We have scarce any other

[3] Dunn was examined at the bar of the House of Commons, and found to be insane.

kind of news than politics. The interlude of Princess Augusta's wedding will be of very short duration.

You have seen some mention in the papers of Monsieur D'Éon, who, from secretary to Monsieur de Nivernois, became Plenipotentiary; an honour that turned his brain. His madness first broke out upon one Vergy, an adventurer, whose soul he threatened to put into the chamber-pot and make him drink it. This rage was carried so far one night at Lord Halifax's, that he was put under arrest. Being told his behaviour was a breach of the peace, he thought it meant the *Peace* he had signed, and grew ten times madder. This idea he has thrust into a wild book that he has published, the title-page of which would divert you; he states all his own names, titles, and offices: Noble Claude, Geneviève, Louis, Auguste, Cæsar, Alexandre, Hercule, and I don't know what, Docteur en Droit: the *chute* from Cæsar to Master Doctor is admirable. The conclusion of the story is, that the poor creature has all the papers of the negotiation in his hands, and threescore thousand livres belonging to the Comte de Guerchy, and will deliver neither one nor the other. He is recalled from home, and forbidden the court here, but enjoys the papers, and lives on the money, and they don't know how to recover either. Monsieur de Guerchy has behaved with the utmost tenderness and humanity to him. This minister is an agreeable man, and pleases much.

I have received your long letter of November 12th, with your expectations of the Duke of York, the Woronzows, and the Garricks, most of whom are, I suppose, arrived by this time. The Chelsea china, as you guessed, was a present from the Duchess of Grafton: I told her how pleased you was with it, and that you flattered yourself it was her present. She thought you knew it, for she says she had writ you two letters.

Adieu! You must live upon this letter for some time. Our *villeggiatura* begins when yours ends. The town will be quite empty in a week, till the 18th or 20th of January, unless folks come to stare at the Prince of Brunswick; but I don't know when he is to be here. Nay, you will not want English news, while you have English Princes, Russian Chancellors, and English players.

922. To the Earl of Hertford.

Arlington Street, Dec. 16, 1763.

On the very day I wrote to you last, my dear Lord, an extraordinary event happened, which I did not then know. A motion was made in the Common Council, to thank the sheriffs for their behaviour at the riot, and to prosecute the man who was apprehended for it. This was opposed, and the previous question being put, the numbers were equal; but the casting vote of the Lord Mayor[1] was given against putting the first question—a pretty strong proceeding; for though, in consequence and in resentment of the Duke of Bedford's speech, it seemed to justify his Grace, who had accused the Mayor and magistracy of not trying to suppress the tumult; if they will not prosecute the rioters, it is not very unfair to surmise that they did not dislike the riot. Indeed, the City is so inflamed, and the ministry so obnoxious, that I am very apprehensive of some violent commotion. The court have lost the Essex election, merely from Lord Sandwich interfering in it, and from the Duke of Bedford's speech; a great number of votes going from the City on that account to vote for Luther. Sir John Griffin[2],

Letter 922.—[1] William Bridgen. [2] Lieutenant-General Sir John Griffin Griffin, K.B. (1719–1797); in 1784 he established his claim to the Barony of Howard de Walden, and was created (Sept. 5, 1788) Baron Braybrooke of Braybrooke, Northamptonshire.

who was disobliged by Sandwich's espousing Conyers, went to Chelmsford at the head of five hundred voters.

One of the latest acts of the ministry will not please my Lady Hertford: they have turned out her brother, Colonel Fitzroy[3]: Fitzherbert[4], too, is removed, and, they say, Sir Joseph Yorke recalled[5]. I must do Lord Halifax and Mr. Grenville the justice to say that these violences are not imputed to them. It is certain that the former was the warmest opposer of the measure for breaking the officers; and Mr. Grenville's friends take every opportunity of throwing the blame on the Duke of Bedford and Lord Sandwich. The Duchess of Bedford, who is too fond a wife not to partake in all her husband's fortunes, has contributed her portion of indiscretion. At a great dinner, lately, at Lord Halifax's, all the servants present, mention being made of the Archbishop of Canterbury, M. de Guerchy asked the Duchess, 'Est-il de famille?' She replied, 'Oh! mon Dieu, non, il a été sage-femme.' The mistake of *sage-femme* for *accoucheur*, and the strangeness of the proposition, confounded Guerchy so much, that it was necessary to explain it: but think of a minister's wife telling a foreigner, and a Catholic, that the primate of her own Church had been bred a man-midwife!

The day after my last, another verdict was given in the Common Pleas, of four hundred pounds to the printers; and another episode happened, relating to Wilkes: one Dunn, a mad Scotchman, was seized in Wilkes's house, whither he had gone intending to assassinate him. This was complained of in the House of Commons, but the man's frenzy was verified; it was even proved that he had

[3] Colonel Charles Fitzroy, M.P. for Bury St. Edmunds, natural son of second Duke of Grafton.

[4] William Fitzherbert (d. 1772), of Tissington, Derbyshire, M.P. for Derby; Lord of Trade, 1765-72. He was dismissed from the post of Gentleman-Usher to the King.

[5] This was not the case.

notified his design in a coffee-house, some days before. The mob, however, who are determined that Lord Sandwich shall answer for everybody's faults, as well as his own, believe that he employed Dunn. I wish the recess, which begins next Monday, may cool matters a little, for indeed it grows very serious.

Nothing is discovered of Lord Harrington's robbery, nor do I know any other news, but that George West is to marry Lady Mary Grey[6]. The Hereditary Prince's wound is broken out again, and will defer his arrival. We have had a new comedy[7], written by Mrs. Sheridan, and admirably acted; but there was no wit in it, and it was so vulgar that it ran but three nights.

Poor Lady Hervey desires you will tell Mr. Hume how incapable she is of answering his letter. She has been terribly afflicted for these six weeks with a complication of gout, rheumatism, and a nervous complaint. She cannot lie down in her bed, nor rest two minutes in her chair. I never saw such continued suffering.

You say in your last, of the 7th, that you have omitted to invite no Englishman of rank or name. This gives me an opportunity, my dear Lord, of mentioning one Englishman, not of great rank, but who is very unhappy that you have taken no notice of him. You know how utterly averse I am to meddle, or give impertinent advice; but the letter I saw was expressed with so much respect and esteem for you, that you would love the person. It is Mr. Selwyn, the banker. He says, he expected no favour; but the great regard he has for the amiableness of your character makes him miserable at being totally undistinguished by you. He has so good a character himself, and is so much beloved by many persons here that you know, that I think

[6] Second daughter of fourth Earl of Stamford.
[7] *The Dupe*, acted at Drury Lane.

you will not dislike my putting you in mind of him. The letter was not to me, nor to any friend of mine; therefore, I am sure, unaffected. I saw the whole letter, and he did not even hint at its being communicated to me.

I have not mentioned Lady Holdernesse's presentation, though I by no means approve it, nor a Dutchwoman's lowering the peerage of England. Nothing of that sort could make me more angry, except a commoner's wife taking such a step; for you know I have all the pride of

——A citizen of Rome, while Rome survives:

In that respect my name is thoroughly

HORATIUS.

923. To the Earl of Hertford.

Arlington Street, Dec. 29, 1763.

You are sensible, my dear Lord, that any amusement from my letters must depend upon times and seasons. We are a very absurd nation (though the French are so good at present as to think us a very wise one, only because they themselves are now a very weak one); but then that absurdity depends upon the almanac. Posterity, who will know nothing of our intervals, will conclude that this age was a succession of events. I could tell them that we know as well when an event, as when Easter, will happen. Do but recollect these last ten years. The beginning of October, one is certain that everybody will be at Newmarket, and the Duke of Cumberland will lose, and Shafto[1] win, two or three thousand pounds. After that, while people are preparing to come to town for the winter, the ministry is suddenly changed, and all the world comes to learn how

LETTER 923.—[1] Robert Shafto (d. 1797), of Whitworth, Durham, M.P. for Durham county.

it happened, a fortnight sooner than they intended; and fully persuaded that the new arrangement cannot last a month. The Parliament opens; everybody is bribed; and the new establishment is perceived to be composed of adamant. November passes, with two or three self-murders, and a new play. Christmas arrives; everybody goes out of town; and a riot happens in one of the theatres. The Parliament meets again; taxes are warmly opposed; and some citizen makes his fortune by a subscription. The opposition languishes; balls and assemblies begin; some master and miss begin to get together, are talked of, and give occasion to forty more matches being invented; an unexpected debate starts up at the end of the session, that makes more noise than anything that was designed to make a noise, and subsides again in a new peerage or two. Ranelagh opens and Vauxhall; one produces scandal, and t'other a drunken quarrel. People separate, some to Tunbridge, and some to all the horse-races in England; and so the year comes again to October. I dare to prophesy, that if you keep this letter, you will find that my future correspondence will be but an illustration of this text; at least, it is an excuse for my having very little to tell you at present, and was the reason of my not writing to you last week.

Before the Parliament adjourned, there was nothing but a trifling debate in an empty House, occasioned by a motion from the ministry, to order another physician and surgeon to attend Wilkes: it was carried by about seventy to thirty, and was only memorable by producing Mr. Charles Townshend, who, having sat silent through the question of privilege, found himself interested in the defence of Dr. Brocklesby[2]! Charles ridiculed Lord North extremely, and had warm words with George Grenville. I do not look upon this as

[2] Dr. Richard Brocklesby (1722–1797), who was attending Wilkes.

productive of consequential speaking for the opposition; on the contrary, I should expect him sooner in place, if the ministry could be fools enough to restore weight to him, and could be ignorant that he can never hurt them so much as by being with them. Wilkes refused to see Heberden[3] and Hawkins, whom the House commissioned to visit him; and to laugh at us more, sent for two Scotchmen, Duncan and Middleton. Well! but since that, he is gone off[4] himself: however, as I did in D'Éon's case, I can now only ask news of him from you, not tell you any; for you have got him. I do not believe you will invite him, and make so much of him, as the Duke of Bedford did. Both sides pretend joy at his being gone; and for once I can believe both. You will be diverted, as I was, at the cordial esteem the ministers have for one another; Lord Waldegrave told my niece, this morning, that he had offered a shilling, to receive an hundred pounds when Sandwich shall lose his head! what a good opinion they have of one another! Apropos to losing heads, is Lally[5] beheaded?

The East India Company have come to an unanimous resolution of not paying Lord Clive the three hundred thousand pounds, which the ministry had promised him in lieu of his Nabobical annuity. Just after the bargain was made, his old rustic of a father was at the King's levee; the King asked where his son was; he replied, 'Sire, he is coming to town, and then your Majesty will have another vote.' If you like these franknesses, I can tell you another. The Chancellor[6] is chosen a governor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital: a smart gentleman, who was sent with the staff, carried it in the evening, when the Chancellor happened to be drunk. 'Well, Mr. Bartlemy,'

[3] Dr. William Heberden (1710–1801).

[4] Wilkes left for France on Dec. 26.

[5] Lally was not executed until May 1766.

[6] Lord Henley.

said his Lordship, snuffing, 'what have you to say?' The man, who had prepared a formal harangue, was transported to have so fair opportunity given him of uttering it, and with much dapper gesticulation congratulated his Lordship on his health, and the nation on enjoying such great abilities. The Chancellor stopped him short, crying, 'By God, it is a lie! I have neither health nor abilities; my bad health has destroyed my abilities.' The late Chancellor[7] is much better.

The last time the King was at Drury Lane, the play given out for next night was *All in the Wrong*: the galleries clapped, and then cried out, 'Let *us* be all in the right! Wilkes and Liberty!' When the King comes to a theatre, or goes out, or goes to the House, there is not a single applause; to the Queen there is a little: in short, *Louis le bien-aimé* is not French at present for King George.

The town, you may be sure, is very empty; the greatest party is at Woburn, whither the Comte de Guerchy and the Duc de Pecquigny are going. I have been three days at Strawberry, and had George Selwyn, Williams, and Lord Ashburnham; but the weather was intolerably bad. We have scarce had a moment's drought since you went, no more than for so many months before. The town and the roads are beyond measure dirty, and everything else under water. I was not well neither, nor am yet, with pains in my stomach: however, if I ever used one, I could afford to pay a physician. T'other day, coming from my Lady Townshend's, it came into my head to stop at one of the lottery offices, to inquire after a single ticket I had, expecting to find it a blank, but it was five hundred pounds —thank you! I know you wish me joy. It will buy twenty pretty things when I come to Paris.

I read, last night, your new French play, *Le Comte de*

[7] The Earl of Hardwicke.

Warwic[8], which we hear has succeeded much. I must say, it does but confirm the cheap idea I have of you French: not to mention the preposterous perversion of history in so known a story, the Queen's ridiculous preference of old Warwick to a young King; the omission of the only thing she ever said or did in her whole life worth recording, which was thinking herself too low for his wife, and too high for his mistress; the romantic honour bestowed on two such savages as Edward and Warwick: besides these, and forty such glaring absurdities, there is but one scene that has any merit, that between Edward and Warwick in the third act. Indeed, indeed, I don't honour the modern French: it is making your son but a slender compliment, with his knowledge, for them to say it is extraordinary. The best proof I think they give of their taste, is liking you all three. I rejoice that your little boy is recovered. Your brother has been at Park Place this week, and stays a week longer: his hill is too high to be drowned.

Thank you for your kindness to Mr. Selwyn: if he had too much impatience, I am sure it proceeded only from his great esteem for you.

I will endeavour to learn what you desire; and will answer, in another letter, that and some other passages in your last. Dr. Hunter is very good, and calls on me sometimes. You may guess whether we talk you over or not. Adieu!

P.S. There has not been a death, but Sir William Maynard's, who is come to life again; or a marriage, but Admiral Knollys's, who has married his divorced wife again.

[8] A tragedy by La Harpe, recently produced at Paris.

924. To the Rev. William Mason.

Sir, Arlington Street, Dec. 29, 1763.

Your bookseller has brought me the volume of your Works, for which I give you a thousand thanks; I have read them again in this form with great satisfaction. I wish in return that I had anything literary to tell you or send you, that would please you half as much. I should be glad to know how to convey to you another volume of my *Anecdotes* and a volume of Engravers, which will be published in a fortnight or three weeks—but they will be far from amusing you. If the other volumes were trifling, these are ten times more so; nothing but my justice to the public, to whom I owed them, could have prevailed over my dissatisfaction with them, and have made me produce them. The painters in the third volume are more obscure, most of them, than those in the former; and the facts relating to them have not even the patina of ambiguity to hide and consecrate their insignificance. The tome of Engravers is a mere list of very bad prints. You will find this account strictly true and no affectation. To make you some amends, it will not be long before I have the pleasure of sending you by far the most curious and entertaining book that my press has produced; if it diverts you as much as it does Mr. Gray and me, you will think it the most delightful book you ever read; and yet, out of 150 pages, you had better skip the fifty first. Are not you impatient to know what this curiosity is and to see it? It is the life of the famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury[1], and written by himself—of the contents I will not anticipate one word. I address this letter to Aston[2], upon the

Letter 924.—[1] Edward Herbert (1583–1648), first Baron Herbert of Cherbury. His *Life*, written by himself, was first printed at Strawberry Hill.

[2] Mason was Rector of Aston.

authority of your book. I should be sorry if it miscarried only as it is a mark of my gratitude.

I am, Sir, your much obliged humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. Have you read Mrs. Macaulay[3]? I am glad again to have Mr. Gray's opinion to corroborate mine, that it is the most sensible, unaffected, and best history of England that we have had yet.

925. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Jan. 8, 1764.

My dear Sir, it does not rain histories as it did the first week of the session. I am very faithful to you, and never omit a material event. The Parliament has been adjourned these three weeks, and party been to keep its Christmas in the country. To-morrow se'nnight we meet again, and some of our passions will revive, though a good quantity probably will subside, as Mr. Wilkes, the hero of the times, has preferred France to martyrdom. This excuses me from what, by the way, I would have excused myself somehow or other, the entering with you into a discussion of the controversy on his subject. I have no objection to the opinion you have formed, while you are at such a distance; I am no maker of converts, and you and I shall never love one another the less for thinking differently. I will have the famous 'No. 45' written out for you, for it is not to be had now but in the collection printed together. The *Essay on Woman* I do not wonder you concluded had been reprinted, but it has not; nor have I ever seen it, though

[3] Catherine (1731–1791), daughter of John Sawbridge, of Olantigh, Kent; m. (1) Dr. George Macaulay; (2) (1778) William Graham. The first volume of her *History of England* had lately been published.

it lies in the House of Lords. The public attention was instantly diverted from the piece itself to indignation at the manner in which it was obtained. Then there was a dirty parson, one Kidgell, who, not content with being the procurer, published such an indecent account of it, as at once satisfied the curiosity of the town, and provoked them to abhorrence of the wretched tool himself. He has been pelted in every newspaper, while the work itself was forgot. Whether the ministers will be so weak as to revive this clamour now Wilkes is gone, I don't know,—judgement is not their bright side!

Don't think I disapprove your magnificence for your Russian guests; and yet, my dear Sir, the generosity of your temper is fond of catching at a command to be expensive. I can excuse it too, as I conclude the Muscovite Chancellor hates his mistress, the murderess; one can't help being civil to anybody that wishes her dead. We are on the eve of a royal wedding, but not a very sumptuous one. The Hereditary Prince is expected every hour, and if arrived, is, they say, to be married on the 12th. You see I talk of it with little certainty. I shall satisfy my curiosity by seeing him at the Opera; a glimpse of a hero will content me. He is to take away his bride almost as soon as possible after the nuptials.

There is a wedding in embryo that touches you much nearer than the Princess Augusta's. Your nephew Horace[1] is to marry a sister of the Earl of Gainsborough. I believe it is quite fixed, though not to be perfected till he is of age. She has little beauty, I hear, and less fortune, but the boy likes her, and the alliance is very creditable. He is a most amiable, gentle, good-natured lad; I grieve that

LETTER 925.—[1] Horace Mann the younger, married, in 1765, Lady Lucy Noel (d. 1778), sixth daughter of fourth Earl of Gainsborough, and sister of Henry Noel (1743–1798), sixth Earl.

this business will prevent your seeing him, but I recollect that you were not fond of having him at Florence. Perhaps I tell you this too imperfectly; but it is imperfectly that I know it; and from report that I first heard it. I got a little from your brother James, who is not more communicative to me than to you: as for your eldest brother, he has totally dropped me, and indeed (which I may say to you) his insupportable temper makes me not very sorry. Gal and you were as much as one had reason to expect in one family; accordingly I cherish the thought of you, and the memory of him, which is as dear to me as the first moment I lost him. He was the most sincere and affectionate friend that ever man had, and could I forget him on his account I never can on my own.

Thursday night, late, but not the wedding-night.

We have heard, but since six this evening, that the Hereditary Prince has landed; the wedding, I fancy, will scarcely be sooner than Monday. Next week will be the reign of gold and silver stuffs, for besides the marriage, there is the Queen's birthday; but Mr. Wilkes will spoil half the solemnity, if he does not return to be sacrificed. Bishop Warburton has whetted ready a classic knife, which he would swear came from Diana's own altar in the Chersonesus, and whose religion he believes as much as that he professes, except that the archbishopric of Tauris is at present *in partibus infidelium*; and the Turks have sequestered the revenues. Adieu.

P.S. Here is the '45,' which I have cut out of a magazine.

926. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Jan. 11, 1764.

It is an age, I own, since I wrote to you: but except politics, what was there to send you? and for politics, the present are too contemptible to be recorded by anybody but journalists, gazetteers, and such historians! The ordinary of Newgate, or Mr. ——, who write for their monthly half-crown, and who are indifferent whether Lord Bute, Lord Melcomb, or Maclean is their hero, may swear they find diamonds on dunghills; but you will excuse *me*, if I let our correspondence lie dormant rather than deal in such trash. I am forced to send Lord Hertford and Sir Horace Mann such garbage, because they are out of England, and the sea softens and makes palatable any potion, as it does claret; but unless I can divert *you*, I had rather wait till we can laugh together; the best employment for friends, who do not mean to pick one another's pocket, nor make a property of either's frankness. Instead of politics, therefore, I shall amuse you to-day with a fairy tale.

I was desired to be at my Lady Suffolk's on New Year's morn, where I found Lady Temple and others. On the toilette Miss Hotham spied a small round box. She seized it with all the eagerness and curiosity of eleven years. In it was wrapped up a heart-diamond ring, and a paper in which, in a hand as small as Buckinger's[1], who used to write the Lord's Prayer in the compass of a silver penny, were the following lines:—

> Sent by a sylph, unheard, unseen,
> A New Year's gift from Mab our queen:
> But tell it not, for if you do,
> You will be pinch'd all black and blue.

Letter 926.—[1] Matthew Buckinger (1674–1722), born without hands or feet.

Consider well, what a disgrace,
To show abroad your mottl'd face:
Then seal your lips, put on the ring,
And sometimes think of
OB: THE KING.

You will easily guess that Lady Temple was the poetess, and that we were delighted with the genteelness of the thought and execution. The child, you may imagine, was less transported with the poetry than the present. Her attention, however, was hurried backwards and forwards from the ring to a new coat, that she had been trying on when sent for down—impatient to revisit her coat, and to show the ring to her maid, she whisked upstairs—when she came down again, she found a letter sealed, and lying on the floor—new exclamations! Lady Suffolk bad her open it: here it is:—

Your tongue, too nimble for your sense,
Is guilty of a high offence;
Hath introduc'd unkind debate,
And topsy-turvy turned our state.
In gallantry I sent the ring,
The token of a love-sick king:
Under fair Mab's auspicious name
From me the trifling present came.
You blabb'd the news in Suffolk's ear,
The tattling zephyrs brought it here,
As Mab was indolently laid
Under a poppy's spreading shade.
The jealous queen started in rage;
She kick'd her crown, and beat her page:
'Bring me my magic wand,' she cries;
'Under that primrose, there it lies:
I'll change the silly, saucy chit,
Into a flea, a louse, a nit,
A worm, a grasshopper, a rat,
An owl, a monkey, hedge-hog, bat—

But hold—why not by fairy art
Transform the wretch into a ——?
Ixion once a cloud embrac'd,
By Jove and jealousy well plac'd;
What sport to see proud Oberon stare,
And flirt it with a *pet-en-l'air*!'
Then thrice she stamp'd the trembling ground,
And thrice she wav'd her wand around—
When I, endow'd with greater skill,
And less inclin'd to do you ill,
Mutter'd some words, withheld her arm,
And kindly stopp'd the unfinish'd charm.
But though not chang'd to owl or bat,
Or something more indelicate:
Yet, as your tongue has run too fast,
Your boasted beauty must not last.
No more shall frolic Cupid lie
In ambuscade in either eye,
From thence to aim his keenest dart
To captivate each youthful heart:
No more shall envious misses pine
At charms now flown, that once were thine:
No more, since you so ill behave,
Shall injur'd Oberon be your slave.

There is one word which I could wish had not been there, though it is prettily excused afterwards. The next day my Lady Suffolk desired I would write her a patent for appointing Lady Temple poet laureate to the fairies. I was excessively out of order with a pain in my stomach, which I had had for ten days, and was fitter to write verses like a poet laureate, than for making one—however, I was going home to dinner alone, and at six I sent her some lines, which you ought to have seen how sick I was, to excuse—but first I must tell you my tale methodically. The next morning by nine o'clock Miss Hotham (she must forgive me twenty years hence for saying she was eleven, for I recollect she is but ten) arrived at Lady Temple's, her

face and neck all spotted with saffron, and limping. 'Oh, Madam!' said she, 'I am undone for ever if you do not assist me!' 'Lord, child,' cried my Lady Temple, 'what is the matter?' thinking she had hurt herself, or lost the ring, and that she was stolen out before her aunt was up. 'Oh, Madam,' said the girl, 'nobody but you can assist me.' My Lady Temple protests the child acted her part so well as to deceive her.—'What can I do for you?' 'Dear Madam, take this load from my back; nobody but you can.' —Lady Temple turned her round, and upon her back was tied a child's waggon. In it were three tiny purses of blue velvet; in one of them a silver cup, in another a crown of laurel, and in the third four new silver pennies; with the patent, signed at top, 'Oberon Imperator'; and two sheets of warrants strung together with blue silk according to form; and at top an office seal of wax and a chaplet of cut paper on it. The warrants were these:—

From the Royal Mews.

A waggon with the draught horses, delivered by command without fee.

From the Lord Chamberlain's Office.

A warrant with the royal sign manual, delivered by command without fee, being first entered in the office books.

From the Lord Steward's Office.

A butt of sack, delivered without fee or gratuity, with an order for returning the cask for the use of the office, by command.

From the Great Wardrobe.

Three velvet bags, delivered without fee, by command.

From the Treasurer of the Household's Office.

A year's salary paid free from land-tax, poundage, or any other deduction whatever, by command.

From the Jewel Office.

A silver butt, a silver cup, a wreath of bays, by command without fee.

Then came the Patent:

By these presents be it known,
To all who bend before our throne,
Fays and fairies, elves and sprites,
Beauteous dames and gallant knights,
That we, Oberon the grand,
Emperor of Fairyland,
King of moonshine, prince of dreams,
Lord of Aganippe's streams,
Baron of the dimpl'd isles
That lie in pretty maiden's smiles,
Arch-treasurer of all the graces
Dispers'd through fifty lovely faces,
Sovereign of the Slipper's order,
With all the rites thereon that border,
Defender of the sylphic faith,
Declare—and thus your monarch saith:
Whereas there is a noble dame,
Whom mortals Countess Temple name,
To whom ourself did erst impart
The choicest secrets of our art,
Taught her to tune th' harmonious line
To our own melody divine,
Taught her the graceful negligence,
Which, scorning art and veiling sense,
Achieves that conquest o'er the heart
Sense seldom gains, and never art:
This lady, 'tis our royal will
Our laureate's vacant seat should fill:
A chaplet of immortal bays
Shall crown her brow and guard her lays;
Of nectar sack an acorn cup
Be at her board each year fill'd up;
And as each quarter feast comes round
A silver penny shall be found
Within the compass of her shoe—
And so we bid you all adieu!

Given at our palace of Cowslip Castle, the shortest night of the year. OBERON.

And underneath

HOTHAMINA.

Now shall I tell you the greatest curiosity of the story? The whole plan and execution of the second act was laid and adjusted by my Lady Suffolk herself and Will Chetwynd, Master of the Mint, Lord Bolinbroke's Oroonoko-Chetwynd; he fourscore, she past seventy-six—and, what is more, much worse than I was, for, added to her deafness, she has been confined these three weeks with the gout in her eyes, and was actually then in misery, and had been without sleep. What spirits, and cleverness, and imagination, at that age, and under those afflicting circumstances! You reconnoitre her old court knowledge; how charmingly she has applied it! Do you wonder I pass so many hours and evenings with her? Alas! I had like to have lost her this morning! They had poulticed her feet to draw the gout downwards, and began to succeed yesterday, but to-day it flew up into her head, and she was almost in convulsions with the agony, and screamed dreadfully—proof enough how ill she was, for her patience and good breeding makes her for ever sink and conceal what she feels. This evening the gout has been driven back to her foot, and I trust she is out of danger. Her loss will be irreparable to me at Twickenham, where she is by far the most rational and agreeable company I have.

I don't tell you that the Hereditary Prince is still expected and not arrived. A royal wedding would be a flat episode after a *real* fairy tale, though the bridegroom is a hero. I have not seen your brother General yet, but have called on him. When come you yourself? Never mind the town and its filthy politics; we can go to the gallery at Strawberry—stay, I don't know whether we can or not, my hill is almost

drowned, I don't know how your mountain is—well, we can take a boat, and always be gay there; I wish we may be so at seventy-six and eighty! I abominate politics more and more; we had glories, and would not keep them—well! content, that there was an end of blood—then perks prerogative its ass's ears up; we are always to be saving our liberties, and then staking them again! 'Tis wearisome! I hate the discussion, and yet one cannot always sit at a gaming-table and never make a bet. I wish for nothing, I care not a straw for the ins or the outs; I determine never to think of them, yet the contagion catches one—can you tell one anything that will prevent infection? Well then, here I swear,—no, I won't swear, one always breaks one's oath. Oh that I had been born to love a court like Sir William Breton! I should have lived and died with the comfort of thinking that courts there will be to all eternity, and the liberty of my country would never once have ruffled my smile, or spoiled my bow. I envy Sir William! Good night! Yours ever,

H. W.

927. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 18, 1764.

Shall I tell you of all our crowds, and balls, and embroideries? Don't I grow too old to describe Drawing-rooms? Sure I do, when I find myself too old to go into them. I forswore puppet-shows at the last Coronation, and have kept my word to myself. However, being bound by a prior vow, to keep up the acquaintance between you and your own country, I will show you, what by the way I have not seen myself, the Prince of Brunswick. He arrived at Somerset House last Friday evening; at Chelmsford a Quaker walked into the room, *did* pull off his hat, and said, 'Friend, my religion forbids me to fight, but

I honour those that fight well.' The Prince, though he does not speak English, understands it enough to be pleased with the compliment. He received another, very flattering. As he went next morning to St. James's, he spied in the crowd one of Elliot's Light Horse[1] and kissed his hand to the man. 'What!' said the populace, 'does he know you?' 'Yes,' replied the man; 'he once led me into a scrape, which nothing but himself could have brought me out of again.' You may guess how much this added to the Prince's popularity, which was at high-water mark before.

When he had visited the King and Queen, he went to the Princess Dowager at Leicester House, and saw his mistress. He is very *galant*, and professes great satisfaction in his fortune, for he had not even seen her picture. He carries his good breeding so far as to declare he would have returned unmarried, if she had not pleased him. He has had levees and dinners at Somerset House; to the latter, company was named for him. On Monday evening they were married by the Archbishop in the great drawing-room, with little ceremony; supped, and lay at Leicester House. Yesterday morning was a Drawing-room at St. James's, and a ball at night; both repeated to-day, for the Queen's birthday. On Thursday they go to the play; on Friday the Queen gives them a ball and dinner at her house; on Saturday they dine with the Princess at Kew, and return for the Opera; and on Wednesday—why, they make their bow and curtsey, and sail.

The Prince has pleased everybody; his manner is thought sensible and engaging; his person slim, genteel, and handsome enough; that is, not at all handsome, but

LETTER 927.—[1] The First Light Horse, raised in 1759 by Colonel George Augustus Elliot (1719–1790), seventh son of Sir Gilbert Elliot, third Baronet, of Stobs, Roxburghshire, and famous as the defender of Gibraltar from 1779–82; K.B., 1782; cr. (July 6, 1787) Baron Heathfield of Gibraltar.

martial, and agreeably weather-worn. I should be able to swear to all this on Saturday, when I intend to see him; but, alas! the post departs on Friday, and, however material my testimony may be, he must want it.

By the subsequent post I shall have forgotten him. A new hero, or rather a revived hero, was to have taken his place. To-morrow is the day appointed by the House of Commons for the appearance of Mr. Wilkes. He had ordered a dinner for to-day, and company to be invited; nay, he sent word he should certainly be here—and who do you think was the messenger? only Mr. Martin, who was at Paris for murdering him. Wilkes made Martin a visit there, sat with him an hour, joked as usual, told him he had really come thither only to see his daughter; that, concluding he should be shut up in prison for six or twelve months, he could not bear the thoughts of not seeing her before that; that this passion was as strong as the *maladie du pays* of the Swiss—very well: we had no doubt but we should see him. Cards were sent to the mob to invite them to meet him—alas! last night came a letter of excuse to the Speaker, pleading the impediment of his wound, and accompanied by certificates of French surgeons. Paris seems very fatal to Wilkes's courage! If he had sent an insulting message to the House of Commons, or even professed having fled from persecution—pass—all that, or either, would have coupled very well with his patriotism. I cannot possibly honour this paltry medium. However, I am very glad he is not come. But he must fight the Parliament of Paris to retrieve his character, or at least be sent to the Bastille, to excuse his not being in Newgate. For our parts, we have no occasion to practise at a target[2]; we may do what we will with him, now we

[2] Mr. Martin practised shooting at a target for some months before he fought Wilkes. See Churchill's *Duellist*. *Walpole*.

can do nothing; expel him, send his writings to gaol, and execute his excuses—nay, we may burn his memory; nobody will say a word for it; I expect very brave invectives against him to-morrow.

Friday evening, 20th.

Yesterday was different from what I expected; but I never guess right! Who could have expected that a hundred and two men would have defended Wilkes, who would not defend himself, till four in the morning? Yet this was the case of at least fifty; the rest, of which I was one, retired at eleven at night. He was expelled[3] at last, after six divisions. But we have not yet done with him; his *Essay on Woman* is to be tried next Tuesday in the House of Lords.

The crowds of this week have proved the goodness of our constitutions; that on the Queen's birthday was immoderate; but last night, to see the Prince of Brunswick at the play, exceeded all belief. Your brother James told me this morning, that he went to Covent Garden at two in the afternoon, to wait till the doors of the playhouse should be opened. He soon found himself buried in such a mob, that he could not even lift his hand to his head, and so remained for five hours, without getting in at last; and though he had stood in the open Piazza, he had sweat so violently that at his return he was forced to change every thread he had on. The shouts, claps, and huzzas to the Prince were immoderate; he sat behind his Princess and her brothers; the galleries called him to come forward. In the middle of the play, he went to be elected a member of the Royal Society, and returned to the theatre, when the applause was renewed. This was the stronger, as there were *other folks*[4] present, who had *no* share in the triumph.

[3] From membership of the House of Commons.
[4] The King and Queen. *Walpole.*

Francis Seymour Conway, 1st. Marquis of Hertford
from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

When he had gone out, he returned, presented himself in the front of the box, and made a most respectful bow to the audience, who returned it with the loudest acclamations. Do you think he will not go on Wednesday? Adieu!

928. To the Earl of Hertford.

Arlington Street, Jan. 22, 1764.

Monsieur Monin, who will deliver this to you, my dear Lord, is the particular friend I mentioned in my last [1], and is, indeed, no particular friend of mine at all, but I had a mind to mislead my Lord Sandwich, and send you one letter which he should not open. This I write in peculiar confidence to you, and insist upon your keeping it entirely to yourself from every living creature. It will be an answer to several passages in your letters, to which I did not care to reply by the post.

Your brother was not pleased with your laying the stopping your bills to his charge. To tell you the truth, he thinks you as too much inclined to courts and ministers, as you think him too little so. So far from upbraiding him on that head, give me leave to say you have no reason to be concerned at it. You must be sensible, my dear Lord, that you are far from standing well with the opposition, and should any change happen, your brother's being well with them would prevent any appearance that might be disagreeable to you. In truth, I cannot think you have abundant reason to be fond of the administration. Lord Bute never gave you the least *real* mark of friendship. The Bedfords certainly do not wish you well: Lord Holland has amply proved himself your enemy: for a man of your morals, it would be a disgrace to you to be connected with Lord Sandwich: and for George Grenville, he has shown

Letter 928.—[1] This letter does not appear.

himself the falsest and most contemptible of mankind. He is now the intimate tool of the Bedfords, and reconciled to Lord Bute, whom he has served and disserved just as occasion or interest directed. In this situation of things, can you wonder that particular marks of favour are withheld from you, or that the expenses of your journey are not granted to you as they were to the Duke of Bedford?

You ask me how your letters please: it is impossible for me to learn, now I am so disconnected with everything ministerial. I wish you not to make them please too much. The negotiations with France must be the great point on which the nation will fix its eyes: with France we must break sooner or later. Your letters will be strictly canvassed: I hope and firmly believe that nothing will appear in them but attention to the honour and interest of the nation; points, I doubt, little at the heart of the present administration, who have gone too far not to be in the power of France, and who must bear anything rather than quarrel. I would not take the liberty of saying so much to you, if, by being on the spot, I was not a judge how very serious affairs grow, and how necessary it is for you to be upon your guard.

Another question you ask is, whether it is true that the opposition is disunited? I will give you one very necessary direction, which is, not to credit any court stories. Sandwich is the father of lies, and every report is tinctured by him. The administration give it out, and trust to this disunion. I will tell you very nearly what truth there is or is not in this. The party in general is as firmly and cordially united as ever party was. Consider, that without any heads or leaders at all, 102 men stuck to Wilkes, the worst cause they could have had, and with all the weight of the Yorkes against them. With regard to the leaders there is a difference. The old Chancellor is violent against

the court: but, I believe, displeased that his son was sacrificed to Pratt, in the case of privilege. Charles Yorke resigned, against his own and Lord Royston's inclination, is particularly angry with Newcastle for complying with Pitt in the affair of privilege, and not less displeased that Pitt prefers Pratt to him for the seals; but then Norton is Attorney-General, and it would not be graceful to return to court, which he has quitted, while the present ministers remain there. In short, as soon as the affair of Wilkes and privilege is at an end, it is much expected that the Yorkes will take part with the opposition. It is for that declaration that Charles Townshend says he waits. He again broke out strongly on Friday last against the ministry, attacking George Grenville, who seems his object. However, the childish fluctuation of his temper, and the vehemence of his brother George for the court, that is for himself, will for ever make Charles little to be depended on. For Mr. Pitt, you know, he never will act like any other man in opposition, and to that George Grenville trusts; however, here are such materials, that if they could once be put in operation for a fortnight together, the present administration would be blown up. To this you may throw in dissensions among themselves: Lord Halifax and Lord Talbot are greatly dissatisfied. Lord Bute is reconciled to the rest; sees the King continually; and will soon want more power, or will have more jealousy than is consistent with their union. Many single men are ill-disposed to them, particularly Lord George Sackville: indeed, nobody is with them, but as it is farther off from, or nearer to, quarter-day: the nation is unanimous against them: a disposition which their own foolish conduct during the episode of the Prince of Brunswick, to which I am now coming, has sufficiently manifested.

The fourth question put to him on his arrival was,

'When do you go?' The servants of the King and Queen were forbid to put on their new clothes for the wedding, or Drawing-room next day, and ordered to keep them for the Queen's birthday. Such pains were taken to keep the Prince from any intercourse with any of the opposition, that—he has done nothing but take notice of them. He not only wrote to the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt, but has been at Hayes to see the latter, and has dined *twice* with the Duke of Cumberland; the first time on Friday last, when he was appointed to be at St. James's at half an hour after seven, to a concert. As the time drew near, Féronce[2] pulled out his watch; the Duke took the hint, and said, 'I am sorry to part with you, but I fear your time is come.' He replied, 'N'importe'; sat on, drank coffee, and it was half an hour after eight before he set out from Upper Grosvenor Street for St. James's. He and Princess Augusta have felt and shown their disgusts so strongly, and his suite have complained so much of the neglect and disregard of him, and of the very quick dismission of him, that the people have caught it, and on Thursday, at the play, received the King and Queen without the least symptom of applause, but repeated such outrageous acclamations to the Prince, as operated very visibly on the King's countenance. Not a gun was fired for the marriage, and Princess Augusta asking Lord Gower about some ceremony, to which he replied, it could not be, as no such thing had been done for the Prince of Orange[3]; she said, it was extraordinary to quote that precedent to her in one case, which had been followed in no other. I could tell you ten more of these stories, but one shall suffice. The royal family went to the Opera on Saturday: the crowd not to be described: the Duchess of Leeds[4], Lady Denbigh, Lady Scarborough, and others, sat

[2] The Prince's Chief Secretary.

[3] Who married, in 1734, the eldest daughter of George II.

[4] Lady Mary Godolphin (d. 1764),

on chairs between the scenes: the doors of the front boxes were thrown open, and the passages were all filled to the back of the stoves; nay, women of fashion stood on the very stairs till eight at night. In the middle of the second act, the Hereditary Prince, who sat with his wife and her brothers in their box, got up, *turned his back* to King and Queen, pretending to offer his place to Lady Tankerville[5] and then to Lady Susan[6]. You know enough of Germans and their stiffness to etiquette, to be sure that this could not be done inadvertently; especially as he repeated this, only without standing up, with one of his own gentlemen, in the third act.

I saw him, without any difficulty, from the Duchess of Grafton's box. He is extremely slender, and looks many years older than he is: in short, I suppose it is *his manner* with which every mortal is captivated, for though he is well enough for a man, he is far from having anything striking in his person. To-day (this is Tuesday) there was a Drawing-room at Leicester House, and to-night there is a subscription ball for him at Carlisle House, Soho, made *chiefly* by the Dukes of Devonshire and Grafton. I was invited to be of it, but not having been to wait on him, did not think it civil to meet him there. The court, by accident or design, had forgot to have a bill passed for naturalizing him. The Duke of Grafton undertook it, on which they adopted it, and the Duke of Bedford moved it; but the Prince sent word to the Duke of Grafton, that he should not have liked the compliment half so well if he had not owed it to his Grace. You may judge how he will report of us at his return!

second daughter and co-heir of second Earl of Godolphin; m. (1740) Thomas Osborne, fourth Duke of Leeds.

[5] Alicia (d. 1791), third daughter and co-heir of Sir John Astley, third Baronet, of Patshull, Staffordshire; m. (1742) Charles Bennett, third Earl of Tankerville.

[6] Lady Susan Stewart, Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess.

With regard to your behaviour to Wilkes, I think you observed the just medium: I have not heard it mentioned: if they should choose to blame it, it will not be to me, known as your friend and no friend of theirs. They very likely may say that you did too much, though the Duke of Bedford did ten times more. Churchill has published a new satire, called *The Duellist*, the finest and bitterest of his works. The poetry is glorious; some lines on Lord Holland, hemlock: charming abuse on that scurrilous mortal, Bishop Warburton: an ill-drawn, though deserved, character of Sandwich; and one, as much deserved, and better, of Norton.

Wednesday, after dinner.

The Lord knows when this letter will be finished; I have been writing it this week, and believe I shall continue it till old Monin sets out. *Encore*, the Prince of Brunswick. At the ball, at Buckingham House, on Monday; it had began two hours before he arrived. Except the King and Queen's servants, nobody was there but the Duchesses of Marlborough and Ancaster, and Lord Bute's two daughters. No supper. On Sunday evening the Prince had been to Newcastle House, to visit the Duchess. His speech to the Duke of Bedford, at first, was by no means so strong as they gave it out: he only said, 'Milord, nous avons fait deux métiers bien différents; le vôtre a été le plus agréable: j'ai fait couler du sang, vous l'avez fait cesser.' His whole behaviour, so much *à la minorité*, makes this much more improbable. His Princess thoroughly agrees with him. When Mr. Grenville objected to the greatness of her fortune, the King said, 'Oh! it will not be opposed, for Augusta is in the opposition.'

The ball, last night, at Carlisle House, Soho, was most magnificent: one hundred and fifty men subscribed, at five guineas each, and had each three tickets. All the beauties

in town were there, that is, of rank, for there was no bad company. The Duke of Cumberland was there too; and the Hereditary Prince so pleased, and in such spirits, that he stayed till five in the morning. He is gone to-day, heartily sorry to leave everything but St. James's and Leicester House. They lie to-night at Lord Abercorn's, at Witham, who does not *step from his pedestal* to meet them. Lady Strafford said to him, 'Soh! my Lord! I hear your house is to be royally filled on Wednesday.'—'And *serenely*,' he replied, and closed his mouth again till next day.

Our politics have been as follow. Last Friday the opposition moved for Wilkes's complaint of breach of privilege to be heard as to-day: Grenville objected to it, and at last yielded, after receiving some smart raps from Charles Townshend and Sir George Saville[7]. On Tuesday the latter, and Sir William Meredith, proposed to put it off to the 13th of February, that Wilkes's servant, the most material evidence, might be here. George Grenville again opposed it, was not supported, and yielded. Afterwards Dowdeswell[8] moved for a committee on the Cider Bill; and, at last, a committee was appointed for Tuesday next, with powers to report the grievances of the bill, and suggest amendments and redress, but with no authority to repeal it. This the administration carried but by 167 to 125. Indeed, many of their people were in the House of Lords, where the court triumphed still less. They were upon the *Essay on Woman*. Sandwich proposed two questions; 1st, that Wilkes was the author of it; 2dly, to order the Black Rod to attach him. It was much objected by the Dukes of

[7] Sir George Savile (1726–1784), eighth Baronet, of Rufford, Nottinghamshire, M.P. for Yorkshire. He was a staunch Whig, and adherent of the Rockingham party, but never held office.

[8] William Dowdeswell (1721–1775), of Pull Court, Worcestershire, M.P. for Worcestershire; Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1765–66.

Devonshire, Grafton, Newcastle, and even *Richmond*, that the first was not proved, and might affect him in the courts below. Lord Mansfield tried to explain this away, and Lord Marchmont and Lord Temple had warm words. At last Sandwich, artfully, to get something, if not all, agreed to melt both questions into one, which was accepted; and the vote passed, that *it appearing* Wilkes was the author, he should be taken into custody by the usher. *It appearing*, was allowed to mean *as far as appears*. Then a committee was appointed to search for precedents how to proceed on his being withdrawn. That dirty dog Kidgel had been summoned by the Duke of Grafton, but as they only went on the breach of privilege, he was not called. The new Club [9], at the house that was the late Lord Waldegrave's, in Albemarle Street, makes the ministry very uneasy; but they have worse grievances to apprehend!

Sir Robert Rich is extremely angry with my nephew, the Bishop of Exeter, who, like his own and wife's family, is tolerably warm. They were talking together at St. James's, when A'Court [10] came in. 'There's poor A'Court,' said the Bishop. 'Poor A'Court!' replied the Marshal, 'I wish all those fellows that oppose the King were to be turned out of the army!' 'I hope,' said the Bishop, 'they will first turn all the old women out of it!'

The Duc de Pecquigny was on the point of a duel with Lord Garlies [11], at Lord Milton's ball, the former handing the latter's partner down to supper. I wish you had this Duke again, lest you should have trouble with him from

[9] A tavern in Albemarle Street, frequented by members of the opposition. They subsequently established a club there, called 'The Coterie.'

[10] Lieutenant-General William A'Court (d. 1781), M.P. for Heytesbury, dismissed from the army for parliamentary opposition. He was afterwards appointed to command the 11th Foot, and became full general in 1778. He took the additional surname of Ashe on inheriting an estate.

[11] John Stewart (1736–1806), Lord Garlies, eldest son of sixth Earl of Galloway, whom he succeeded in 1773.

hence: he seems a genius of the wrong sort. His behaviour on the visit to Woburn was very wrong-headed, though their treatment of him was not more right. Lord Sandwich flung him down in one of their horse-plays, and almost put his shoulder out. He said the next day there, at dinner, that for the rest of his life he should fear nothing so much as a *lettre de cachet* from a French secretary of state, or a *coup d'épaule* from an English one. After this he had a pique with the Duchess, with whom he had been playing at whisk. A shilling and sixpence were left on the table, which nobody claimed. He was asked if it was his, and said no. Then they said, 'Let us put it to the cards': there was already a guinea. The Duchess, in an air of grandeur, said as there was gold for the Groom of the Chambers, the sweeper of the room might have the silver, and brushed it off the table. The Pecquigny took this to himself, though I don't believe meaned; and complained to the whole town of it, with large comments, at his return. It is silly to tell you such silly stories, but in your situation it may grow necessary for you to know the truth, if you should hear them repeated. I am content to have you call me gossip, if I prove but of the least use to you.

Here have I tapped the ninth page! Well! I am this moment going to M. de Guerchy's, to know when Monin sets out, that I may finish this eternal letter. If I tire you, tell me so: I am sure I do myself. If I speak with too much freedom to you, tell me so; I have done it in consequence of your questions, and mean it most kindly. In short, I am ready to amend anything you disapprove; so don't take anything ill, my dear Lord, unless I continue after you have reprimanded me. The safe manner in which this goes has made me, too, more explicit than you know I have been on any other occasion. Adieu!

Wednesday night, late.

Well, my letter will be finished at last. M. Monin sets out on Friday; so does my Lord Holland: but I affect not to know it, for he is not just the person that you or I should choose to be the bearer of this. You will be diverted with a story they told me to-night at the French Ambassador's. When they went to supper, at Soho, last night, the Duke of Cumberland placed himself at the head of the table. One of the waiters tapped him on the shoulder, and said, 'Sir, your Royal Highness can't sit there; that place is designed for the Hereditary Prince.' You ought to have seen how everybody's head has been turned with this Prince, to make this story credible to you. My Lady Rockingham, at Leicester House, yesterday, cried great sobs for his departure. Yours ever,

PAGE THE NINTH.

929. To the Countess Temple.

[1764.]

MR. WALPOLE cannot express how much he is obliged and honoured by the trust Lady Temple is so good as to put in him, nor will her Ladyship's modesty let her be a proper judge how great that is. He will say no more but that more than slight corrections in measure would destroy the chief merit of the poems, which consists in the beautiful ease and negligence of the composition—a merit which correction may take away, but can never bestow. I do real justice to these poems: they should be compared with the first thoughts and sketches of other great poets. Mr. Addison, with infinite labour, accomplished a few fine poems; but what does your Ladyship think were his rough drafts?

930. To the Countess Temple.

January 28, 1764.

I have now, Madam, very carefully studied your Ladyship's poems, in which, as I told you, I can find no faults but in the longer metre. This I have tried to supply here and there by a syllable, or by little inversions which mend the cadence; and these I submit to your Ladyship's judgement as mere mechanic corrections, and not at all as improving the ease and natural grace of the original, much less the poetry, which perhaps suffers by my dull criticisms.

Your Ladyship will probably improve on my hints, for your own genteel pen is much more likely to strike out proper alterations than I, who work by dull rules, can do. One thing I am sure of, that larger changes than I have ventured to make, would entirely prejudice the agreeable air of your verses, which is so much and so peculiarly your own.

When I have the honour of seeing you, I will hope for further orders as to the impression[1], which I trust will not be so rigidly confined as you first proposed. I am, Madam, your most obedient and most sensibly obliged humble servant,

Hor. Walpole.

931. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, Jan. 31, 1764.

Several weeks ago I begged you to tell me how to convey to you a print of Strawberry Hill, and another of Archbishop Hutton. I must now repeat the same request for

Letter 930.—[1] Countess Temple's *Poems* were printed at Strawberry Hill in 1764.

two more volumes of my *Anecdotes of Painting*, which are on the point of being published. I hope no illness prevented my hearing from you.

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

932. To Sir David Dalrymple.

Arlington Street, Jan. 31, 1764.

I am very sorry, Sir, that your obliging corrections of my *Anecdotes of Painting* have come so late, that the first volume is actually reprinted. The second shall be the better for them. I am now publishing the third volume, and another of Engravers. I wish you would be so kind as to tell me how I may convey them speedily to you: you waited too long the last time for things that have little merit but novelty. These volumes are of still less worth than the preceding; our latter painters not compensating by excellence for the charms that antiquity has bestowed on their antecessors.

I wish I had known in time what heads of Nanteuil[1] you want. There has been a very valuable sale of Sir Clement Cottrell's prints, the impressions most beautiful, and of which Nanteuil made the capital part. I do not know who particularly collects his works now, but I have ordered my bookseller Bathoe[2], who is much versed in those things, to inquire; and if I hear of any purchaser, Sir, I will let you know.

I have not bought the *Anecdotes of Polite Literature*, suspecting them for a bookseller's compilation, and confirmed in it by never hearing them mentioned. Our booksellers here at London disgrace literature by the trash they

Letter 932.—[1] Robert Nanteuil (1630–1678), engraver.
[2] William Bathoe (d. 1768).

bespeak to be written, and at the same time prevent everything else from being sold. They are little more or less than upholsters, who sell *sets* or *bodies* of arts and sciences for furniture; and the purchasers, for I am sure they are not readers, buy only in that view. I never thought there was much merit in reading: but yet it is too good a thing to be put upon no better footing than damask and mahogany.

Whenever I can be of the least use to your studies or collections, you know, Sir, that you may command me freely.

933. To the Earl of Hertford.

Arlington Street, Feb. 6, 1764.

You have, I hope, long before this, my dear Lord, received the immense letter that I sent you by old Monin. It explained much, and announced most part of which has already happened: for you will observe that when I tell you anything very positively, it is on good intelligence. I have another much bigger secret for you, but that will be delivered to you by word of mouth. I am not a little impatient for the long letter you promised me. In the meantime thank you for the account you give me of the King's extreme civility to you. It is like yourself to dwell on that, and to say little of M. de Chaulnes's dirty behaviour; but Monsieur and Madame de Guerchy have told your brother and me all the particulars.

I was but too good a prophet when I warned you to expect new extravagances from the Duc de Chaulnes's son. Some weeks ago he lost five hundred pounds to one Virette, an equivocal being, that you remember here. Paolucci, the Modenese minister, who is not in the odour of honesty, was of the party. The Duc de Pecquigny said to the latter, 'Monsieur, ne jouez plus avec lui, si vous n'êtes pas de moitié.' So far was very well. On Saturday, at the

Maccaroni Club (which is composed of all the travelled young men who wear long curls and spying-glasses), they played again: the Duc lost, but not much. In the passage at the Opera, the Duc saw Mr. Stuart talking to Virette, and told the former that Virette was a coquin, a fripon, &c., &c. Virette retired, saying only, 'Voilà un fou.' The Duc then desired Lord Tavistock to come and see him fight Virette, but the Marquis desired to be excused. After the Opera, Virette went to the Duc's lodgings, but found him gone to make his complaint to Monsieur de Guerchy, whither he followed him; and farther this deponent knoweth not. I pity the Count, who is one of the best-natured amiable men in the world, for having this absurd boy upon his hands!

Well! now for a little politics. The Cider Bill has not answered to the minority, though they ran the ministry hard; but last Friday was extraordinary. George Grenville was pushed upon some Navy bills[1]. I don't understand a syllable, you know, of money and accounts; but whatever was the matter, he was driven from entrenchment to entrenchment by Baker[2] and Charles Townshend. After that affair was over, and many gone away, Sir W. Meredith moved for the depositions on which the warrant against Wilkes had been granted. The ministers complained of the motion being made so late in the day; called it a surprise; and Rigby moved to adjourn, which was carried but by 73 to 60. Had a surprise been intended, you may imagine the minority would have been better provided with numbers; but it certainly had not been concerted: however, a majority, shrunk to thirteen, frightened them out of the small senses they possess. Heaven, Earth, and the Treasury were moved

LETTER 933.—[1] According to Croker, a proposal for converting certain outstanding Navy bills into annuities at 4 per cent.

[2] Sir William Baker, Knight, M.P. for Plympton.

to recover their ground to-day, when the question was renewed. For about two hours the debate hobbled on very lamely, when on a sudden your brother rose, and made such a speech—but I wish anybody was to give you the account except me, whom you will think partial: but you will hear enough of it, to confirm anything I can say. Imagine fire, rapidity, argument, knowledge, wit, ridicule, grace, spirit; all pouring like a torrent, but without clashing. Imagine the House in a tumult of continued applause: imagine the ministers thunderstruck; lawyers abashed and almost blushing, for it was on their quibbles and evasions he fell most heavily, at the same time answering a whole session of arguments on the side of the court. No, it was *unique*; you can neither conceive it, nor the exclamations it occasioned. Ellis, the Forlorn Hope Ellis, presented himself in the gap, till the ministers could recover themselves, when on a sudden Lord George Sackville *led up the Blues*[3]; spoke with as much warmth as your brother had, and with great force continued the attack which he had begun. Did not I tell you he would take this part? I was made privy to it; but this is far from all you are to expect. Lord North in vain rumbled about his mustard-bowl[4], and endeavoured alone to outroar a whole party: him and Forrester[5], Charles Townshend took up, but less well than usual. His jealousy of your brother's success, which was very evident, did not help him to shine. There were several other speeches, and, upon the whole, it was a capital debate; but Plutus is so much more persuasive an orator than your brother or Lord George, that we divided but 122 against 217. Lord Strange, who had agreed to the question, did not dare to vote for it, and declared off; and

[3] Which he had failed to do at Minden.

[4] Cf. *Dunciad*, book ii. l. 226: 'With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl.' Pope's note on this line is as follows:—'The old way of making Thunder and Mustard were the same; but since, it is more advantageously performed by troughs of wood with stops in them.'

[5] Alexander Forrester, M.P. for Oakhampton.

George Townshend, who had actually voted for it on Friday, now voted against us. Well! upon the whole, I heartily wish this administration may last: both their characters and abilities are so contemptible, that I am sure we can be in no danger from prerogative when trusted to such hands!

Before I have done with Charles Townshend, I must tell you one of his admirable *bons mots*. Miss Draycote, the great fortune, is grown very fat: he says her *tonnage* is become equal to her *poundage*.

There is the devil to pay in Nabob-land, but I understand Indian histories no better than stocks. The council rebelled against the Governor[6], and sent a deputation, the Lord knows why, to the Nabob[7], who cut off the said deputies' heads, and then, I think, was dis-Nabob'd himself, and Clive's old friend reinstated. There is another rebellion in Minorca, where Johnston has renounced his allegiance to viceroy Dick Lyttelton[8], and set up for himself. Sir Richard has laid the affair before the King and Council; Charles Townshend first, and then your brother (you know why I am sorry they should appear together in *that* cause), have tried to deprecate Sir Richard's wrath: but it was then too late. The silly fellow has brought himself to a precipice.

I forgot to tell you that Lord George Sackville carried into the minority with him his own brother Lord Middlesex; Lord Milton's brother[9]; young Beauclerc; Sir Thomas Hales[10]; and Colonel Irwine[11].

[6] Henry Vansittart (1732–1770), Governor of Bengal.

[7] Mir Kasim, set up by Vansittart in the place of Mir Jaffier. He incurred the resentment of the Council of the East India Company, and massacred the deputies sent to remonstrate with him. The Company's troops took the field under Adams, and in four months conquered Bengal, forcing Mir Kasim to take refuge in Oude. 'Clive's old friend,' Mir Jaffier, was reinstated.

[8] Sir Richard Lyttelton was Governor of Minorca.

[9] John Damer, M.P. for Dorchester; d. 1783.

[10] Sir Thomas Pym Hales, fourth Baronet (d. 1773), M.P. for Downton.

[11] Major-General John Irwin (1728–1788), M.P. for East Grinstead; afterwards K.B., and Governor of Gibraltar.

We have not heard a word yet of the Hereditary Prince and Princess. They were sent away in a tempest, and I believe the best one can hope is, that they are driven to Norway.

Good night, my dear Lord; it is time to finish, for it is half an hour after one in the morning: I am forced to purloin such hours to write to you, for I get up so late, and then have such a perpetual succession of nothings to do, such auctions, politics, visits, dinners, suppers, books to publish or revise, &c., that I have not a quarter of an hour without call upon it; but I need not tell you, who know my life, that I am forced to create new time, if I will keep up my correspondence with you. You seem to like I should, and I wish to give you every satisfaction in my power.

Tuesday, February 7, Four o'clock.

I tremble whilst I continue my letter, having just heard such a dreadful story! A captain of a vessel has made oath before the Lord Mayor, this morning, that he saw one of the yachts sink on the coast of Holland; and it is believed to be the one in which the Prince was. The City is in an uproar; nor need one point out all such an accident may produce, if true; which I most fervently hope it is not. My long letter will help you to comments enough, which will be made on this occasion. I wish you may know, at this moment, that our fears are ill-placed. The Princess was not in the same yacht with her husband. Poor Fanshawe, as Clerk of the Green Cloth, with his wife and sister, was in one of them.

Here is more of the Duc de Pecquigny's episode. An officer was sent yesterday to put Virette under arrest. His servant disputed with the officer on his orders, till his master made his escape. Virette sent a friend, whom he ordered to deliver his letter in person, and see it read, with a challenge, appointing the Duc to meet him at half an hour

after seven this morning, at Buckingham Gate, where he waited till ten to no purpose, though the Duc had not been put under arrest. Virette absconds, and has sent M. de Pecquigny word, that he shall abscond till he can find a proper opportunity of fighting him. Your discretion will naturally prevent your talking of this; but I thought you would like to be prepared, if this affair should anyhow happen to become your business, though your late discussion with the Duc de Chaulnes will add to your disinclination from meddling with it.

I must send this to the post before I go to the Opera, and therefore shall not be able to tell you more of the Prince of Brunswick by this post.

END OF VOL. V

LETTERS OF

HORACE WALPOLE

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE

HENRY FROWDE, M.A.
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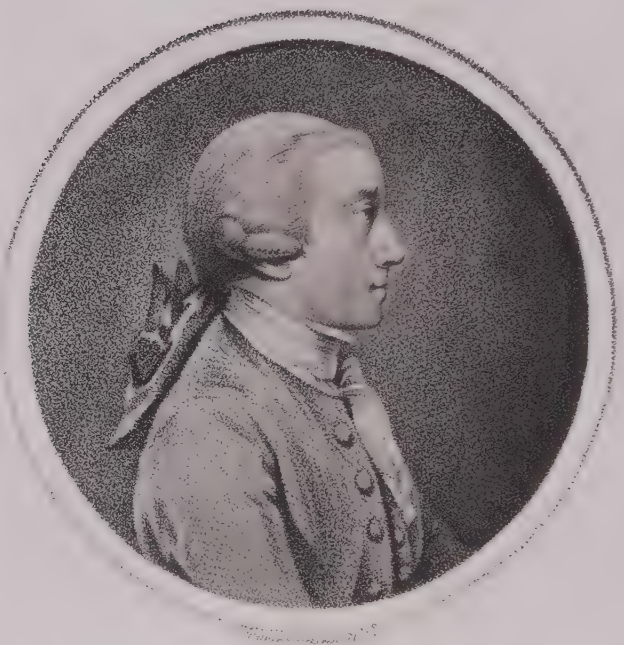

Horace Walpole

from a print after Falconet

THE LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

FOURTH EARL OF ORFORD

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED

AND EDITED WITH NOTES AND INDICES

BY

MRS. PAGET TOYNBEE

IN SIXTEEN VOLUMES

WITH PORTRAITS AND FACSIMILES

VOL. VI: 1764—1766

OXFORD

AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

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CONTENTS OF VOL. VI

	PAGES
List of Portraits	vi
List of Letters in Volume VI	vii–xi
Letters 934–1114	1–460

LIST OF PORTRAITS

HORACE WALPOLE . . . . . *Frontispiece*
From print after Falconet.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, K.B. . . . . *To face p.* 83
From painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds *in* National Portrait Gallery.

GEORGE WALPOLE, THIRD EARL OF ORFORD . „ 216
From painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds *in possession of* Earl Waldegrave.

CHARLES LENNOX, THIRD DUKE OF RICHMOND . „ 362
From a print.

LIST OF LETTERS IN VOL. VI

T			C
		1764.	
934	Feb. 15, 1764 . . .	Earl of Hertford. . . .	902
935	Feb. 20, 1764 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	903
936	Feb. 21, 1764 . . .	Miss Anne Pitt.	
937	[Feb. 1764] . . .	Rev. William Cole . . .	899
938	Feb. 23, 1764 . . .	Sir David Dalrymple . .	904
939	Feb. 24, 1764 . . .	Earl of Hertford. . . .	905
940	Feb. 29, 1764 . . .	Grosvenor Bedford . . .	906
941	March 3, 1764 . .	Rev. William Cole . . .	907
942	March 11, 1764 . .	Earl of Hertford. . . .	908
943	March 18, 1764 . .	Sir Horace Mann	909
944	March 18, 1764 . .	Earl of Hertford. . . .	910
945	March 27, 1764 . .	Earl of Hertford. . . .	911
946	March 27, 1764 . .	Charles Churchill . . .	912
947	April 5, 1764 . . .	Earl of Hertford. . . .	913
948	April 9, 1764 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	914
949	April 12, 1764 . .	Earl of Hertford. . . .	915
950	April 12, 1764 . .	Rev. William Cole . . .	916
951	April 19, 1764 . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	917
952	April 20, 1764 . .	Earl of Hertford. . . .	918
953†	April 20, 1764 . .	Sir Horace Mann.	
954	April 21, 1764 . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	919
955	April 24, 1764 . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	921
956	May 10, 1764 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	923
957	May 14, 1764 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	924
958	May 27, 1764 . . .	Earl of Hertford. . . .	925
959	June 5, 1764 . . .	Thomas Pitt.	926
960	June 5, 1764 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	927
961	June 8, 1764 . . .	Earl of Hertford. . . .	928
962	June 8, 1764 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	929
963	June 18, 1764. . .	George Montagu. . . .	930
964	[July 2, 1764]. . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.	
965	July 16, 1764 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	931
966	July 16, 1764 . . .	Rev. William Cole . . .	932
967	July 21, 1764‡ . .	Rev. Henry Zouch . . .	933
968	July 21, 1764 . . .	Rev. William Cole . . .	934

† Now printed for the first time.
‡ Misdated; see note on this letter.

T			C
969	July 27, 1764 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	935
970	July 30, 1764 . . .	Grosvenor Bedford . . .	936
971	Aug. 3, 1764 . . .	Earl of Hertford. . . .	937
972	Aug. 9, 1764 . . .	Christopher Wren.	
973	Aug. 13, 1764. . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	938
974	Aug. 16, 1764. . .	George Montagu. . . .	939
975	Aug. 21, 1764. . .	Viscount Nuneham.	
976	Aug. 27, 1764. . .	Earl of Hertford. . . .	940
977	Aug. 29, 1764. . .	William Pitt	941
978	Aug. 29, 1764. . .	Rev. William Cole . . .	942
979	Sept. 1, 1764 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	943
980	Sept. 3, 1764 . . .	Dr. Birch	944
981	Sept. 25, 1764. . .	Rev. William Cole.	
982†	[Sept. 1764] . . .	Duke of Newcastle.	
983†	[Sept. 1764] . . .	Duke of Newcastle.	
984	Oct. 5, 1764 . . .	Earl of Hertford. . . .	945
985	Oct. 5, 1764 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	946
986	Oct. 9, 1764 . . .	Rev. Thomas Warton . .	947
987	Oct. 13, 1764 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	948
988	Oct. 21, 1764 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	949
989	[Oct. 1764] . . .	Rev. William Cole.	
990	Oct. 27, 1764 . . .	Rev. William Cole.	
991	Oct. 29, 1764 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	950
992	Oct. 30, 1764 . . .	Rev. William Cole.	
993	Nov. 1, 1764 . . .	Earl of Hertford. . . .	951
994	Nov. 8, 1764 . . .	Rev. William Cole . . .	952
995	Nov. 9, 1764 . . .	Earl of Hertford. . . .	953
996	Nov. 10, 1764. . .	Lady Hervey	954
997	Nov. 15, 1764. . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	955
998	Nov. 25, 1764. . .	Earl of Hertford. . . .	956
999	Dec. 3, 1764 . . .	Earl of Hertford. . . .	957
1000	Dec. 16, 1764 . . .	George Montagu. . . .	958
1001	Dec. 20, 1764 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	959
1002	Christmas Eve, 1764 .	George Montagu. . . .	960
		1765.	
1003	Jan. 10, 1765 . . .	Earl of Hertford. . . .	961
1004	Jan. 13, 1765 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	962
1005	Jan. 20, 1765 . . .	Earl of Hertford. . . .	963
1006	Jan. 27, 1765 . . .	Earl of Hertford. . . .	964
1007†	Feb. 5, 1765 . . .	Rev. Thomas Percy.	
1008	Feb. 11, 1765 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	965

† Now printed for the first time.

T			C
1009	Feb. 12, 1765 . . .	Earl of Hertford	966
1010	Feb. 19, 1765 . . .	George Montagu	967
1011	Feb. 28, 1765 . . .	Rev. William Cole . . .	968
1012	March 9, 1765 . .	Rev. William Cole . . .	969
1013	March 16, 1765 . .	Dr. Warton	970
1014	March 18, 1765 . .	Élie de Beaumont . . .	971
1015	March 26, 1765 . .	Earl of Hertford . . .	972
1016	March 26, 1765 . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	973
1017	April 5, 1765 . . .	George Montagu	974
1018	April 7, 1765 . . .	Earl of Hertford . . .	975
1019	April 17, 1765 . .	Rev. William Mason . .	976
1020	April 18, 1765 . .	Earl of Hertford . . .	977
1021	April 21, 1765 . .	Sir David Dalrymple . .	978
1022	May 5, 1765 . . .	Earl of Hertford . . .	979
1023	May 11, 1765 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	980
1024	May 12, 1765 . . .	Earl of Hertford . . .	981
1025	May 14, 1765 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	982
1026	May 20, 1765 . . .	Earl of Hertford . . .	983
1027	May 25, 1765 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	984
1028	May 26, 1765 . . .	George Montagu	985
1029	June 10, 1765. . .	George Montagu	986
1030	June 11, 1765. . .	Lady Hervey	987
1031	June 26, 1765. . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	988
1032	Saturday night . .	George Montagu	989
1033	July 3, 1765 . . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	990
1034	July 3, 1765 . . .	Countess of Suffolk . . .	991
1035	July 9, 1765 . . .	Countess of Suffolk . . .	992
1036	July 11, 1765 . . .	George Montagu	993
1037	July 12, 1765 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	994
1038	July 28, 1765 . . .	George Montagu	995
1039	July 30, 1765 . . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	996
1040	Aug. 9, 1765 . . .	Miss Anne Pitt.	
1041	Aug. 12, 1765. . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	997
1042	Aug. 23, 1765. . .	George Montagu. . . .	998
1043	Aug. 27, 1765. . .	Sir Horace Mann . . .	999
1044	Aug. 31, 1765. . .	George Montagu	1000
1045	Sept. 3, 1765 . . .	Earl of Strafford . . .	1001
1046	Sept. 3, 1765 . . .	Lady Hervey	1002
1047	Sept. 5, 1765 . . .	Rev. William Cole . . .	1003
1048	Sept. 5, 1765 . . .	Grosvenor Bedford . . .	1004
1049	Sept. 11, 1765. . .	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	1005
1050	Sept. 14, 1765 . .	Lady Hervey	1006
1051	Sept. 18, 1765. . .	Rev. William Cole . . .	1007

T			C
1052	Sept. 20, 1765.	Countess of Suffolk	2659
1053	Sept. 22, 1765.	George Montagu.	1008
1054	Sept. 26, 1765.	Sir Horace Mann	1009
1055	Oct. 3, 1765	Lady Hervey	1010
1056	Oct. 3, 1765	John Chute	1011
1057	Oct. 6, 1765	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	1012
1058	Oct. 8, 1765	Miss Anne Pitt.	
1059	Oct. 13, 1765	Lady Hervey	1013
1060	Oct. 15, 1765	Lady Mary Coke.	
1061	Oct. 16, 1765	George Montagu.	1014
1062	Oct. 16, 1765	Countess of Suffolk	1015
1063	Oct. 16, 1765	Sir Horace Mann	1016
1064	Oct. 19, 1765	Thomas Brand	1017
1065	Oct. 28, 1765	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	1018
1066	Nov. 2, 1765	Sir Horace Mann	1019
1067	Nov. 4, 1765	Miss Anne Pitt.	
1068	Nov. 13, 1765.	Sir Horace Mann	1020
1069	Nov. 17, 1765.	Lady Mary Coke.	
1070	Nov. 19, 1765.	Thomas Gray	1021
1071	Nov. 20, 1765.	Grosvenor Bedford	1022
1072	Nov. 21, 1765.	Lady Hervey	1023
1073	Nov. 21, 1765.	George Montagu.	1024
1074	Nov. 28, 1765.	Lady Hervey	1025
1075	Nov. 29, 1765.	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	1026
1076	Nov. 30, 1765.	Sir Horace Mann	1027
1077	Dec. 2, 1765	George Augustus Selwyn	1028
1078	Dec. 5, 1765	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	1029
1079	Dec. 5, 1765	Countess of Suffolk	1030
1080	Dec. 25, 1765.	Miss Anne Pitt.	

1766.

1081	Jan. 2, 1766	Lady Hervey	1031
1082	Jan. 4, 1766	Lady Mary Coke.	
1083	Jan. 5, 1766	Sir Horace Mann	1032
1084	Jan. 5, 1766	George Montagu.	1034
1085	[Jan. 8, 1766].	John Chute	1033
1086	Jan. 11, 1766	Lady Hervey	1035
1087	Jan. 12, 1766	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	1036
1088	Jan. 18, 1766	Rev. William Cole	1037
1089	Jan. 19, 1766	Miss Anne Pitt.	
1090	Jan. 25, 1766	Thomas Gray	1038
1090*	Jan. 31, 1766	George Augustus Selwyn.	

T			C
1091	Feb. 3, 1766	Lady Hervey	1039
1092	Feb. 4, 1766	George Montagu	1040
1093	Feb. 9, 1766	Sir Horace Mann	1041
1094	Feb. 23 [1766]	George Montagu	1042
1095	Feb. 28, 1766	Rev. William Cole	1043
1096	Feb. 29, 1766	Sir Horace Mann	1044
1097	March 1, 1766	Miss Anne Pitt.	
1098	March 3, 1766	George Montagu	1045
1099	March 3, 1766	Lady Mary Coke.	
1100	March 6, 1766	John Craufurd	1046
1100*	March 7, 1766	George Augustus Selwyn.	
1101	March 7, 1766	Miss Anne Pitt.	
1102	March 10, 1766	Lady Hervey	1047
1103	March 12, 1766	George Montagu	1048
1104	March 21, 1766	George Montagu	1049
1105	March 21, 1766	Sir Horace Mann	1050
1106	April 3, 1766	George Montagu	1051
1107	April 6, 1766	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	1052
1108	April 8, 1766	Hon. Henry Seymour Conway	1053
1109	April 20, 1766	Sir Horace Mann	1054
1110	May 6, 1766	Lord Hailes (?)	1055
1111	[6 Mai 1766]	Duchesse de Choiseul.	
1112	May 10, 1766	Rev. William Cole	1056
1113	May 13, 1766	Rev. William Cole	1057
1114	[May 1766]	Rev. William Cole.	

THE LETTERS

OF

HORACE WALPOLE

934. To the Earl of Hertford.

My dear Lord, Arlington Street, Wednesday, Feb. 15, 1764.

You ought to be witness to the fatigue I am suffering, before you can estimate the merit I have in being writing to you at this moment. Cast up eleven hours in the House of Commons on Monday, and above seventeen hours yesterday,—ay, seventeen at length,—and then you may guess if I am tired! nay, you must add seventeen hours that I may possibly be there on Friday, and then calculate if I am weary. In short, yesterday was the longest day ever known in the House of Commons—why, on the Westminster election at the end of my father's reign[1], I was at home by six. On Alexander Murray's[2] affair, I believe, by five—on the militia, twenty people, I think, sat till six, but then they were only among themselves, no heat, no noise, no roaring. It was half an hour after seven this morning before I was at home. Think of that, and then brag of your French parliaments!

What is ten times greater, Leonidas and the Spartan *minority* did not make such a stand at Thermopylæ, as we did. Do you know, we had like to have been the *majority*? Xerxes[3] is frightened out of his senses; Sysigambis[4] has

Letter 934.—[1] In January 1742.

[2] In February 1751, during the proceedings against Hon. Alexander Murray in connection with the Westminster election petition.

[3] George III.

[4] The Princess Dowager of Wales.

sent an express to Luton to forbid Phraates[5] coming to town to-morrow: Norton's impudence has forsaken him; Bishop Warburton is at this moment reinstating Mr. Pitt's name in the dedication to his Sermons, which he had expunged for Sandwich's; and Sandwich himself is—at Paris, perhaps, by this time, for the first thing I expect to hear to-morrow is, that he is gone off.

Now are you mortally angry with me for trifling with you, and not telling you at once the particulars of this *almost-revolution.* You may be angry, but I shall take my own time, and shall give myself what airs I please both to you, my Lord Ambassador, and to you, my Lord Secretary of State, who will, I suppose, open this letter—if you have courage enough left. In the first place, I assume all the impertinence of a prophet,—ay, of that great curiosity, a prophet, who really prophesied before the event, and whose predictions have been accomplished. Have I, or have I not, announced to you the unexpected blows that would be given to the administration?—come, I will lay aside my dignity, and satisfy your impatience. There's moderation.

We sat all Monday hearing evidence against Mr. Wood, that dirty wretch Webb, and the messengers, for their illegal proceedings against Mr. Wilkes. At midnight, Mr. Grenville offered us to adjourn or proceed. Mr. Pitt humbly begged not to eat or sleep till so great a point should be decided. On a division, in which though many said *ay* to adjourning, nobody would go out for fear of losing their seats, it was carried by 379 to 31, for proceeding—and then —half the House went away. The ministers representing the indecency of this, and Fitzherbert saying that many were within call, Stanley observed, that after voting against adjournment, a third part had adjourned themselves, when,

[5] The Earl of Bute; Luton was his country seat.

instead of being within *call*, they ought to have been within *hearing*: this was unanswerable, and we adjourned.

Yesterday we fell to again. It was one in the morning before the evidence was closed. Carrington, the messenger, was alone examined for seven hours. This old man, the cleverest of all ministerial terriers, was pleased with recounting his achievements, yet perfectly guarded and betraying nothing. However, the *arcana imperii* have been wofully laid open.

I have heard Garrick, and other players, give themselves airs of fatigue after a long part—think of the Speaker, nay, think of the clerks taking most correct minutes for sixteen hours, and reading them over to every witness; and then let me hear of fatigue! Do you know, not only my Lord Temple,—who you may swear never budged as spectator,—but old Will Chetwynd, now past eighty, and who had walked to the House, did not stir a single moment out of his place, from three in the afternoon till the division at seven in the morning. Nay, we had *Patriotesses*, too, who stayed out the whole: Lady Rockingham and Lady Sondes the first day; both again the second day, with Miss Mary Pelham[6], Mrs. Fitzroy, and the Duchess of Richmond, as patriot as any of us. Lady Mary Coke, Mrs. George Pitt, and Lady Pembroke, came after the Opera, but I think did not stay above seven or eight hours at most.

At one, Sir W. Meredith moved a resolution of the illegality of the warrant, and opened it well. He was seconded by old Darlington's brother[7], a convert to us. Mr. Wood, who had shone the preceding day by great modesty, decency, and ingenuity, forfeited these merits a good deal by starting up (according to a ministerial plan), and very arrogantly, and

[6] Fourth daughter of Hon. Henry Pelham; d. unmarried.

[7] Hon. Gilbert Vane (d. 1772), M.P. for Durham county, son of second Lord Barnard and brother of first Earl of Darlington.

repeatedly in the night, demanding justice and a previous acquittal, and telling the House he scorned to accept being merely *excused*; to which Mr. Pitt replied, that if he disdained to be *excused*, he would deserve to be *censured*. Mr. Charles Yorke (who, with his family, have come roundly to us for support against the Duke of Bedford on the Marriage Bill) proposed to adjourn. Grenville and the ministry would have agreed to adjourn the debate on the great question itself, but declared they would push this acquittal. This they announced haughtily enough—for as yet, they did not doubt of their strength. Lord Frederick Campbell was the most impetuous of all, so little he foresaw how much *wiser* it would be to follow your brother. Pitt made a short speech, excellently argumentative, and not bombast, nor tedious, nor deviating from the question. He was supported by your brother, and Charles Townshend, and Lord George; the two last of whom are strangely firm, now they are got under the cannon of your brother:—Charles, who, as he must be extraordinary, is now so in romantic nicety of honour. His father[8], who is dying, or dead, at Bath, and from whom he hopes two thousand a year, has sent for him. He has refused to go—lest his *steadiness* should be questioned. At a quarter after four we divided. *Our* cry was so loud, that both we and the ministers thought we had carried it. It is not to be painted, the dismay of the latter—in good truth not without reason, for *we* were 197, they but 207. Your experience can tell you, that a majority of *but* ten is a defeat. Amidst a great defection from them, was even a white staff, Lord Charles Spencer[9]—now you know still more of what I told you was preparing for them!

[8] Charles Townshend, third Viscount Townshend; d. May 12, 1764.

[9] Lord Charles Spencer (d. 1820), second son of third Duke of Marlborough; M.P. for Oxfordshire; Comptroller of the Household, 1763–65; Lord of the Admiralty, 1770–79; Treasurer of the Chamber, 1779–82; Joint Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, 1782–1801; Joint Postmaster-General, 1801–6.

Crestfallen, the ministers then proposed simply to discharge the complaint; but the plumes which they had dropped, Pitt soon placed in his own beaver. He broke out on liberty, and, indeed, on whatever he pleased, uninterrupted. Rigby sat feeling the vice-treasurership slipping from under him. Nugent was not less pensive—Lord Strange, though not interested[10], did not like it. Everybody was too much taken up with his own concerns, or too much daunted, to give the least disturbance to the Pindaric. Grenville, however, dropped a few words, which did but heighten the flame. Pitt, with less modesty than ever he showed, pronounced a panegyric on his own administration, and from thence broke out on the *dismission of officers.* This increased the roar from us. Grenville replied, and very finely, very pathetically, very animated. He painted Wilkes and faction, and, with very little truth, denied the charge of menaces to officers. At that moment, General A'Court walked up the House—think what an impression such an incident must make, when passions, hopes, and fears, were all afloat—think, too, how your brother and I, had we been ungenerous, could have added to these sensations! There was a man not so delicate. Colonel Barré rose—and this attended with a striking circumstance; Sir Edward Deering, one of *our* noisy fools, called out, '*Mr.* Barré.' The latter seized the thought with admirable quickness, and said to the Speaker, who, in pointing to him, had called him *Colonel*, 'I beg your pardon, Sir, you have pointed to me by a title I have no right to,' and then made a very artful and pathetic speech on his own services and dismission; with nothing bad but an awkward attempt towards an excuse to Mr. Pitt for his former behaviour. Lord North, who will not lose his *bellow*, though he may

[10] He was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, but did not take the salary attached to the post.

lose his place, endeavoured to roar up the courage of his comrades, but it would not do—the House grew tired, and we again divided at seven for adjournment; some of our people were gone, and we remained but 184, they 208; however, you will allow our affairs are mended, when we say, *but* 184. *We* then came away, and left the ministers to satisfy Wood, Webb, and themselves, as well as they could. It was eight this morning before I was in bed; and considering that, this is no very short letter. Mr. Pitt bore the fatigue with his usual spirit—and even old Onslow, the late Speaker, was sitting up, anxious for the event.

On Friday we are to have the great question[11], which would prevent my writing; and to-morrow I dine with Guerchy, at the Duke of Grafton's, besides twenty other engagements. To-day I have shut myself up; for with writing this, and taking notes yesterday all day, and all night, I have not an eye left to see out of—nay, for once in my life, I shall go to bed at ten o'clock.

I am glad to be able to contradict two or three passages in my last letter. The Prince and Princess of Brunswick are safely landed, though they were in extreme danger. The Duc de Pecquigny had not only been put in arrest late on the Sunday night, which I did not know, but has retrieved his honour. Monsieur de Guerchy sent him away, and at Dover, Virette found him, and whispered him to steal from D'Allonville and fight. The Duc first begged his pardon, owned himself in the wrong, and then fought him, and was wounded, though slightly, in four places in the arm; and both are returned to London with their honours as white as snow.

Sir Jacob Downing[12] is dead, and has left every shilling

[11] 'That a general warrant for seizing the author, printer, &c. of a seditious libel is not legal.'

[12] Sir Jacob Garrard Downing, fourth Baronet.

to his wife; *id est*, not sixpence to my Lord Holland; a mishap which, being followed by a minority of 197, will not make this a pleasant week to him.

Well! now would you believe how I feel and how I wish? I wish *we* may continue the minority. The desires of some of my associates, perhaps, may not be satisfied, but mine are. Here is an opposition formidable enough to keep abler ministers than Messieurs the present gentlemen in awe. They may pick pockets, but they will pick no more locks. While we continue a minority, we shall preserve our characters, and we have some too good to part with. I hate to have a camp to plunder; at least, I am so Whig, I hate all spoils but the *opima spolia*. I think it, too, much more creditable to control ministers, than to *be* ministers—and much more creditable than to become *mere* ministers ourselves. I have several other excellent reasons against our success, though I could combat them with as many drawn from the insufficience of the present folk, and from the propriety of Mr. Pitt being minister; but I am too tired, and very likely so are you, my dear Lord, by this time, and therefore good night!

Friday, noon.

I had sealed my letter, and break it open again on receiving yours of the 13th, by the messenger. Though I am very sorry you had not then got mine from Monin, which would have prepared you for much of what has happened, I do not fear its miscarriage, as I think I can account for the delay. I had, for more security, put it into the parcel with two more volumes of my *Anecdotes of Painting*; which, I suppose, remained in Monin's baggage; and he might not have unpacked it when he delivered the single letters. If he has not yet sent you the parcel, you may ask for it, as the same delicacy is not necessary as for a letter.

I thank Lord Beauchamp much for the paper, but should

thank him much more for a letter from himself. I am going this minute to the House, where I have already been to prayers, to take a place. It was very near full then, so critical a day it is! I expect we shall be beaten—but we shall not be so many times more. Lord Granby, I hear, is to move the previous question—they are reduced to their heavy cannon.

Sunday evening, 19th.

Happening to hear of a gentleman who sets out for Paris in two or three days, I stopped my letter, both out of prudence (pray admire me!) and from thinking that it was as well to send you at once the complete history of our Great Week. By the time you have read the preceding pages, you may, perhaps, expect to find a change in the ministry in what I am going to say. You must have a little patience; our parliamentary war, like the last war in Germany, produces very considerable battles that are not decisive. Marshal Pitt has given another great blow to the subsidiary army, but they remained masters of the field, and both sides sing *Te Deum*. I am not talking figuratively, when I assure you that bells, bonfires, and an illumination from the Monument, were prepared in the City, in case we had had the majority. Lord Temple was so indiscreet and indecent as to have faggots ready for two bonfires, but was persuaded to lay aside the design, even before it was abortive.

It is impossible to give you the detail of so long a debate as Friday's. You will regret it the less when I tell you it was a very dull one. I never knew a day of expectation answer. The impromptus and the unexpected are ever the most shining. We love to hear ourselves talk, and yet we must be formed of adamant to be able to talk day and night on the same question for a week together. If you had seen how ill we looked, you would not have wondered we did

not speak well. A company of colliers emerging from damps and darkness could not have appeared more ghastly and dirty than we did on Wednesday morning; and we had not recovered much bloom on Friday. We spent two or three hours on corrections of, and additions to, the question of pronouncing the warrant illegal, till the ministry had contracted it to fit scarce anything but the individual case of Wilkes, Pitt not opposing the amendments because Charles Yorke gave into them; for it is wonderful what deference is paid by both sides to that house. The debate then began by Norton's moving to adjourn the consideration of the question for four months, and holding out a promise of a bill, which neither they mean, nor, for my part, should I like: I would not give prerogative so much as a definition. You are a peer, and therefore, perhaps, will hear it with patience—but think how *our* ears must have tingled, when he told us, that should we pass the resolution, and he were a judge, he would mind it no more than the resolution of a drunken porter!—Had old Onslow been in the chair, I believe he would have knocked him down with the mace. He did hear of it during the debate, though not severely enough; but the town rings with it. Charles Yorke replied, and was much admired. Me he did not please; I require a little more than palliatives and sophistries. He excused the part he has taken by pleading that he had never seen the warrant till after Wilkes was taken up—yet he then pronounced the 'No. 45' a libel, and advised the commitment of Wilkes to the Tower. If you advised me to knock a man down, would you excuse yourself by saying you had never seen the stick with which I gave the blow? Other speeches we had without end, but none good, except from Lord George Sackville, a short one from Elliot, and one from Charles Townshend, so fine that *it amazed, even from him.* Your brother had spoken with

excellent sense against the corrections, and began well again in the debate, but with so much rapidity that he confounded himself first, and then was seized with such a hoarseness that he could not proceed. Pitt and George Grenville ran a match of silence, striving which should reply to the other. At last, Pitt, who had three times in the debate retired with pain, rose about three in the morning, but so languid, so exhausted, that, in his life, he never made less figure. Grenville answered him; and at five in the morning we divided. The Noes were so loud, as it admits a deeper sound than Ay, that the Speaker, who has got a bit of nose since the opposition got numbers, gave it for us. They went forth; and when I heard our side counted to the amount of 218, I did conclude we were victorious; but they returned 232. It is true we were beaten by fourteen, but we were increased by twenty-one; and no ministry could stand on so slight an advantage, if we could continue above two hundred.

We may, and probably shall, fall off: this was our strongest question—but our troops will stand fast; their hopes and views depend upon it, and their spirits are raised. But for the other side it will not be the same. The lookers-out will be strayers away, and their very subsidies will undo them. They bought two single votes that day with two peerages; Sir R. Bampfylde[13] and Sir Charles Tynte[14]—and so are going to light up the flame of two more county elections—and that in the west, where surely nothing was wanting but a tinder-box!

You would have almost laughed to see the spectres produced by both sides; one would have thought that they had sent a search-warrant for Members of Parliament into every hospital. Votes were brought down in flannels and

[13] Sir Richard Warwick Bamfylde, fourth Baronet, of Poltimore, Devonshire; M.P. for Devonshire.

[14] Sir Charles Kemeys Tynte, fifth Baronet, of Halsewell; M.P. for Somersetshire.

blankets, till the floor of the House looked like the pool of Bethesda. 'Tis wonderful that half of us are not dead—I should not say *us*; herculean *I* have not suffered the least, except that from being a Hercules of ten grains, I don't believe I now weigh above eight. I felt from nothing so much as the noise, which made me as drunk as an owl—you may imagine the clamours of two parties so nearly matched, and so impatient to come to a decision.

The Duchess of Richmond has got a fever with the attendance of Tuesday—but on Friday we were forced to be unpolite. The Amazons came down in such squadrons, that we were forced to be denied. However, eight or nine of the Patriotesses dined in one of the Speaker's rooms, and stayed there till twelve—nay, worse, while their dear country was at stake, I am afraid they were playing at loo!

The Townshends, you perceive by this account, are returned; their father not dead. Lord Howe and the Colonel [15] voted with us; so did Lord Newnham [16], and is likely to be turned out of doors for it. A warrant to take up Lord Charles Spencer was sent to Blenheim from Bedford House, and signed by his brother, and returned for him; so he went thither—not a very kind office in the Duke of Marlborough to Lord Charles's character. Lord Granby refused to make the motion, but spoke for it.

Lord Hardwicke is relapsed; but we do not now fear any consequences from his death. The Yorkes, who abandoned a triumphant administration, are not so tender as to return and comfort them in their depression.

[15] Colonel Hon. William (afterwards fifth Viscount) Howe (d. 1814); Commander-in-Chief in North America, 1776–8.

[16] George Simon Harcourt (1736–1809), Viscount Nuneham, eldest son of first Earl Harcourt, whom he succeeded in 1777. Lord Nuneham's refined and artistic tastes and his political views gained him Horace Walpole's friendship. The two frequently corresponded between 1763 and 1785, when Earl Harcourt (as he then was) incurred Horace Walpole's disapproval by opposition to Fox's India Bill, while his subsequent reconciliation to the court excited Walpole's contempt and ridicule.

The chief business now, I suppose, will lie in *souterrains* and intrigues. Lord Bute's panic will, probably, direct him to make application to us. Sandwich will be manufacturing lies, and Rigby negotiations. Some change or other, whether partial or extensive, must arrive. The best that can happen for the ministers, is to be able to ward off the blow till the recess, and they have time to treat at leisure; but in just the present state it is impossible things should remain. The opposition is too strong, and their leaders too able to make no impression.

Adieu! pray tell Mr. Hume that I am ashamed to be thus writing the history of England, when he is with you!

P.S. The new baronies are contradicted, but may recover truth at the end of the session.

935. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 20, 1764.

The seeds of opposition were sown a long time before they produced any fruit, but a violent crop has shot up this week. I don't know, my dear Sir, whether you are not too much a foreigner to comprehend what I am going to tell you. Does not it sound strange to your Tuscan ears that a Member of Parliament, after being expelled the House and fled from his country, should have his complaint tried against the whole Secretary's office for breach of his privilege? Learn to adore *Liberty*, when it defends the rights of a man after he has forfeited them!—and don't despise the constitutions of your countrymen, who have endured such fatigue for a week as will give your Italian nerves the headache but to hear of.

On Monday we sat till past midnight hearing evidence on the seizure of Wilkes's papers. The next day we proceeded,

closed the evidence at one in the morning, and then went—not to bed—but into a debate. The opposition moved to vote the seizure of papers by warrants, not specifying names, to be illegal. The ministers insisted that we should first clear the accused, as having acted according to the forms of office. A quarter after four we divided, when, to the utter confusion of the court, they proved but 207; we 197. Here your Florentine arithmetic may again be at fault, and not tell you that a majority of *but ten* is a defeat; for you must reckon into the minority, popularity, the hopes of the interested, and their fears, and twenty circumstances that contribute to drown a sinking administration. To give them their due, they dispute the ground inch by inch. We again fell to debating, divided again, 208 and 184; and, in short, sat till a quarter after seven in the morning. On Friday we went on the great question itself, which held us from three o'clock in the afternoon till half an hour after five the next morning. We are again beaten; but how beaten? by 232 against 218; a minority increasing as it is defeated.

Do not you wonder that I am alive? that I am writing to you? Was ever such a week? never. Was there ever so late a day as Tuesday? never. Go and look over the Fasti in your Capitol, you will find nothing like this. If we have out-conquered the Romans, we have out-talked them too—I mean in length of time; I cannot say our eloquence has been equal to our perseverance. There was some spirit towards morning on Tuesday; very little indeed on Friday that was not absolute dullness; yet Mr. Pitt commanded, but so oppressed with gout, and so exhausted, that, though he spoke above an hour, at four in the morning it was as languid as if he had been paid for it. In truth, his enemies were not formidable. We had the five best speakers in the House,—him, Charles Townshend, Mr. Conway,

Charles Yorke, and Lord George Sackville, who has *deserted* from the court.

The world you may conclude waits in anxious suspense for the subsequent operations of the campaign. The ministers must try if by *weight of metal* they can maintain their ground. For my part, I am satisfied. I did not believe that there were 197 men who had spirit and virtue enough to resist all temptations, when their liberties were at stake. Since there are so many, it is enough to ward off any danger from such bunglers as the present ministers, the badness of whose characters, assisted by no better parts, is an antidote to their own poison. Their best champion has parts and shrewdness, but is so impudently profligate that even absolute power in the crown, which he is so ready to promote, could not protect him long. This hero of brass is the Attorney-General Norton, who is qualified to draw up impious manifestoes for a Czarina!

There is nothing in the shape of news but these politics; but they are full employment for the town; and one that will not speedily be concluded. Should even a change of administration happen, I do not see that tranquillity would be restored. Lord Bute has set such humours on float as may take half a century to reduce into a quiet channel. Even a delay of change may cost some men very dear. The longer the torrent of a nation is opposed, with the more fury it is apt to carry away the dykes.

The foreigners, of whom there are numbers here, for we have not yet lost our fashionableness in Europe, attend our debates assiduously, though even the language is a secret to them! What, then, must a question of law be? But they think themselves rewarded by *seeing* Mr. Pitt *speak* at five in the morning.

I was diverted with your account of the Princess of

Modena's[1] transit through Florence, and of the regales they gave her. I am impatient for the Duke of York's arrival there; but do you know that the speculations of one of your politicians on that journey was not so wide of the mark as you think[2]? *Mi capisce?* I do not mean the simpleton who thought the flames raised by the *North Briton* would reach St. James's.

I do not pretend to guess what will happen, for I have laid an embargo on my own prophesying. If any change arrives, this letter will, at least, have prepared you for it. Adieu!

936. To Miss Anne Pitt.

February 21, 1764.

The gravest and best-informed persons say, that those divine ladies the fairies are under the necessity of appearing one day in a week in a mortal shape, during which time they are liable to all the accidents that afflict sublunary beings. I am sure yesterday was not your mortal day, and I hope to-day is not. I hope your *humanity* does not suffer for a double exertion of your *fairyhood*. I have read many fairy-tales, but I never lived one till last night[1]—

> so thick the aery crowd
> Swarm'd and were straiten'd, till the signal giv'n:
> Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd
> In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
> Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
> Throng numberless, like that Pygmæan race
> Beyond the Indian mount, or fairy elves,
> Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,
> Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,

Letter 935.—[1] Maria Theresa of Massa Carrara, wife of Hercules Rinaldo, Hereditary Prince (afterwards Duke) of Modena.

[2] The Duke was thought to incline to opposition.

Letter 936.—Not in C.; now printed from *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th Report, Appendix, Pt. III, vol. i. p. 145.

[1] Miss Pitt had given a ball. See letter to Earl of Hertford of Feb. 24, 1764.

Or dreams he sees: *while overhead the moon*
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course; they on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear.
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds[2].

Forgive me this long quotation, but you see, Madam, every word was too applicable to be omitted, especially the last line, for Milton alone could describe how charmed the heart was of yours ever.

937. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir,

I am impatient for your manuscript, but have not yet received it. You may depend on my keeping it to myself, and returning it safely.

I do not know that history of my father[1], which you mention by the name of Musgrave. If it is the Critical History of his Administration, I have it; if not, I shall be obliged to you for it.

Your kindness to your tenants is like yourself and most humane. I am glad your prize rewards you, and wish your fortune had been as good as mine, who with a single ticket in this last lottery got five hundred pounds.

I have nothing new, that is, nothing old, to tell you. You care not about the present world, and are the only real philosopher I know.

I this winter met with a very large lot of English heads, chiefly of the reign of James I, which very nearly perfects my collection. There were several which I had in vain

[2] *Paradise Lost*, i. 775–88.

Letter 937.—Wrongly placed by C.; endorsed by Cole 'Received Feb. 24, St. Matthias, 1764.'

[1] *A brief and true History of Sir Robert Walpole and his Family from their Original to the present Time* (London, 1738), by William Musgrave.

hunted for these ten years. I have bought, too, some very scarce, but more modern ones out of Sir Charles Cottrell's collection. Except a few of Faithorne, there are scarce any now that I much wish for.

With my *Anecdotes* I packed up for you the head of Archbishop Hutton, and a new little print of Strawberry. If the volumes, as I understand by your letter, stay in town to be bound, I hope your bookseller will take care not to lose those trifles.

I am, dear Sir,
Your ever obliged,
Humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

938. To Sir David Dalrymple.

DEAR SIR, Arlington Street, Feb. 23, 1764.

I am much in your debt, but have had but too much excuse for being so. Men who go to bed at six and seven in the morning, and who rise but to return to the same fatigue, have little leisure for other most necessary duties. The severe attendance we have had lately in the House of Commons cannot be unknown to you, and will already, I trust, have pleaded my pardon.

Mr. Bathoe has got the two volumes for you, and will send them by the conveyance you prescribe. You will find in them much, I fear, that will want your indulgence; and not only dryness, trifles, and, I conclude, many mistakes, but perhaps opinions different from your own. I can only plead my natural and constant frankness, which always speaks indifferently, as it thinks, on all sides and subjects. I am bigoted to none; Charles or Cromwell, Whigs or Tories, are all alike to me, but in what I think they deserve, applause or censure; and therefore, if I sometimes commend,

sometimes blame them, it is not from being inconsistent, but from considering them in the single light in which I then speak of them; at the same time meaning to give only my private opinion, and not at all expecting to have it adopted by any other man. Thus much, perhaps, it was necessary for me to say, and I will trouble you no farther about myself.

Single portraits by Vandyck I shall avoid particularizing any farther, and also separate pieces by other masters, for a reason I may trust you with. Many persons possess pictures which they believe or call originals, without their being so, and have wished to have them inserted in my lists. This I certainly do not care to do, nor, on the other hand, to assume the impertinence of deciding from my own judgement. I shall, therefore, stop where I have stopped. The portrait which you mention, of the Earl of Warwick, Sir, is very famous and indubitable; but I believe you will assent to my prudence, which does not trouble me too often. I have heard as much fame of the Earl of Denbigh[1].

You will see in my next edition, that I have been so lucky as to find and purchase both the drawings that were at Buckingham House, of the Triumphs of Riches and Poverty[2]. They have raised even my idea of Holbein. Could I afford it, and we had engravers equal to the task, the public should be acquainted with their merit; but I am disgusted with paying great sums for wretched performances. I am ashamed of the prints in my books, which were extravagantly paid for, and are wretchedly executed.

Your zeal for reviving the publication of Illustrious Heads accords, Sir, extremely with my own sentiments; but I own

LETTER 938.—[1] William Fielding (d. 1643), first Earl of Denbigh.

[2] Drawings by Zucchero after Holbein. 'These drawings, invaluable by the originals being lost, were purchased from Buckingham House, when Sir Charles Sheffield sold it to the King.' (*Description of Strawberry Hill.*)

I despair of that, and every other public work. Our artists get so much money by hasty, slovenly performances, that they will undertake nothing that requires labour and time. I have never been able to persuade any one of them to engrave the Beauties at Windsor[3], which are daily perishing for want of fires in that palace. Most of them entered into a plan I had undertaken, of an edition of Grammont, with portraits. I had three executed; but after the first, which was well done, the others were so wretchedly performed, though even the best was much too dear, that I was forced to drop the design. Walker[4], who has done much the best heads in my new volumes, told me, when I pressed him to consider his reputation, that 'he had got fame enough!' What hopes, Sir, can one entertain after so shameful an answer? I have had numerous schemes, but never could bring any to bear, but what depended solely on myself; and how little is it that a private man, with a moderate fortune, and who has many other avocations, can accomplish alone? I flattered myself that this reign would have given new life and views to the artists and the curious. I am disappointed; politics on one hand, and want of taste in those about his Majesty on the other, have prevented my expectations from being answered.

The letters you tell me of, Sir, are indeed curious, both those of Atterbury and the rest; but I cannot flatter myself that I shall be able to contribute to publication. My press, from the narrowness of its extent, and having but one man and a boy, goes very slow; nor have I room or fortune to carry it farther. What I have already in hand, or promised, will take me up a long time. The London booksellers play me all manner of tricks. If I do not allow them ridiculous profit, they will do nothing to promote the sale; and when I do, they buy up the impression, and sell it at an advanced

[3] By Lely.

[4] Antony Walker (1726-1765).

price before my face. This is the case of my two first volumes of *Anecdotes*, for which people have been made to pay half a guinea, and a guinea, more than the advertised price. In truth, the plague I have had in every shape with my own printers, engravers, the booksellers, &c., besides my own trouble, have almost discouraged me from what I took up at first as an amusement, but which has produced very little of it.

I am sorry, upon the whole, Sir, to be forced to confess to you, that I have met with so many discouragements in virtù and literature. If an independent gentleman, though a private one, finds such obstacles, what must an ingenious man do, who is obliged to couple views of profit with zeal for the public? Or, do our artists and booksellers cheat me the more because I am a gentleman? Whatever is the cause, I am almost as sick of the profession of editor, as of author. If I touch upon either more, it will be more idly, though chiefly because I never can be quite idle.

939. To the Earl of Hertford.

Arlington Street, Feb. 24, 1764.

As I had an opportunity, on Tuesday last, of sending you a letter of eleven pages, by a very safe conveyance, I shall say but few words to-day; indeed, I have left nothing to say, but to thank you for the answer I received from you this morning to mine by Monsieur Monin. I am very happy that you take so kindly the freedom I used: the circumstances made me think it necessary; and I flatter myself, that you are persuaded I was not to blame in speaking so openly, when two persons so dear to me[1] were concerned. Your indulgence will not lead me to abuse it. What you say on the caution I mentioned, convinces me that I was

Letter 939.—[1] The Earl of Hertford and General Conway.

right, by finding your judgement correspond with my own—but enough of that.

My long letter, which, perhaps, you will not receive till after this (you will receive it from a lady), will give you a full detail of the last extraordinary week. Since that, there has been an accidental suspension of arms. Not only Mr. Pitt is laid up with the gout, but the Speaker has it too. We have been adjourned till to-day, and, as he is not recovered, have again adjourned till next Wednesday. The events of the week have been, a complaint made by Lord Lyttelton in your House, of a book called *Droit le Roy*[2]; a tract written in the highest strain of prerogative, and drawn from all the old obsolete law-books on that question. The ministers met this complaint with much affected indignation, and even on the complaint being communicated to us, took it up themselves; and both Houses have ordered the book to be burned by the hangman. To comfort themselves for this forced zeal for liberty, the *North Briton* and the *Essay on Woman* have both been condemned[3] by juries in the King's Bench; but that triumph has been more than balanced again, by the City giving their freedom to Lord Chief-Justice Pratt, ordering his picture to be placed in the King's Bench, thanking their members for their behaviour in Parliament on the warrant, and giving orders for instructions to be drawn for their future conduct.

Lord Granby is made Lord Lieutenant of Derbyshire; but the vigour of this affront was wofully weakened by excuses to the Duke of Devonshire, and by its being known that the measure was determined two months ago.

All this sounds very hostile; yet, don't be surprised if you hear of some sudden treaty. Don't you know a little busy

[2] By Timothy Brecknock, hanged in 1786.

[3] On Feb. 21 Wilkes was found guilty of being the author of the *North Briton* and the *Essay on Woman*.

squadron that had the chief hand in the negotiation last autumn? Well, I have reason to think that Phraates[4] is negotiating with Leonidas[5] by the same intervention. All the world sees that the present ministers are between two fires. Would it be extraordinary if the artillery of both should be discharged on them at once? But this is not proper for the post: I grow prudent the less prudence is necessary.

We are in pain for the Duchess of Richmond, who, instead of the jaundice, has relapsed into a fever. She was blooded twice last night, and yet had a very bad night. I called at the door at three o'clock, when they thought the fever rather diminished, but spoke of her as very ill. I have not seen your brother or Lady Aylesbury to-day, but found they had been very much alarmed yesterday evening. Lord Suffolk, they say, is going to be married to Miss Trevor Hampden.

Your brother has told me, that among Lady Hertford's things seized at Dover, was a packet for me from you. Mr. Bowman has undertaken to make strict inquiry for it. Adieu, my dear Lord.

P.S. We had, last Monday, the prettiest ball that ever was seen, at Mrs. Anne Pitt's, in the compass of a silver penny. There were one hundred and four persons, of which number fifty-five supped. The supper-room was disposed with tables and benches back to back, in the manner of an ale-house. The idea sounds ill; but the fairies had so improved upon it, had so *be-garlanded*, so *sweetmeated*, and so *desserted* it, that it looked like a vision. I told her she could only have fed and stowed so much company by a miracle, and that, when we were gone, she would take up twelve baskets-full of people. The Duchess of Bedford asked me before Madame de Guerchy, if I would not give

[4] The Earl of Bute. [5] Mr. Pitt.

them a ball at Strawberry? Not for the universe! What! turn a ball, and dust, and dirt, and a million of candles, into my charming new gallery! I said, I could not flatter myself that people would give themselves the trouble of going eleven miles for a *ball*—(though I believe they would go fifty)—'Well, then,' says she, 'it shall be a *dinner*.'—'With all my heart, I have no objection; but no *ball* shall set its foot within my doors.'

940. To Grosvenor Bedford.

Dear Sir, Feb. 29, 1764.

I will get you to send one of the porters of the Exchequer, in whom you have most confidence, with the enclosed three guineas. Two are for the prisoners that are sick in the new jail, Southwark; the other for those in the common side of the Marshalsea prison. He must not say from whom he comes, but in the name of A. B., and don't let him go into the prison, for the jail distemper is there.

I want some gilt paper and a penknife.

Yours ever,
H. W.

941. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, March 3, 1764.

Just as I was going to the Opera, I received your MS. I would not defer telling you so, that you may know it is safe. But I have additional reason to write to you immediately, for, on opening the book, the first thing I saw was a new obligation to you, the charming Faithorne of Sir Orlando Bridgman[1], which according to your constantly obliging manner you have sent me, and I almost fear you

Letter 941.—[1] Sir Orlando Bridgeman, first Baronet, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, 1667–72; d. 1674.

think I begged it; but I can disculpate myself, for I had discovered that it belongs to Dugdale's *Origines Judiciales*, and had ordered my bookseller to try to get me that book, which when I accomplish, you shall command your own print again; for it is too fine an impression to rob you of.

I have been so entertained with your book, that I have stayed at home on purpose, and gone through three parts of it. It makes me wish earnestly some time or other to go through all your collections, for I have already found twenty things of great moment to me. One is particularly satisfactory to me; it is in Mr. Baker's[2] MSS. at Cambridge; the title of Eglesham's[3] book against the Duke of Bucks, mentioned by me in the account of Gerbier, from Vertue, who fished out everything, and always proves in the right. This piece I must get transcribed by Mr. Gray's assistance. I fear I shall detain your MS. prisoner a little, for the notices I have found, but I will take infinite care of it, as it deserves.

I have got among my *new* old prints a most curious one of one Toole. It seems to be a burlesque. He lived in *temp.* Jac. I, and appears to have been an adventurer, like Sir Ant. Shirley: can you tell me anything of him?

I must repeat how infinitely I think myself obliged to you both for the print and the use of your MS., which is of the greatest use and entertainment to me—but you frighten me about Mr. Baker's MSS. from the neglect of them. I should lose all patience if yours were to be treated so. Bind them in iron, and leave them in a chest of cedar.

[2] Thomas Baker (1656–1740), nonjuror and antiquary. His *Life* was written by Horace Walpole at Cole's request. (See *Works* of Lord Orford, vol. ii. p. 339.)

[3] George Eglesham, a physician, author of *Prodromus Vindictae*, a pamphlet published in 1626, in which he accused the Duke of Buckingham of having caused the deaths of James I and of the Marquis of Hamilton. It was afterwards translated into English as *The Forerunner of Revenge.*

They are, I am sure, most valuable, from what I have found already. Adieu! dear Sir.

Your very much obliged,
Humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

942. To the Earl of Hertford.

My dear Lord, Strawberry Hill, Sunday, March 11, 1764.

The last was so busy a week with me, that I had not a minute's time to tell you of Lord Hardwicke's death. I had so many auctions, dinners, loo-parties, so many sick acquaintance, with the addition of a long day in the House of Commons (which, by the way, I quitted for a sale of books), and a ball, that I left the common newspapers to inform you of an event, which two months ago would have been of much consequence. The Yorkes are fixed, and the contest at Cambridge[1] will but make them strike deeper root in opposition. I have not heard how their father has portioned out his immense treasures. The election at Cambridge is to be on Tuesday, 24th; Charles Townshend is gone thither, and I suppose, by this time, has ranted, and romanced, and turned every one of their ideas topsy-turvy.

Our long day was Friday, the opening of the budget. Mr. Grenville spoke for two hours and forty minutes; much of it well, but too long, too many repetitions, and too evident marks of being galled by reports, which he answered with more art than sincerity. There were a few more speeches, till nine o'clock, but no division. Our armistice, you see, continues. Lord Bute is, I believe, negotiating with both sides; I know he is with the opposition, and has a prospect

Letter 942.—[1] For the office of High Steward. The candidates were the Earls of Hardwicke and Sandwich. The former was ultimately elected.

of making very good terms for himself, for Patriots seldom have the gift of perseverance. It is wonderful how soon their virtue thaws!

Last Thursday, the Duchess of Queensberry gave a ball, opened it herself with a minuet, and danced two country dances: as she had enjoined everybody to be with her by six, to sup at twelve, and go away directly. Of the Campbell-sisters, all were left out but Lady Strafford. Lady Rockingham and Lady Sondes, who, having had colds, deferred sending answers, received notice that their places were filled up, and that they must not come; but were pardoned on submission. A card was sent to invite Lord and Lady Cardigan, and Lord *Beaulieu* instead of Lord Montagu[2]. This, her Grace protested, was by accident. Lady Cardigan was very angry, and yet went. Except these flights, the only extraordinary thing the Duchess did, was to do nothing extraordinary, for I do not call it very mad that some pique happening between her and the Duchess of Bedford, the latter had this distich sent to her,

> Come with a whistle, and come with a call,
> Come with a good will, or come not at all.

I do not know whether what I am going to tell you did not border a little upon Moorfields. The gallery where they danced was very cold. Lord Lorn, George Selwyn, and I, retired into a little room, and sat comfortably by the fire. The Duchess looked in, said nothing, and sent a smith to take the hinges of the door off. We understood the hint, and left the room, and so did the smith the door. This was pretty legible.

My niece Waldegrave talks of accompanying me to Paris, but ten or twelve weeks may make great alteration in a

[2] Lord Montagu was Lord Cardigan's eldest son; Lord Beaulieu was the husband of Lady Cardigan's sister, with whom she was on bad terms.

handsome young widow's plan: I even think I see some who will—not forbid banns, but propose them. Indeed, I am almost afraid of coming to you myself. The air of Paris works such miracles, that it is not safe to trust oneself there. I hear of nothing but my Lady Hertford's rakery, and Mr. Wilkes's religious deportment and constant attendance at your chapel. Lady Anne[3], I conclude, chatters as fast as my Lady Essex[4] and her four daughters.

Princess Amelia told me t'other night, and bade me tell you, that she had seen Lady Massarene[5] at Bath, who is warm in praise of you, and said that you had spent two thousand pounds out of friendship, to support her son[6] in an election. She told the Princess too, that she had found a rent-roll of your estate in a farm-house, and that it is fourteen thousand a year. This I was ordered, I know not why, to tell you. The Duchess of Bedford has not been asked to the loo-parties at Cavendish House[7] this winter, and only once to whisk there, and that was one Friday, when she is at home herself. We have nothing at the Princess's but silver-loo, and her Bath and Tunbridge acquaintance. The *trade* at our gold-loo is as contraband as ever. I cannot help saying, that the Duchess of Bedford would mend our silver-loo, and that I wish everybody played like her at the gold.

Arlington Street, Tuesday.

You thank me, my dear Lord, for my gazettes (in your letter of the 8th) more than they deserve. There is no trouble in sending you news; as you excuse the careless

[3] Lady Anne Seymour-Conway (d. 1784), eldest daughter of first Earl of Hertford; m. (1766) Charles Moore, sixth Earl (afterwards Marquis) of Drogheda.

[4] Lady Elizabeth Russell, youngest daughter of second Duke of Bedford; m. (1726), as his second wife, William Capel, third Earl of Essex; d. 1784.

[5] Anne (d. 1805), daughter of Henry Eyre, of Rowtor, Derby; m. (1741), as his second wife, Clotworthy Skeffington, fifth Viscount (afterwards first Earl of) Massareene.

[6] Clotworthy Skeffington (1743–1805), second Earl of Massareene.

[7] Princess Amelia's house, at the corner of Harley Street.

manner in which I write anything I hear. Don't think yourself obliged to be punctual in answering me: it would be paying too dear for such idle and trifling dispatches. Your picture of the attention paid to Madame Pompadour's illness, and of the ridicule attached to the mission of that homage, is very striking. It would be still more so by comparison. Think if the Duke of Cumberland was to set up with my Lord Bute!

The East India Company, yesterday, elected Lord Clive—Great Mogul; that is, they have made him Governor-General of Bengal, and restored his jaghire. I dare to say he will put it out of their power ever to take it away again. We have had a deluge of disputes and pamphlets on the late events in that distant province of our empire, the Indies. The novelty of the manners divert me: our governors there, I think, have learned more of their treachery and injustice, than they have taught them of our discipline.

Monsieur Helvetius arrived yesterday. I will take care to inform the Princess, that you could not do otherwise than you did about her trees. My compliments to all your hôtel.

943. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, March 18, 1764.

As I mean, my dear Sir, that my letters should amuse or inform you, I ought not, at least in the first intention, to write them here, whither I generally come to tranquillize myself from folly and bustle, or to compose my mind under any misfortune; my situation at this moment. I have just lost my nephew, Lord Malpas[1]; a worthy amiable man, whom I have loved from his childhood. But my grief is

Letter 943.—[1] George Cholmondeley, eldest son of George, third Earl of Cholmondeley, by Mary, daughter of Sir Robert Walpole. Lord Malpas married Hester, only daughter of Sir Francis Edwards. *Walpole.*

light compared to that of poor Lady Malpas. He married her sixteen years ago, with no considerable portion of beauty, and less fortune, though of an exceedingly good family. As his father's profusion called for his restoring the estate, we lamented this match; but it proved a blessing: there never was a more prudent, estimable woman. They lived in the happiest union. Above two months ago he went to his regiment in Ireland, and came away ill. He arrived in town last Monday, grew immediately worse; it turned to an inflammation in his bowels, and carried him off in five days. There is but a slender provision for his widow, and less for his only daughter[2]. The son, who is near fifteen, is a fine boy, with such an amiable tenderness in his nature, that if I could trust to hopes and appearances, I should flatter myself, that he would alleviate his mother's misfortune, and restore his family. Lady Malpas has singular claim to such compensation; her mother, Lady Edwards, made a second match imprudently with a man who plundered and left her, and ever since Lady Malpas has maintained her, and at the same time, maintained her own duty and respect.

This has been a fatal month. Lord Hardwicke[3], Lord Townshend[4], and Lord Macclesfield[5], are all dead. The first immensely rich, and, I at least think, no loss. The second has given everything he could to a housemaid, by whom he had three children; but a great deal reverts to my Lady, who cannot enjoy that, or her widowhood, as she would have done a few years ago. She is paralytic; and it affects all that pleased one in her—her speech and spirits. Lord Macclesfield had married *his* mistress, or at least other

[2] She was afterwards married to Clapcote Lisle, Esq. *Walpole.*

[3] Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke, had been Lord Chancellor. *Walpole.*

[4] Charles, Viscount Townshend, son of the Secretary of State. *Walpole.*

[5] George Parker, second Earl of Macclesfield. *Walpole.*

people's—but she was a gentlewoman, and has behaved extremely well. His Tellership of the Exchequer comes by reversion to Mr. Grenville's son [6].

Don't you wonder what has become of our politics? Did not you expect to hear that the opposition were pushing their almost triumphant arms into every quarter? No such thing; yet Hannibal [7] is not enervating himself at Capua. A gouty bed is his bed of roses. Mr. Yorke has been confined with his father, and by his death; and Lord Townshend's death has secluded Charles Townshend. This confinement of the generals might account to the world for the suspension of arms; but I believe is not the true cause. Both sides are treating with the abdicated favourite; and the balance he cannot hold, he can incline as he pleases. When the Parliament rises, I shall expect he will decide.

Lord Clive has been suddenly nominated, by the East India Company, to the empire of Bengal, where Dupleix [8] has taught all our merchants to affect to be King-making Earls of Warwick, and where the chief things they have made are blunders and confusion. It is amazing that our usurpations have not taught the Indians union, discipline, and courage. We are governing nations to which it takes a year to send our orders.

I am sorry for what you tell me in your letter of the 18th, that Lord B.[9] does not please in Russia; for his own particular I am very indifferent, but I have great regard for his aunt, Lady Suffolk, and know how much it will hurt her if she hears it. That he should be pert *mal à propos*, does not surprise me. He would never have been my choice for such an employment, which ought so little to be

[6] Eldest son of George Grenville, and afterwards Earl Temple. *Walpole.*—Cr. Marquis of Buckingham, 1784; Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1782-83 and 1787-89; d. 1813.

[7] Mr. William Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham. *Walpole.*

[8] Joseph (d. 1763), Marquis Dupleix, formerly Governor-General of the French East Indies.

[9] John Hobart, second Earl of Buckinghamshire. *Walpole.*

given by favour, and is so seldom given for any other reason —is so seldom given to a Sir Horace Mann. You know it is my opinion, that the reason of sending so many fools about Europe from all parts of Europe, is, that such are elected whose capacities resemble most the heads of those they are to represent. Adieu! It is time to finish when I attack the *Corps Diplomatique* and the *Patronanza*, though writing to a minister.

P.S. We expect every day to hear of the death of Madame Pompadour[10].

944. To the Earl of Hertford.

Sunday, March 18, 1764.

You will feel, my dear Lord, for the loss I have had, and for the much greater affliction of poor Lady Malpas. My nephew went to his regiment in Ireland before Christmas, and returned but last Monday. He had, I suppose, heated himself in that bacchanalian country, and was taken ill the very day he set out, yet he came on, but grew much worse the night of his arrival; it turned to an inflammation in his bowels, and he died last Friday. You may imagine the distress where there was so much domestic felicity, and where the deprivation is augmented by the very slender circumstances in which he could but leave his family; as his father—such an improvident father—is living! Lord Malpas himself was very amiable, and I had always loved him—but this is the cruel tax one pays for living, to see one's friends taken away before one! It has been a week of mortality. The night I wrote to you last, and had sent away my letter, came an account of my Lord Townshend's death. He had been ill-treated by a surgeon in the country,

[10] She died on April 15, 1764.

then was carried improperly to the Bath, and again back to Rainham; though Hawkins, and other surgeons and physicians, represented his danger to him. But the woman he kept, probably to prevent his seeing his family, persisted in these extravagant journeys, and he died in exquisite torment the day after his arrival in Norfolk. He mentions none of his children in his will, but the present Lord; to whom he gives 300*l.* a year that he had bought, adjoining to his estate. But there is said, or supposed to be, 50,000*l.* in the funds in his mistress's name, who was his housemaid. I do not aver this, for truth is not the staple commodity of that family. Charles is much disappointed and discontented —not so my Lady, who has to 2,000*l.* a year already, another 1,000*l.* in jointure, and 1,500*l.* her own estate[1] in Hertfordshire. We conclude, that the Duke of Argyle will abandon Mrs. Villiers for this richer widow; who will only be inconsolable, as she is too cunning, I believe, to let anybody console her. Lord Macclesfield is dead too; a great windfall for Mr. Grenville, who gets a Teller's place for his son.

There is no public news: there was a longish day on Friday in our House, on a demand for money for the new bridge[2] from the City. It was refused, and into the accompt of contempt, Dr. Hay threw a good deal of abuse on the Common Council—a nest of hornets, that I do not see the prudence of attacking.

I leave to your brother to tell you the particulars of an impertinent paragraph in the papers on you and your embassy[3]; but I must tell you how instantly, warmly, and

LETTER 944.—[1] Balls Park, Hertfordshire.

[2] Blackfriars Bridge.

[3] 'The printers of the *London Evening Post and Gazetteer* were called before the House of Lords, on a complaint made by the Earl of Marchmont, for printing a letter (written by Wilkes) reflecting on the Earl of Hertford, ambassador at Paris, for employing David Hume, the historian, as his secretary, and representing the embassy as totally of Scotch complexion.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. i. p. 311.)

zealously, he resented it. He went directly to the Duke of Somerset [4], to beg him to complain of it to the Lords. His Grace's bashfulness made him choose rather to second the complaint, but he desired Lord Marchmont to make it, who liked the office, and the printers are to attend your House to-morrow.

I went a little too fast in my history of Lord Clive, and yet I had it from Mr. Grenville himself. The jaghire is to be decided by law, that is, in the year 1900. Nor is it certain that his Omarship goes; that will depend on his obtaining a board of directors to his mind, at the approaching election. I forgot, too, to answer your question about Luther; and now I remember it, I cannot answer it. Some said his wife had been gallant. Some, that he had been too gallant, and that she suffered for it. Others laid it to his expenses at his election; others again, to political squabbles on that subject between him and his wife—but in short, as he sprung into the world by his election, so he withered when it was over, and has not been thought on since.

George Selwyn has had a frightful accident, that ended in a great escape. He was at dinner at Lord Coventry's, and just as he was drinking a glass of wine, he was seized with a fit of coughing, the liquor went wrong, and suffocated him: he got up for some water at the side-board, but being strangled, and losing his senses, he fell against the corner of the marble table with such violence, that they thought he had killed himself by a fracture of his skull. He lay senseless for some time, and was recovered with difficulty. He was immediately blooded, and had the chief wound, which is just over the eye, sewed up—but you never saw so battered a figure. All round his eye is as black as jet, and besides the scar on his forehead, he has cut his nose at top and bottom. He is well off with his life, and we with his wit.

[4] Edward Seymour (1718–1792), ninth Duke of Somerset.

P.S. Lord Macclesfield has left his wife threescore thousand pounds.

945. To the Earl of Hertford.

Tuesday night, March 27, 1764.

Your brother has just told me, my dear Lord, at the Opera, that Colonel Keith[1], a friend of his, sets out for Paris on Thursday. I take that opportunity of saying a few things to you, which would be less public than by the common post; and if I have not time to write to Lord Beauchamp too, I will defer my answer to him till Friday, as the post office will be more welcome to read that.

Lord Bute is come to town, has been long with the King alone, and goes publicly to court and the House of Lords, where the Barony of Bottetourt[2] has engrossed them some days, and of which the town thinks much, and I not at all, so I can tell you nothing about it. The first two days, I hear, Lord Bute was little noticed; but to-day much court was paid to him, even by the Duke of Bedford. Why this difference, I don't know: that matters are somehow adjusted between the favourite not minister, and the ministers not favourites, I have no doubt. Pitt certainly has been treating with him, and so threw away the great and unexpected progress which the opposition had made. They, good people, are either not angry with him for this, or have not found it out. The Sandwiches and Rigbys, who feel another half-year coming into their pockets, are not so blind. For my own part, I rejoice that the opposition are only fools, and by thus missing their treaty, will not appear knaves. In the meantime, I have no doubt but the return of Lord Bute must produce confusion at court. He and Grenville are both too fond of being ministers, not to be jealous of one

Letter 945.— [1] Afterwards Sir Robert Murray Keith, K.B.

[2] Revived in April 1764 in favour of Norborne Berkeley.

another. If what is said to be designed proves true, that the King will go to Hanover, and take the Queen with him, I shall expect that clamour (which you see depends on very few men, for it has subsided during these private negotiations) will rise higher than ever. The Queen's absence must be designed to leave the regency in the hands of another lady[3]; connect that with Lord Bute's return, and judge what will be the consequence! These are the present politics, at least mine, who trouble myself little about them, and know less. I have not been at the House this month; the great points which interested me are over, and the very stand has shut the door. I might like some folks *out*, but there are so few that I desire to see *in*, that indifference is my present most predominating principle. The busier world are attentive to the election at Cambridge, which comes on next Friday; and I think, now, Lord Sandwich's friends have little hopes. Had I a vote, it would not be given for the new Lord Hardwicke.

But we have a more extraordinary affair to engage us, and of which *you* particularly will hear much more,—indeed, I fear must be involved in. D'Éon has published (but to be sure you have already heard so) a most scandalous quarto[4], abusing Monsieur de Guerchy outrageously, and most offensive to Messieurs de Praslin[5] and Nivernois. In truth, I think he will have made all three irreconcilable enemies. The Duc de Praslin must be enraged as to the Duke's carelessness and partiality to D'Eon, and will certainly grow to hate Guerchy, concluding the latter can never forgive *him*. D'Éon, even by his own account, is as culpable

[3] The Princess Dowager of Wales.

[4] *Lettres, Mémoires et Négociations particulières du Chevalier d'Éon, &c.*, containing the 'history of his employments, troubles, quarrel with Monsieur de Guerchy, and his own wonderfully imprudent and insolent letters to the Duc de Praslin, the second Minister in power at the Court at Versailles.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. i. p. 312.)

[5] César Gabriel (1712–1785), Duc de Praslin, Minister for Foreign Affairs.

as possible, mad with pride, insolent, abusive, ungrateful, and dishonest, in short, a complication of abominations, yet originally ill-used by his court, afterwards too well; above all, he has great malice, and great parts to put that malice in play. Though there are even many bad puns in his book, a very uncommon fault in a French book, yet there is much wit too. Monsieur de Guerchy is extremely hurt, though with the least reason of the three; for his character for bravery and good-nature is so established, that here, at least, he will not suffer. I could write pages to you upon this subject, for I am full of it—but I will send you the book. The council have met to-day to consider what to do upon it[6]. Most people think it difficult for them to do anything. Lord Mansfield thinks they can —but I fear he has a little alacrity on the severe side in such cases. Yet I should be glad the *law* would allow severity in the present case. I should be glad of it, as I was in your case last week; and considering the present constitution of things, would put the severity of the law in execution. You will wonder at this sentence out of my mouth, but not when you have heard my reason. The liberty of the press has been so much abused, that almost all men, especially such as have weight, I mean, grave hypocrites and men of arbitrary principles, are ready to demand a restraint. I would therefore show, that the law, as *it already stands*, is efficacious enough to repress enormities. I hope so, particularly in Monsieur de Guerchy's case, or I do not see how a foreign minister can come hither; if, while their persons are called *sacred*, their characters are at the mercy of every servant that can pick a lock and pay for printing a letter. It is an odd coincidence of accidents

[6] The Attorney-General filed an information for libel against D'Eon. He absented himself at the time of his trial (in July 1764) and was found guilty.

that has produced abuse on you and your tally in the same week—but yours was a flea-bite.

Thank you, my dear Lord, for your anecdotes relative to Madame Pompadour, her illness, and the pretenders to her succession. I hope she may live till I see her; she is one of the greatest curiosities of the age, and I am a pretty universal virtuoso. The match of my niece with the Duke of P.[7] was, I own, what I hinted at, and what I then believed likely to happen. It is now quite off, and with very extraordinary circumstances; but if I tell it you at all, it must not be in a letter, especially when D'Éons steal letters and print them. It is a secret, and so little to the lover's advantage, that I, who have a great regard for his family, shall not be the first to divulge it.

We had, last night, a magnificent ball at Lady Cardigan's; three sumptuous suppers in three rooms. The house, you know, is crammed with fine things, pictures, china, japan, vases, and every species of curiosity. These are much increased even since I was in favour there, particularly by Lord Montagu's importations. I was curious to see how many quarrels my Lady must have gulped before she could fill her house—truly, not many (though some), for there were very few of her own acquaintance, chiefly recruits of her son and daughter. There was not the *soupçon* of a Bedford, though the town has married Lord Tavistock and Lady Betty[8]—but he is coming to you to France. The Duchess of Bedford told me how hard it was, that I, who had personally offended my Lady Cardigan, should be invited, and that she, who had done nothing, and yet had tried to be reconciled, should not be asked. 'Oh, Madam,' said I, 'be easy as to that point, for though she has invited me, she will

[7] Probably the Duke of Portland.

[8] Lady Elizabeth Montagu, daughter and heiress of fourth Earl of Cardigan (afterwards created Duke of Montagu); m. (1767) Henry Scott, third Duke of Buccleuch; d. 1827.

scarce speak to me—but I let all such quarrels come and go as they please: if people, so indifferent to me, quarrel with me, it is no reason why I should quarrel with them, and they have my full leave to be reconciled when they please.'

I must trouble you once more to know to what merchant you consigned the Princess's trees, and Lady Hervey's *bibliothèque*—I mean for the latter. I did not see the Princess last week, as the loss of my nephew kept me from public places. Of all public places, guess the most unlikely one for the most unlikely person to have been at. I had sent to know how Lady Macclesfield did: Louis brought me word that he could hardly get into St. James's Square, there was so great a crowd to see my Lord lie in state. At night I met my Lady Milton at the Duchess of Argyle's, and said in joke, 'Soh, to be sure, you have been to see my Lord Macclesfield lie in state!' thinking it impossible—she burst out into a fit of laughter, and owned she had. She and my Lady Temple had dined at Lady Betty's[9], put on hats and cloaks, and literally waited on the steps of the house in the thick of the mob, while one posse was admitted and let out again for a second to enter, before they got in.

You will as little guess what a present I have had from Holland—only a treatise of mathematical metaphysics from an author I never heard of, with great encomiums on my taste and knowledge. To be sure, I am warranted to insert this certificate among the *testimonia authorum*, before my next edition of the Painters. Now, I assure you, I am much more just—I have sent the gentleman word what a perfect ignoramus I am, and did not treat my vanity with a moment's respite. Your brother has laughed at me, or rather at the poor man who has so mistaken me, as much as ever I did at his *absence* and flinging down everything at breakfast. Tom, your brother's man, told him to-day, that

[9] Lady Betty Germain.

Mister Helvoetsluys had been to wait on him—now you are guessing,—did you find out this was Helvetius?

It is piteous late, and I must go to bed, only telling you a *bon mot* of Lady Bell Finch. Lord Bath owed her *half a crown*; he sent it next day, with a wish that he could give her *a crown*. She replied, that though he could not give her *a crown*, he could give her *a coronet*, and she was very ready to accept it. I congratulate you on your new house; and am your very sleepy humble servant.

946. To Charles Churchill.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, March 27, 1764.

I had just sent away a half-scolding letter to my sister, for not telling me of Robert's[1] arrival, and to acquaint you both with the loss of poor Lord Malpas, when I received your very entertaining letter of the 19th. I had not then got the draft of the Conqueror's kitchen, and the tiles you were so good as to send me; and grew horribly afraid lest old Dr. Ducarel, who is an ostrich of an antiquary, and can digest superannuated brickbats, should have gobbled them up. At my return from Strawberry Hill yesterday, I found the whole cargo safe, and am really much obliged to you. I weep over the ruined kitchen, but enjoy the tiles. They are exactly like a few which I obtained from the cathedral of Gloucester, when it was new paved; they are inlaid in the floor of my china-room. I would have got enough to pave it entirely; but the canons, who were flinging them away, had so much devotion left, that they enjoined me not to pave a pagoda with them, nor put them to any profane use. As scruples increase in a ratio to their decrease, I did not know but a china-room might

Letter 946.—[1] Robert and Horace, mentioned in this letter, were sons of Charles and Lady Mary Churchill.

casuistically be interpreted a pagoda, and sued for no more. My cloister is finished and consecrated; but as I intend to convert the old blue and white hall next to the china-room into a Gothic columbarium, I should seriously be glad to finish the floor with Norman tiles. However, as I shall certainly make you a visit in about two months, I will wait till then, and bring the dimensions with me.

Depend upon it, I will pay some of your debts to M. de Lislebonne; that is, I will make as great entertainments for him as any one can, who almost always dines alone in his dressing-room; I will show him everything all the morning, as much as any one can, who lies abed till noon, and never gets dressed till two o'clock; and I will endeavour to amuse him with variety of diversions every evening as much as any one can, who does nothing but play at loo till midnight, or sit behind Lady Mary Coke in a corner of a box at the Opera. Seriously, though, I will try to show him that I think distinctions paid to you and my sister favours to me, and will make a point of adding the few civilities which his name, rank, and alliance with the Guerchys can leave necessary. M. de Guerchy is adored here, and will find so, particularly at this juncture, when he has been most cruelly and publicly insulted by a mad, but villainous fellow, one D'Éon, left here by the Duc de Nivernois, who in effect is still worse treated. This creature, who has been made minister plenipotentiary, which turned his brain, as you have already heard, had stolen Nivernois's private letters, and has published them, and a thousand scandals on M. de Guerchy, in a very thick quarto. The affair is much too long for a letter, makes great noise, and gives as great offence. The council have met to-day to consider how to avenge Guerchy and punish D'Éon. I hope a legal remedy is in their power.

I will say little on the subject of Robert; you know my

opinion of his capacity, and I dare say think as I do. He is worth taking pains with. I heartily wish those pains may have success. The cure performed by James's powder charms me more than surprises me. I have long thought it could cure everything but physicians.

Politics are all becalmed. Lord Bute's reappearance on the scene, though his name is in no play-bill, may chance to revive the hurly-burly.

My Lord Townshend has not named Charles in his will, who is as much disappointed as he has often disappointed others. We had last night a magnificent ball at my Lady Cardigan's.

Those fiddles play'd that never play'd before,
And we have danc'd, where we shall dance no more.

We, that is, the *totum pro parte*,—you do not suspect me, I hope, of any youthfullities;—*d'autant moins* of dancing; I that have rumours of gout flying about me, and would fain coax them into my foot. I have almost tried to make them drunk, and inveigle them thither in their cups; but as they are not at all familiar *chez moi*, they formalize at wine, as much as a middle-aged woman who is just beginning to drink in private.

Adieu, my dear Sir! my best love to all of you. As Horace is evidently descended from the Conqueror, I will desire him to pluck up the pavement by the roots, when I want to transport it hither.

Yours affectionately,
Horace Walpole.

947. To the Earl of Hertford.

Arlington Street, April 5, 1764.

Your idea, my dear Lord, of the abusive paragraph on you being conceived at Paris, and transmitted hither, tallies

exactly with mine. I guessed that a satire on your whole establishment must come from thence: I said so immediately to two or three persons; but I did not tell you I thought so, because I did not choose to fill you with suggestions for which I had no ground, but in my own reasoning. Your arguments convince me I was in the right. Yet, were you master of proofs, the wisest thing you can do, is to act as if you had no suspicion; that is, to act as you have done, civilly, but coolly. There are men whom one would, I think, no more acknowledge for enemies than friends. One's resentment distinguishes them, and the only gratitude they can pay for that distinction is, to double the abuse. Wilkes's mind, you see, is sufficiently volatile, when he can already forget Lord Sandwich and the Scotch, and can employ himself on you. He will soon flit to other prey, when you disregard him. It is my way: I never publish a sheet, but buzz! out fly a swarm of hornets, insects that never settle upon you, if you don't strike at them; and whose venom is diverted to the next object that presents itself.

We have divine weather. The Bishop of Carlisle has been with me two days at Strawberry, where we saw the eclipse[1] to perfection:—not that there was much sight in it. The air was very chill at the time, and the light singular; but there was not a blackbird that left off singing for it. In the evening, the Duke of Devonshire came with the Straffords from t'other end of Twickenham, and drank tea with us. They had none of them seen the gallery since it was finished; even the chapel was new to the Duke, he was so struck with it that he desired to offer at the shrine an incense-pot of silver filigrain.

The election at Cambridge has ended, for the present, in strange confusion. The proctors, who were of different

LETTER 947.—[1] An eclipse of the sun on April 1, 1764.

sides, assumed each a majority; the votes, however, appear to have been equal. The learned in university decisions say an equality is a negative: if so, Lord Hardwicke is excluded. Yet the novelty of the case, it not having been very customary to *solicit* such a trifling honour, and the antiquated forms of proceeding retained in colleges, leave the matter wide open for further contention, an advantage Lord Sandwich cherishes as much as success. The grave are highly scandalized:—popularity was still warmer. The undergraduates, who, having no votes, had consequently been left to their *real* opinions, were very near expressing their opinions against Lord Sandwich's friends in the most outrageous manner: hissed they were; and after the election, the juniors burst into the Senate House, elected a fictitious Lord Hardwicke, and chaired him. The indecent arts and applications which had been used by the *Twitcherites* (as they are called, from Lord Sandwich's nickname, *Jemmy Twitcher*) had provoked this rage. I will give you but one instance:—A voter, who was blooded on purpose that morning, was brought out of a madhouse with his keeper. This is the great and wise nation, which the philosopher Helvetius is come to study! When he says of us, 'C'est un furieux pays!' he does not know that the literal translation is the true description of us.

I don't know whether I did not tell you some lies in my last; very likely: I tell you what I *hear*, and do not answer for truth but when I tell you what I *know*. How should I *know* anything? I am in no confidence; I think of both sides alike; I care for neither; I ask few questions. The King's journey to Hanover is contradicted. The return of Lord Bute is still a mystery. The zealous say, he declares for the administration; but some of the latter do not trust too much to that security; and, perhaps, they are in the right: I know what I think and why I think it; yet some,

who do not go on ill grounds, have a middle opinion, that is not very reconcilable to mine. You will not wonder that there is a mystery, doubt, or irresolution. The scene will be opened further before I get to Paris.

Lord Lyttelton and Lord Temple have dined with each other, and the reconciliation of the former with Mr. Pitt is concluded. It is well that enmities are as frail as friendships.

The Archbishop and Bishops, who are so eager against Dr. Pearse's divorce from his see[2], not as illegal, but improper, and of bad example, have determined the King, who left it to them, not to consent to it, though the Bishop himself still insists on it. As this decision disappoints Bishop Newton[3], Lord Bath has obtained a consolatory promise for him of the mitre of London, to the great discomfort of Terrick and Warburton. You see Lord Bath does not hobble up the back stairs for nothing. Oh, he is an excellent courtier! The Prince of Wales shoots him with plaything arrows; he falls down dead; and the child kisses him to life again. Melancholy ambition! I heard him, t'other night, propose himself to Lady Townshend as a rich widow. Such spirits at fourscore are pleasing; but when one has lost all one's children, to be flattering those of kings!

The Bishop of Carlisle told me that t'other day in the House of Lords, Warburton said to another of the bench, 'I was invited by my Lord Mansfield to dine with that Helvetius, but he is a professed patron of atheism, a rascal, and a scoundrel, and I would not countenance him; besides, I should have worked him, and that Lord Mansfield would not have liked.' No, in good truth: who can like such vulgarism! His French, too, I suppose, is equal to his wit and his piety.

[2] The see of Rochester.
[3] Thomas Newton (d. 1782), Bishop of Bristol and Dean of St. Paul's.

I dined, on Tuesday, with the imperial minister; we were two-and-twenty, collected from the four corners of the earth. Since it is become the fashion to banquet whole kingdoms by turns, I should pray, if I was minister, to be sent to Lucca. Have you received D'Éon's very curious book, which I sent by Colonel Keith? I do not find that the administration can discover any method of attacking him. Monsieur de Guerchy very properly determines to take no notice of it. In the meantime, the wit of it gains ground, and palliates the abomination, though it ought not.

Princess Amelia asked me again about her trees. I gave her your message. She does not blame you, but Madame de Boufflers, for sending them so large. Mr. Legge is in a very bad way; but not without hopes: his last night was better. Adieu! my dear lords and ladies!

948. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, April 9, 1764.

Thank you, thank you for your accounts of the Duke of York, and of the reception you have given him. Why, you have feasted him as if you were sovereign of Tuscany! But pray, has the Marshal consigned to you the revenues of the duchy? I tell you, you will be bankrupt; you will lie above ground in a velvet coffin, like the Spanish Ambassador's in Westminster Abbey! I did not doubt but the Duke's good humour would charm you, and his ease; but I should tremble at your magnificence, unless he was his own elder brother, and could indemnify you. If the rumour of your banquets reaches Naples, you will have that whole city swarming to Florence, and knocking at your gate for that bread which they want at home. Seriously, I feel for the poor Neapolitans, since St. Januarius has not the secret of feeding them with five loaves and a few small fishes.

We are full of a wonderful book, just published here, by the Chevalier D'Éon, who was secretary to the Duc de Nivernois, and who was made plenipotentiary in his room, on having carried over the preliminaries, as he had before carried two or three treaties from Petersburgh, for which they never paid him. His honours turned his head, the first consequence of which were his extravagance last October at Lord Halifax's, of which you heard. The affection of Monsieur de Nivernois, and the economy of the Duc de Praslin, concurred to try to place him as secretary with Monsieur de Guerchy. This projected tumble enraged him against innocent Monsieur de Guerchy, and the refusal of his arrears against Praslin. Resentment, pride, and frenzy, precipitated him into a literary war with them. He was recalled, refused, and indeed did not dare to return. Necessity followed, and has made him abominable, for he has not only published the Duc de Praslin's letters, and abused De Guerchy intolerably, but has sacrificed Nivernois' letters too, and the private correspondence between the latter and Praslin, and has without any provocation printed the letters of a private friend[1] of his own, who is under Praslin, and who speaks of his master in a manner that may ruin himself. Praslin, Nivernois, and Guerchy, were intimate friends; the two former talk to one another of the latter in a tone of tender contempt, which the last can never forgive, as Praslin never can the carelessness of Nivernois. Praslin says of Guerchy, 'Je crains ses dépêches comme le feu; notre pauvre Guerchy; il ne sait pas du tout écrire—*mais nous* n'avons de meilleur à employer.' I am glad of it; and yet, though Guerchy is no clerk, he is far from being contemptible. The court of France indeed appears to be

LETTER 948.—[1] M. de St. Foix; the Duc de Praslin behaved with generosity towards him, and his career, contrary to expectation, was not ruined by D'Éon's indiscretion.

so; and, for Monsieur de Praslin, it will suffice to give you the measure of his genius, by telling you of one of his plans,—it was to make the French language universal, by publishing a monthly review! You are to understand, that beside a thousand curious circumstances, D'Éon's book is full of wit and parts; and what makes it more provoking, our ministers know not what to do, nor how to procure any satisfaction to Guerchy.

I am going to realize the very low ideas I have of modern France, by a journey to Paris. By all I see and hear, they seem to be sunk in every light; even in the trifles of which they boast themselves, they are gone backwards a century. They are as formal as we were in Queen Anne's days, and believe they make discoveries, when they adopt what we have had these twenty years. For instance, they begin to see beauties in the antique—everything must be *à la grecque*—accordingly, the lace on their waistcoats is copied from a frieze. Monsieur de Guerchy seeing a Doric fret on a fender at Woburn, which was common before I went abroad, said to the Duchess of Bedford, 'Comment! Madame, vous avez là du grec, sans le savoir!'

A melancholy affair has happened to Lord Ilchester: his eldest daughter, Lady Susan, a very pleasing girl, though not handsome, married herself two days ago at Covent Garden church to O'Brien [2], a handsome young actor. Lord Ilchester doated on her, and was the most indulgent of fathers. 'Tis a cruel blow.

Our Parliament is going to rise; an event, which, contrary to custom, will, I fancy, produce politics, instead of suspending them. Lord Bute is returned to town; probably not as a simple spectator. Lord Sandwich's contest at Cambridge has taken a strange turn; the numbers for him

[2] William O'Brien (d. 1815). After his marriage to Lady Susan Fox-Strangways he held various colonial appointments.

and Lord Hardwicke were equal, but both sides pretended to a majority of one. The election broke up in confusion, *et le tout est à recommencer*, with additional heat.

I am writing to you in my lovely gallery, with sufficient indifference to all those squabbles—yet the perspective of public affairs is not so agreeable as to promise anybody a quiet enjoyment of their gallery long! 'Tis fortunate, however, that France has not *de meilleures têtes à employer*.

Arlington Street, Tuesday, 10.

I would not send away my letter until I came to town, that I might give you an account of your brother James, whom I left very ill, and who has been dying of a flux. He is much better, and out of danger. Adieu!

949. To the Earl of Hertford.

Arlington Street, April 12, 1764.

Make yourself perfectly easy, my dear Lord, about newspapers and their tattle; they are not worth a moment's regard. In times of party it is impossible to avoid abuse. If attached to one side, one is pelted by the other; if to neither, by both. One can place oneself above deserving invectives; and then it signifies little, whether they are escaped or not. But when one is conscious that they are unmerited, it is noblest to scorn them—perhaps, I even think, that such a situation is not ineligible. Character is the most precious of all blessings; but, pray allow that it is too sacred to be hurt by anything but itself: does it depend on others, or on its own existence? That character must be fictitious, and formed for man, which man can take away. Your reputation does not depend on Mr. Wilkes, like his own. It is delightful to deserve popularity, and to despise it.

You will have heard of the sad misfortune that has happened to Lord Ilchester by his daughter's[1] marriage with O'Brien the actor. But, perhaps, you do not know the circumstances, and how much his grief must be aggravated by reflection on his own credulity and negligence. The affair has been in train for eighteen months. The swain had learned to counterfeit Lady Sarah Bunbury's hand so well, that in the country Lord Ilchester had himself delivered several of O'Brien's letters to Lady Susan; but it was not till about a week before the catastrophe that the family was apprised of the intrigue. Lord Cathcart went to Miss Read's[2], the paintress: she said softly to him, 'My Lord, there is a couple in next room that I am sure ought not to be together, I wish your Lordship would look in.' He did, shut the door again, and went directly and informed Lord Ilchester. Lady Susan was examined, flung herself at her father's feet, confessed all, vowed to break off—but—what a *but*!—desired to see the loved object, and take a last leave. You will be amazed—even this was granted. The parting scene happened the beginning of the week. On Friday she came of age, and on Saturday morning—instead of being under lock and key in the country—walked downstairs, took her footman, said she was going to breakfast with Lady Sarah, but would call at Miss Read's; in the street, pretended to recollect a particular cap in which she was to be drawn, sent the footman back for it, whipped into a hackney chair, was married at Covent Garden church, and set out for Mr. O'Brien's villa at Dunstable. My Lady—my Lady Hertford! what say *you* to permitting young ladies to act plays, and go to painters by themselves?

Poor Lord Ilchester is almost distracted; indeed, it is

LETTER 949.—[1] Lady Susan Fox-Strangways.
[2] Catherine Read; d. 1778.

the completion of disgrace—even a footman were preferable; the publicity of the hero's profession perpetuates the mortification. *Il ne sera pas milord tout comme un autre.* I could not have believed that Lady Susan would have stooped so low. She may, however, still keep good company, and say, 'nos numeri sumus'—Lady Mary Duncan[3], Lady Caroline Adair[4], Lady Betty Gallini[5]—the shopkeepers of next age will be mighty well born. If our genealogies had been so confused four hundred years ago, Norborne Berkeley would have had still more difficulty with his obsolete Barony of Bottetourt, which the House of Lords at last has granted him. I have never attended the hearings, though it has been much the fashion, but nobody cares less than I about what they don't care for. I have been as indifferent about other points, of which all the world is talking, as the restriction of franking[6], and the great cause of Hamilton and Douglas. I am almost as tired of what is still more in vogue, our East India affairs. Mir Jaffeir and Cossim Aly Cawn, and their deputies Clive and Sullivan[7], or rather their principals, employ the public attention, instead of Mogul Pitt and Nabob Bute; the former of whom remains shut up in Asiatic dignity at Hayes, while the other is again mounting his elephant and levying troops. What Lord Tavistock meaned of his invisible Haughtiness's[8] invective on Mr. Neville[9], I do not know. He has not been in the House of Commons since the war of privilege. It must have been something he dropped in private.

[3] *Née* Tufton; she married a physician.

[4] Lady Caroline Keppel, daughter of second Earl of Albemarle; m. (1759) Robert Adair, a surgeon.

[5] Lady Elizabeth Bertie, eldest daughter of third Earl of Abingdon; m. John Gallini, a dancing master and manager of the Haymarket Theatre; d. 1804.

[6] An Act had recently passed to prevent 'frauds and abuses in relation to the sending and receiving of letters and packets free from the duty of postage.'

[7] Lawrence Sullivan, M.P. for Taunton, and a Director of the East India Company.

[8] Mr. Pitt.

[9] Richard Aldworth Neville, M.P. for Tavistock; Under Secretary of State, 1748–51.

I was diverted just now with some old rhymes that Mr. Wilkes would have been glad to have North-Britonized for our little Bishop of Osnaburgh [10].

Eligimus puerum, puerorum festa colentes,
Non nostrum morem, sed Regis jussa sequentes.

They were literally composed on the election of a juvenile bishop.

Young Dundas [11] marries Lady Charlotte Fitzwilliam. Sir Lawrence settles four thousand per annum in present, and six more in future—compare these riches got in two years and a half, with D'Éon's account of French economy! Lord Garlies remarries himself with the Duchess of Manchester's next sister, Miss Dashwood [12]. The youngest [13] is to have Mr. Knightley—apropos to D'Éon, the foreign ministers had a meeting yesterday morning at the imperial minister's, and Monsieur de Guerchy went from thence to the King, but on what result I do not know, nor can I find that the lawyers agree that anything can be done against him. There has been a plan of some changes among the *Dii Minores*, your Lord Norths, and Carysforts, and Ellises, and Frederick Campbells, and such like; but the supposition that Lord Holland would be willing to accommodate the present ministers with the Paymaster's place, being the axle on which this project turned, and his Lordship not being in the accommodating humour, there are half a dozen abortions of new Lords of the Treasury and Admiralty—excuse me if I do not send you this list of embryos; I do

[10] Prince Frederick (afterwards Duke of York) was elected Bishop of Osnabrück in February 1764.

[11] Thomas Dundas (1741-1820), only son of Sir Lawrence Dundas, first Baronet, Contractor and Commissary-General to the Army; cr. (Aug. 13, 1794) Baron Dundas of Aske, Yorkshire; m. (May 1764) Lady Charlotte Fitzwilliam (d. 1833), second daughter of first Earl Fitzwilliam.

[12] Anne (d. 1830), second daughter of Sir James Dashwood, second Baronet, of Kirtlington, Oxfordshire; m. (June 1764) Lord Garlies.

[13] Catherine, third daughter of Sir James Dashwood; m. Lucy Knightley, of Fawsley, Northamptonshire.

not load my head with such fry. I am little more *au fait* of the confusion that happened yesterday at the East India House; I only know it was exactly like the jumble at Cambridge. Sullivan's list was chosen, all but himself—his own election[14] turns on one disputed vote. Everything is intricate—a presumption that we have few heads very clear. Good night, for I am tired; since dinner I have been at an auction of prints, at the Antiquarian Society in Chancery Lane, at Lady Dalkeith's in Grosvenor Square, and at loo at my niece's in Pall Mall; I left them going to supper, that I might come home and finish this letter; it is half an hour after twelve, and now I am going to supper myself. I suppose all this sounds very sober to you!

950. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, April 12, 1764.

I shall send your MS. volume this week to Mr. Cartwright; and with a thousand thanks. I ought to beg your pardon for having detained it so long. The truth is, I had not time till last week to copy two or three little things at most. Do not let this delay discourage you from lending me more. If I have them in summer, I shall keep them much less time than in winter. I do not send my print with it as you ordered me, because I find it is too large to lie within the volume; and doubling a mezzotinto you know spoils it. You shall have one or more, if you please, whenever I see you.

I have lately made a few curious additions to my collections of various sorts, and shall hope to show them to you at Strawberry Hill. Adieu! dear Sir.

Your much obliged,

Hor. Walpole.

[14] As Director.

951. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, April 19, 1764.

I am just come from the Duchess of Argyll's[1], where I dined. General Warburton was there, and said it was the report at the House of Lords, that you are turned out—he imagined, of your regiment—but that I suppose is a mistake for the Bedchamber[2]. I shall hear more to-night, and Lady Strafford, who brings you this, will tell you; though to be sure you will know earlier by the post to-morrow. My only reason for writing is, to repeat to you, that whatever you do I shall act with you[3]. I resent anything done to you as to myself. My fortunes shall never be separated from yours—except that some time or other I hope yours will be great, and I am content with mine.

The Manns go on with the business[4]—the letter you received was from Mr. Edward Mann, not from Gal's widow. Adieu! I was going to say, my *disgraced* friend—how delightful to have a character so unspotted, that the word *disgrace* recoils on those who displace you! Yours unalterably,

Hor. Walpole.

952. To the Earl of Hertford.

Arlington Street, April 20, 1764.

There has been a strong report about town for these two days that your brother is dismissed, not only from the

Letter 951.—[1] Widow of John Campbell, Duke of Argyll. She was sister to General Warburton, and had been Maid of Honour to Queen Anne. *Walpole.*

[2] General Conway was dismissed from command of his regiment and from his post as Groom of the Bedchamber for voting against the legality of general warrants on Feb. 14 and 17, 1764. His dismissal was announced to Conway on April 22, 1764.

[3] Mr. Walpole was then in the House of Commons, member for King's Lynn in Norfolk. *Walpole.*

[4] Of army clothiers. *Walpole.*

Bedchamber, but from his regiment, and that the latter is given to Lord Pembroke. I do not believe it. Your brother went to Park Place but yesterday morning at ten: he certainly knew nothing of it the night before when we parted, after one, at Grafton House; nor would he have passed my door yesterday without stopping to tell me of it: no letter has been sent to his house since, nor were any orders arrived at the War Office at half an hour after three yesterday; nay, though I can give the ministry credit for much folly, and some of them credit for even violence and folly, I do not believe they are so rash as this would amount to. For the Bedchamber, you know, your brother never liked it, and would be glad to get rid of it. I should be sorry for his sake, and for yours too, if it went farther:—gentle and indifferent as his nature is, his resentment, if his profession were touched, would be as serious as such spirit and such abilities could make it. I would not be the man that advised provoking him; and one man has put himself wofully in his power! In my own opinion, this is one of the lies of which the time is so fruitful; I would not even swear that it has not the same parent with the legend I sent you last week, relating to an intended disposition in consequence of Lord Holland's resignation. The court confidently deny the whole plan, and ascribe it to the fertility of Charles Townshend's brain. However, as they have their Charles Townshends too, I do not totally disbelieve it.

The Parliament rose yesterday,—no new peers, not even Irish: Lord Northumberland's list is sent back ungranted. The Duke of Mecklenburgh and Lord Halifax are to have the Garters. Bridgman[1] is turned out of the Green Cloth, which is given to Dick Vernon; and his place of Surveyor

LETTER 952.—[1] George (d. 1767), third son of Sir Orlando Bridgeman, fifth Baronet.

of the Gardens, which young Dickinson held for him, is bestowed on Cadogan[2]. Dyson is made a Lord of Trade. These are all the changes I have heard—not of a complexion that indicates the removal of your brother.

The foreign ministers agreed, as to be sure you have been told, to make Monsieur Guerchy's *cause commune*; and the Attorney-General has filed an information against D'Éon: that poor lunatic was at the Opera on Saturday, looking like Bedlam. He goes armed, and threatens, what I dare say he would perform, to kill or be killed, if any attempt is made to seize him.

The East Indian affairs have taken a new turn. Sullivan had twelve votes to ten: Lord Clive bribed off one. When they came to the election of chairman, Sullivan desired to be placed in the chair without the disgrace of a ballot; but it was denied. On the scrutiny, the votes appeared eleven and eleven. Sullivan understood the blow, and with three others left the room. Rous, his great enemy, was placed in the chair; since that, I think matters are a little compromised, and Sullivan does not abdicate the direction; but Lord Clive, it is supposed, will go to Bengal in the stead of Colonel Barré, as Sullivan and Lord Shelburne had intended.

Mr. Pitt is worse than ever with the gout. Legge's case is thought very dangerous:—thus stand our politics, and probably will not fluctuate much for some months. At least—I expect to have little more to tell before I see you at Paris, except balls, weddings, and follies, of which, thank the moon! we never have a dearth: for one of the latter class we are obliged to the Archbishop, who, in remembrance, I suppose, of his original profession of midwifery, has ordered some decent alterations to be made in King

[2] Hon. Charles Sloane Cadogan (1728–1807), eldest son of second Baron Cadogan, whom he succeeded in 1776; cr. Earl Cadogan, 1800.

Henry's figure in the Tower. Poor Lady Susan O'Brien is in the most deplorable situation, for her Adonis is a Roman Catholic, and cannot be provided for out of his calling. Sir Francis Delaval, being touched by her calamity, has made her a present—of what do you think?—of a rich gold stuff! The delightful charity! O'Brien comforts himself, and says it will make a shining passage in his little history.

I will tell you but one more folly, and hasten to my signature. Lady Beaulieu was complaining of being waked by a noise in the night: my Lord replied, 'Oh, for my part, there is no disturbing me; if they don't wake me before I go to sleep, there is no waking me afterwards.'

Lady Hervey's table is at last arrived, and the Princess's trees, which I sent her last night; but she wants nothing, for Lady Barrymore is arrived.

I smiled when I read your account of Lord Tavistock's expedition. Do you remember that I made seven days from Calais to Paris, by laying out my journeys at the rate of travelling in England, thirty miles a day; and did not find but that I could have gone in a third of the time? I shall not be such a snail the next time. It is said that, at Lord Tavistock's return, he is to decide whom he will marry. Is it true that the Choiseuls totter, and that the Broglios are to succeed; or is there a Charles Townshend at Versailles? Adieu! my dear Lord.

953. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, April 20, 1764.

I VAINLY flattered myself and you, my dear Sir, with the hopes of your brother James's recovery. Nay, from the

LETTER 953.—Not in C.; now first printed from Walpole's transcript in possession of Earl Waldegrave.

message I received yesterday was se'nnight, I concluded him so safe, that, without sending again, I went to Strawberry on Sunday. On Monday I had a party from town; at dinner they told me abruptly, not knowing how much I interest myself in whatever relates to your family, that James was dead. It struck me—for I do not find that the repeated loss of friends familiarizes one to any new blow—it brought my dear Gal full into my mind! the heaviest woe, next to the death of my father and mother, that ever I felt!—But why pour off my own melancholy sensations into your mind?—Your brother Ned and I have been upon very distant terms for near two years, I can say with truth, from no fault of mine—it was therefore not grievous to me to pity and forgive him—I wrote him a very kind letter—he took it as I wished—I went to see him, and I hope all unkindness is mutually forgotten! He lessened, I own, my concern for the loss of James, who is dead worth seventy thousand pounds, and who has given sixty-nine from the most amiable and most deserving of brothers, who is ruining himself for Princes of the blood, and who has been so long out of England, that he still loves his country for its own sake, prides himself on maintaining its honour, and does not, like his countrymen, think of nothing but turning his country to account. Do you know such a man? Poor James, alas! did not, nor could comprehend worth at a distance. The handsome provision he has made for your sisters inspires me with so much charity for his memory, that I impute to the narrowness of his ideas his want of feeling for your virtues—had he known you, how could he have thought even Mrs. Foote's merit preferable to yours?

This death will reach you unseasonably, for I find by your second dispatch, for which I thank you, that you are to have a second visit from your royal guest[1]. The boon[2]

[1] The Duke of York.

[2] The Order of the Bath.

he means to ask for you, would, I know, be of consequence where you are; where impoverished nobilities are forced to comfort themselves with all they have left of their great ancestors, their blood—but I, who know that money is a blessing when it is obtained by that rare channel, desert, cannot be content with your being paid with plumes and cherry-coloured silk—if you had voted against your country, or violated its laws, I should not be sorry if they even gave you the Garter! I tell you, it would not hurt me to see you paying twelve hundred pounds to heralds, when you could not pay your butcher's bill!

I like the *mezzo termine* which they have found at Rome for receiving the Duke of York. Who hit on that expedient of the Borghese and Corsini? It could not be the triple-crowned dotard himself—for the idea is worthy of his predecessor[3]. Perhaps my sensible old man would have gone farther, and have packed Our Lady herself to Albano with her Stuarts, and have received the Protestant prince like a great sovereign; unless he had found out, what the French have not yet found out (*v.* D'Éon's book), that we are no longer *la plus importante cour de l'Europe*. Apropos, the foreign ministers have agreed to make Guerchy's cause *cause commune*; and have complained to the King, who has ordered the Attorney-General to file a bill against D'Éon.

I exhausted my whole budget of news last post, and have only to add, that the Parliament is prorogued, and that the Duke of Mecklenburgh and Lord Halifax are to have the vacant Garters. There is much talk of an approaching change in the French ministry, and that the Broglios are to succeed the Choiseuls. I am sorry for it; we shall never get so weak an administration in France as the present, unless we send them our own. Adieu!

[3] Benedict XIV.

954. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Saturday night, eight o'clock,
April 21, 1764.

I write to you with a very bad headache; I have passed a night, for which George Grenville and the Duke of Bedford shall pass many an uneasy one! Notwithstanding I heard from everybody I met, that your regiment, as well as Bedchamber, were taken away, I would not believe it, till last night the Duchess of Grafton told me, that the night before the Duchess of Bedford said to her, 'Are not you very sorry for poor Mr. Conway? He has lost everything.' When the Witch of Endor pities, one knows she has raised the devil.

I am come hither alone to put my thoughts into some order, and to avoid showing the first sallies of my resentment, which I know you would disapprove; nor does it become your friend to rail. My anger shall be a little more manly, and the plan of my revenge a little deeper laid than in peevish *bons mots*. You shall judge of my indignation by its duration.

In the meantime, let me beg you, in the most earnest and most sincere of all professions, to suffer me to make your loss as light as it is in my power to make it: I have six thousand pounds in the funds; accept all, or what part you want. Do not imagine I will be put off with a refusal. The retrenchment of my expenses, which I shall from this hour commence, will convince you that I mean to replace your fortune as far as I can. When I thought you did not want it, I had made another disposition. You have ever been the dearest person to me in the world. You have shown that you deserve to be so. You suffer for your spotless integrity. Can I hesitate a moment to show that there is at least one man who knows how to value you?

The new will, which I am going to make, will be a testimonial of my own sense of virtue.

One circumstance has heightened my resentment. If it was *not* an accident, it deserves to heighten it. The very day on which your dismission was notified, I received an order from the Treasury for the payment of what money was due to me there. Is it possible that they could mean to make any distinction between us? Have I separated myself from you? Is there that spot on earth where I can be suspected of having paid court? Have I even left my name at a minister's door since you took your part? If they have dared to hint this, the pen that is now writing to you will bitterly undeceive them.

I am impatient to see the letters you have received, and the answers you have sent. Do you come to town? If you do not, I will come to you to-morrow se'nnight, that is, the 29th. I give no advice on anything, because you are cooler than I am—not so cool, I hope, as to be insensible to this outrage, this villainy, this injustice. You owe it to your country to labour the extermination of such ministers!

I am so bad a hypocrite, that I am afraid of showing how deeply I feel this. Yet last night I received the account from the Duchess of Grafton with more temper than you believe me capable of; but the agitation of the night disordered me so much, that Lord John Cavendish, who was with me two hours this morning, does not, I believe, take me for a hero. As there are some who I know would enjoy my mortification, and who probably designed I should feel my share of it, I wish to command myself—but that struggle shall be added to their bill. I saw nobody else before I came away but Legge, who sent for me and wrote the enclosed for you. He would have said more both to you and Lady Ailesbury, but I would not let him, as he

is so ill: however, he thinks himself that he shall live. I hope he will! I would not lose a shadow that can haunt these ministers.

I feel for Lady Ailesbury, because I know she feels just as I do—and it is not a pleasant sensation. I will say no more, though I could write volumes. Adieu!

Yours, as I ever have been and ever will be,

HOR. WALPOLE.

955. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, April 24, 1764.

I REJOICE that you feel your loss[1] so little. That you act with dignity and propriety does not surprise me. To have you behave in character and with character, is my first of all wishes; for then it will not be in the power of man to make you unhappy. Ask yourself—Is there a man in England with whom you would change character? Is there a man in England who would not change with you? Then think how little they have taken away!

For me, I shall certainly conduct myself as you prescribe. *Your* friend shall say and do nothing unworthy of *your* friend. You govern me in everything but one; I mean, the disposition I have told you I shall make[2]. Nothing can alter that but a great change in your fortune. In another point you partly misunderstood me. That I shall explain hereafter.

I shall certainly meet you here on Sunday, and very cheerfully. We may laugh at a world in which nothing of us will remain long but our characters. Adieu! the dear family!

Yours eternally,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER 955.—[1] Of his employments. *Walpole.*

[2] Of leaving a considerable part of his fortune to Mr. Conway. *Walpole.*

956. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, May 10, 1764.

I hope I have done well for you, and that you will be content with the execution of your commission. I have bought you two pictures. No. 14, which is by no means a good picture, but it went so cheap and looked so old-fashionably, like landscapes over chimneys in ancient mansions, that I ventured to give eighteen shillings for it. The other is very pretty, No. 17; two sweet children, undoubtedly by Sir Peter Lely. This costs you four pounds ten shillings. What shall I do with them—how convey them to you? The picture of Lord Romney[1], which you are so fond of, was not in this sale, but I suppose remains with Lady Sidney[2]. I bought for myself much the best picture in the auction, a fine Vandyck of the famous Lady Carlisle[3] and her sister Leicester in one piece: it cost me nine-and-twenty guineas. In general the pictures did not go high, which I was glad of, that the vulture[4] who sells them may not be more enriched than could be helped. There was a whole-length of Sir Henry Sidney[5], which I should have liked, but it went for fifteen guineas. Thus ends half the glory of Penshurst! Not one of the miniatures was sold.

I go to Strawberry to-morrow for a week. When do you

Letter 956.—[1] Henry Sidney, first Earl of Romney; d. 1704.

[2] Elizabeth (d. 1783), second daughter of Hon. Thomas Sidney, fourth son of fourth Earl of Leicester, and wife of William Perry. She was spoken of and addressed as 'Lady Sidney,' but had no right to that name or title.

[3] The Ladies Lucy and Dorothy Percy, daughters of ninth Earl of Northumberland, married respectively to James Hay, Earl of Carlisle, and Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester.

[4] Hon. Anne Howard (d. 1775), eldest daughter of sixth Baron Howard of Effingham; m. (1729) Sir William Yonge, fourth Baronet, of Escote and Culleton, Devonshire. Under the will of Lady Sidney Sherard (who died in 1758), eldest sister of Mrs. Perry (or 'Lady Sidney') mentioned above, Lady Yonge inherited half the Sidney estates in Kent.

[5] Sir Henry Sidney, K.G. (1529–1586), Lord Deputy of Ireland.

come to Frogmore? I wish to know, because I shall go soon to Park Place, and would not miss the visit you have promised me. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

957. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, May 14, 1764.

I have received three letters from you, my dear Sir, on the back of one another, with accounts of the Duke of York's motions, receptions, and entertainments. I give you a thousand thanks for them; they have amused me as much as I suppose they have vexed the phantoms at Rome[1]. It must be grievous to them to be nosed on their own Catholic dunghill.

I said you would die insolvent; I now tell you you will kill yourself before you are insolvent. You are not made for such fatigues. I approve what you have done as much as his Royal Highness does; but though you *represent* the strongest nation in the world, you must recollect you are one of its weakest members. Your zeal is right, your expense could not be better placed than for your King's brother; but the Lord send you well out of all this! It hurts me, too, to think that before your festivities are cold you will receive the news of your brother's death. Be blooded, go to bed, and compose yourself. I wish poor Dr. Cocchi, with his calm philosophy, was at your elbow; the agitation of your mind and body will give you a fever.

Your brother Ned forgot to tell me of Horace's intended journey to Florence: you know how much I have wished it; and though you differed with me, I foresee the transport with which you will embrace him. He is a most amiable lad, and a very *you* in gentleness.

Letter 957.—[1] The Pretender and his sons. *Walpole.*

What shall I tell you of England? Nothing that I can approve or that you must disapprove, therefore I shall say little on it, and desire you will say less. I can never doubt your affection; but I am not so selfish as to expect you should hurt yourself merely to show me that you feel for my friends. In short, you and I are so circumstanced at present that it would not be just in me to make you the depository of my disgusts; nor wise in you to enter into them. I will therefore only write you news as I used to do, without comments; and you will talk to me in return of things of as little moment. To the immediate purport of this exordium, and to what I am going to tell you, I insist that you make me not one word of reply. If you are silent, I shall know your heart; but if you utter a syllable I will only look upon it as a compliment. Mr. Conway[2] is turned out of the King's Bedchamber, and of his regiment. You will judge of my love for you, when even my love for him is silent on such a proceeding. One would think that he was actuated by the same motives, for his temper, patience, resignation, are beyond example. His calmness and content prove how much his mind is at ease. He would not bear his sufferings with such fortitude if his conduct had not been as pure as virtue itself. Indeed his philosophy goes farther than I like, for it extends to me. He has insisted that I, who am far from such stoicism, should be as mild as he is. It is difficult to govern one's own passions, but much more hard to let anybody else govern them. Yet, here I sit, with my arms folded, and am to wait till Virtue is pleased to acknowledge us as her martyrs. She must make haste, or I shall lose my patience; nay, when she does arrive, I believe I shall be so honest

[2] Henry Seymour Conway, only brother of Francis, Earl of Hertford, and member for Thetford, was turned out of all his employments for opposing the administration on the persecution of Wilkes. *Walpole.*

as to tell her that she is obliged to Mr. Conway, not to me, for my wearing her livery.

I will inquire for a ship to send you two copies of D'Éon's book, as you desire. It will divert you extremely. He promises another soon, but I conclude he has wasted his materials already, and that his next publication will make him entirely forgotten. He told people in the Park the other day, that Madame de Guerchy (who is remarkably plain) was going to Paris, to take Madame de Pompadour's place. We do not hear that it is seriously filled up; I mean in the cabinet, for in the Bedchamber it has long been executed by deputies. Adieu!

958. To the Earl of Hertford.

My dear Lord, Arlington Street, May 27, 1764. Very late.

I am just come home, and find a letter from you, which gives me too much pain to let me resist answering it directly (though past one in the morning), as I go out of town early to-morrow.

I must begin with telling you, let me feel what I will from it, how much I admire it. It is equal to the difficulty of your situation, and expressed with all the feeling which must possess you. I will show it your brother, as there is nothing I would not and will not do to preserve the harmony and friendship which has so much distinguished your whole lives.

You have guessed, give me leave to say, at my wishes, rather than answered to anything I have really expressed. The truth was, I had no right to deliver any opinion on so important a step as you have taken, without being asked. Had you consulted me, which certainly was not proper for you to do, it would have been with the utmost reluctance that I should have brought myself to utter my sentiments,

and only then, if I had been persuaded that friendship exacted it from me; for it would have been a great deal for me to have taken upon myself: it would have been a step, either way, liable to subject me to reproach from you in your own mind, though you would have been too generous to have blamed me in any other way. Now, my dear Lord, do me the justice to say, that the part I have acted was the most proper and most honourable one I could take. Did I, have I, dropped a syllable, endeavouring to bias your judgement one way or the other? My constant language has been, that I could not think, when a younger brother had taken a part disagreeable to his elder, and totally opposite, even without consulting him, that the elder was under any obligation to relinquish his own opinion, and adopt the younger's. In my heart I undoubtedly wished that, even in party, your union should not be dissolved; for that union would be the strength of both.

This is the summary of a text on which I have infinitely more to say; but the post is so far from being a proper conveyance, that I think the most private letter transmitted in the most secure manner is scarcely to be trusted. Should I resolve, if you require it, to be more explicit (and I certainly shall not think of saying a word more, unless I know that it is strongly your desire I should), it must only be upon the most positive assurance on your honour (and on their honour as strictly given too) that not a syllable of what I shall say shall be communicated to any person living. I except *nobody*, except my Lady and Lord Beauchamp. What I should say now is now of no consequence, but for your information. It can tend to nothing else. It therefore does not signify, whether said now, or at any distant time hereafter, or when we meet. If, as perhaps you may at first suppose, it had the least view towards making you quit your embassy, you should not

know it at all; for I think that would be the idlest and most unwise step you could take; and believe me, my affection for your brother will never make me sacrifice your honour to his interest. I have loved you both unalterably, and without the smallest cloud between us, from children. It is true, as you observe, that party, with many other mischiefs, produces dissensions in families. I can by no means agree with you, that all party is founded in interest—surely, you cannot think that your brother's conduct was not the result of the most unshaken honour and conscience, and as surely the result of no interested motive? You are not less mistaken, if you believe that the present state of party in this country is not of a most serious nature, and not a mere contention for power and employments. That topic, however, I shall pass over; the discussion, perhaps, would end where it began. As you know I never tried to bring you to my opinion before, I am very unlikely to aim at it now. Let this and the rest of this subject sleep for the present. I trust I have convinced you that my behaviour has been both honourable and respectful towards you; and that, though I think with your brother and am naturally very warm, I have acted in the most dispassionate manner, and had recourse to nothing but silence, when I was not so happy as to meet you in opinion.

This subject has kept me so long, and it is so very late, that you will forgive me if I only skim over the gazette part of my letter—my next shall be more in my old gossipping style.

Dr. Terrick and Dr. Lambe[1] are made Bishops of London and Peterborough, without the nomination or approbation of the ministers. The Duke of Bedford declared this warmly, for you know his own administration always allow him to declare his genuine opinion, that they may have the credit

LETTER 958.—[1] Robert Lambe, Dean of Peterborough; d. 1769.

of making him alter it. He was still more surprised at the Chancellor's being made an earl[2] without his knowledge, after he had gone out of town, blaming the Chancellor's coldness on D'Éon's affair, which is now dropped. Three marquisates going to be given to Lords Cardigan, Northumberland, and Townshend[3], may not please his Grace more, though they may his minister[4], who may be glad his master is angry, as it may produce a good quieting draught for himself.

The Northumberlands are returned; Hamilton[5] is dismissed, and the Earl of Drogheda[6] made Secretary in his room.

Mechell[7] is recalled by desire of this court, who requested to have it done without giving their reasons, as Sir Charles Williams had been sent from Berlin in the same manner.

Colonel Johnston is also recalled from Minorca. He had been very wrong-headed with his governor, Sir Richard[8]; that wound was scarce closed, when the judicious deputy chose to turn out a brother-in-law of Lord Bute. Lady Falkener's daughter is to be married to a young rich Mr. Crewe, a Macarone, and of our loo. Mr. Skreene has married Miss Sumner, and her brother gives her 10,000*l.* Good night! The watchman cries three!

959. To Thomas Pitt.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, June 5, 1764.

You tell me a report has been maliciously raised and propagated by Mr. Grenville's enemies, that in the conversation which passed at your house, Mr. Grenville said,

[2] Lord Henley became Earl of Northington.

[3] These marquisates were not conferred.

[4] Richard Rigby.

[5] William Gerard Hamilton.

[6] Charles Moore (1730–1822), sixth Earl (afterwards first Marquis) of Drogheda.

[7] Michel, Prussian Minister in London.

[8] Sir Richard Lyttelton.

that if Mr. Conway voted in Parliament according to his conscience, he was unfit to have any command in the King's army. You add, that what makes this report more painful to Mr. Grenville, is that I am said not to have discouraged it: and you conclude with desiring, if I agree with your state of that conversation (which you send me to refresh my memory), that I would use my endeavours to put a stop to a groundless report.

I will begin with telling you, that I am far from having forgot the conversation you mention. At the very time it passed I thought it so extraordinary, that the next day I wrote down an account of it; as I did also of what I heard passed at Mr. Grenville's on the same subject. I have it at this moment lying before me, and therefore can speak very accurately on that topic.

If, therefore, you ask me whether Mr. Grenville said *totidem verbis*, that if Mr. Conway voted in Parliament according to his conscience, he was unfit to have any command in the army, I answer directly and truly, no: I never heard him say those words, nor have I certainly ever said he did. Yet I think the report may easily have arisen from what he assuredly did say, and which I avow I have said he said.

Mr. Grenville said twice, *the King cannot trust his army in the hands of those who are against his measures.* Now give me leave to put you a little in mind. The expression of *the King not trusting his army in such hands*, you first dropped yourself in my room. You cannot forget the surprise it occasioned in me, and the answer I made you. Did I not,—I ask you upon your honour,—reply, 'Good God! Mr. Pitt, what are you going to do with the army? or what do you think Mr. Conway is going to do? Do you think he is going into rebellion? If the tenor of Mr. Conway's services and character do not entitle him to be trusted with a regiment,

I do not know what can entitle any man to one. Is he factious? what do you think he is going to do?' Mr. Grenville at night, in your room, *twice* used the same expression *of not trusting the army in his hands.*

I did then, and still think them the most extraordinary words ever used by English minister. I repeated the same answer that I made to you. I appeal to yourself, whether this is not strictly true? When I saw Mr. Conway, I told him of these words before Lady Ailesbury; I mentioned them to the Duke of Devonshire; I believe, when it was agreed the Duke of Richmond should be present at the conversation between Mr. Grenville and Mr. Conway, I told them to his Grace, but of this I will not be positive. I do know that, to prevent any mistakes thereafter, I set down the very words; and I am glad I did so. That paper has been seen by those who will bear me witness that it is no new account, nor do you or Mr. Grenville I dare to say suspect me capable of having written it now, and calling it an old account; nor could it be necessary. I desired to have you for witness to my conversation with Mr. Grenville, being so much convinced of the rigid strictness of your honour, that though much more Mr. Grenville's friend than mine, I was sure you would do me justice, if it should be necessary to appeal to you. I do appeal to you in the most solemn manner; nay, I appeal to Mr. Grenville himself, whether every syllable that I have here stated to you be not most scrupulously and conscientiously true,—not only in syllables, but in sense and purport; for I would scorn to report words, however true, which yet, by adding to or taking from, I should set in a different light from that in which they were intended by the speaker.

I now come to the case as you state it, which in general agrees very much with my own paper; but we differ widely in the conclusions we draw from what passed. You allow

I insisted principally upon the high point of honour and delicacy of sentiment in Mr. Conway, and that I thought him incapable, *in any situation*, of doing anything but from mere motives of conscience and honour. Has he not acted invariably as I foretold? Has he not sacrificed his fortune to his conscience? and do you not, *ipsissimis verbis*, own, that it would have been an absurdity in Mr. Grenville to say Mr. Conway was unfit to have any command in the King's army if he voted according to his conscience; unless, indeed, *his conscience* leading him to a systematical opposition to the King's government, *in that case Mr. Grenville may be construed to have said that such a conscience* must render it very difficult and unlikely for him to continue long in his situation? Without dwelling on the words, *such a conscience* (though a man acting uniformly in opposition, against his interest, may be supposed as conscientious as a man acting uniformly with his interest for government), it is evident from your words and opinions, that if Mr. Conway's conscience led him to opposition, he probably would be removed. If, therefore, Mr. Conway's conscience led him, not to systematical opposition, but to opposition to one single measure, and yet he has been dismissed, will not the world say with reason—indeed, can it say otherwise? than—that Mr. Grenville's declared opinion led him to remove officers for systematical opposition from conscience, and that the practice has been to remove them for one single conscientious vote? And unless Mr. Grenville declares (which I, if authorized, will publish with pleasure) that he had no hand in the removal of Mr. Conway, I do not see how anybody can help thinking that Mr. Grenville's opinion and practice went together. You approve the wisdom of removing men in the former case; I wonder you did, even in speculation; surely the execution has not convinced you of the wisdom of this measure, which has so much offended mankind, and has

intimidated nobody. For in all this you must see clearly, that if I contradicted the essence of the report, I must contradict you and the truth, who agree together.

You allow I was positive in opinion, that Mr. Conway neither was, nor intended to be in opposition; I was most assuredly of that opinion, and am now convinced that I was in the right, as in every question that did not relate to the warrants he voted with the administration. In the next point, which is matter of opinion, you think Mr. Grenville showed every mark of kindness and friendly disposition to Mr. Conway. Give me leave to say it did not strike me in that light. Mr. Grenville, with great warmth and eagerness, persisted in thinking Mr. Conway voted in opposition, which occasioned, what you own, my repeated declarations of believing the contrary. This did not strike me as any great mark of kindness or confidence to either Mr. Conway or me. Less did I think it kind to insist with the vehemence Mr. Grenville used, on positive declarations from Mr. Conway. Such commands appear to me highly unconstitutional, and therefore I do not see how they can be made with friendship to the party. Those demands of positive declaration were, I believe, made before the Duke of Richmond, as well as to me.

You know I went so far as to tell you that Mr. Conway was, I firmly believed, not only not in opposition, but should he be ever so ill-used, and the ministry should propose a question which he thought right for this country, he would vote for it. I remain exactly of the same opinion. He has been as ill, as hardly, and as unjustly used, as ever man was; and yet he will do what he thinks right, though his behaviour may serve his bitterest enemies; for he will never suffer his personal resentments to carry him to do a wrong thing, even to his foes, much less towards his country.

When I say he has been ill-used, I repeat with great

sincerity—and you who have known, and are so good as to allow my real regard to Mr. Grenville, will believe me—that few things would give me more pleasure than to be assured that the dismission of Mr. Conway was without Mr. Grenville's consent or approbation.

You say that below the Bar of the House of Lords, Mr. Grenville told you and me that Mr. Conway had declared that he was not then engaged, nor did at that time intend to engage in any system of opposition; but at the same time desired not to be understood to intend to separate himself from the Dukes of Grafton and Devonshire, to whom he was obliged. This agrees with the message I myself delivered to Mr. Grenville from Mr. Conway, that he was in no opposition, nor thought of being in any; but in answer to Mr. Grenville's question, whether there was anything he would like, he declared he would accept nothing while those Dukes were dissatisfied with the administration. Both your state of the case and mine, which agree together, do not at all coincide with Mr. Grenville's letter to Lord Hertford, that he had found Mr. Conway's connections with his friends *unbounded.*

I have omitted, for the last, one passage, which I had forgotten in my own memorandums, which yet, from your assertion—who I am sure will adhere in every point to the strict matter of fact, let it affect whom it will—I am not only persuaded passed, but I think I recollect it myself, from the circumstance of the particular day on which it passed. You say Mr. Grenville told me that a regular system of opposition to government would render any one unfit for a high rank in military command; and that in some instances, as in cases of tumults and insurrections, such a man would be more dangerous to the King and Commonwealth.

I am sure I do not remember the word *Commonwealth*

being used; though if you assert it I cannot take upon me to say it was not used, for I remember this salvo but imperfectly. I know the day of the conversation was after the tumult on the burning of the *North Briton*. Mr. Grenville was much flustered, and very likely applied the case of the day to the subject we were discussing; and if he did, it probably made the less impression on me, because my mind had been already struck with the same singular words from you before the tumult happened; and therefore, when I heard them repeated by a minister, it was natural for me to conclude you had heard them from his mouth, as you came to me with a message from him; and I am bold to declare, such words in the mouth of a minister are to me exceedingly alarming. As such I have repeated them, and I leave you, who know me, to judge whether I will retract anything I have said, which I am particularly authorized, by having taken down the words, to affirm are true, and to the very substance of which you agree, as I am sure you will to the precise words, being thus put in mind of them, especially as you own you are not exact in the very words.

I love and honour Mr. Conway above any man in the world; I would lay down my life for him; and shall I see him every day basely and falsely traduced in newspapers and libels, and not say what I know is true, when it sets his character in so fair and noble a light? I am asked to discourage reports. I am ready to discourage such as are *not* true, and do *not* come from me.

Mr. Grenville is welcome to publish this letter; it will be the fullest answer to anything that is said against him without foundation. Let Mr. Grenville, in his turn, discourage and disavow the infamous calumnies published against Mr. Conway, the authors of which, I daresay, are unknown to Mr. Grenville, but who, not content with seeing Mr. Conway's fortune ruined, would stab his reputation likewise.

I thank God! they cannot fix a blemish upon it. I will certainly bear witness to it, as much as lies in me. Fear or favour will not intimidate or warp my friendship. Yet I wish Mr. Grenville so well, that I will take the liberty of giving him through you this piece of advice.

It is high time for the administration to discountenance and disclaim the language held by all the writers on their side, particularly by the author of the *Address to the Public, that officers are to be dismissed for their behaviour in Parliament.* Such doctrines are new, and never were *avowed* before. They clash with all parliamentary freedom; they render the condition of officers in Parliament most abject, slavish, and dishonourable; they alarm all thinking men, and, I will do them the justice to say, do not seem universally the sentiments of ministers themselves, as so many generals and officers in Parliament, who are avowedly in opposition, retain their commissions; a circumstance that makes the singling out of Mr. Conway, who was not in opposition, look more like the effect of private pique and resentment somewhere or other, I don't know where, than a settled determination to make the officers in general the absolute tools of the ministry.

I will now conclude this tedious letter with adding, by your leave, a few words on myself.

It has more than once been insinuated to me, that I might ruin myself if I took Mr. Conway's part. I do Mr. Grenville the justice to declare, that I believe him incapable of countenancing such insinuations. Come they from whom they will, I despise them. My place is a patent for life, and as much my property, by law, as your estate is yours. Oh! but I have been told the payments may be delayed or stopped: they may, by violence or injustice, and that insinuation I despise likewise.

Mr. Grenville's civilities and regularity on these occasions

I acknowledge with gratitude, though I disclaim all dependence, all paying of court. I would fling up my patent to-morrow, if it was capable of making me do one servile act, if it deterred me one moment from following the dictates of conscience and friendship. Both in Parliament and out of it I will say and do what I think right and honest. I was born free, and I will live and die so, in spite of patents and places. I may be ruined, as Mr. Conway has been, but I will preserve my honour inviolate. If I did not, I might receive you here with more magnificence, but I had rather receive you, as I hope to do, without a blush. You know the passion I have for Strawberry Hill; but trust me at this moment I know I could with pleasure see it sold, if reduced to it by suffering for my country and my principles. Remember this, my dear Sir,—you, who are much younger, and have longer to live than me. It is this satisfaction of conscience which sweetens every evil, and makes Mr. Conway at this instant the happiest man in England.

I am your sincere and affectionate humble servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

P.S. I am so desirous of not saying a syllable that is not strictly true, that I choose to contradict in a postscript, rather than erase one passage in which I had said what I *believed* had passed. On showing this letter to the Duke of Richmond, his Grace says he cannot say that before him Mr. Grenville made a demand of a positive declaration, though he expressed a strong desire that Mr. Conway would declare what his general system was.

If I have, therefore, stated the argument too strongly, I willingly retract so much as is overcharged; though I must own I see little difference between a minister demanding a positive declaration of a member of Parliament, and expressing a strong desire of a declaration; because, if a

minister will take upon himself to catechize members of Parliament, he must know that either the gentler or rougher method will be effectual, or both will be resisted. The Duke says he remembers very well my telling him the words *cannot trust his army*, &c., *before* his Grace saw Mr. Grenville[1].

960. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Arlington Street, June 5, 1764.

You will wonder that I have been so long without giving you any signs of life; yet, though not writing *to* you, I have

Letter 959.—[1] Walpole's motives in writing this letter are explained in his *Memoirs of George III* (ed. 1894, vol. ii. pp. 8–9):—'On the 1st of June I received a letter from Mr. Thomas Pitt, desiring me to contradict a report said to come from me, charging Mr. Grenville with having said that if Mr. Conway voted according to his conscience he must be turned out. Thus had they dressed up the real report and substance in absurd terms that nobody might believe it. I immediately comprehended that this was a mandate issued to me as an inferior officer of the Exchequer, to justify Grenville and sacrifice my friend. I perceived, too, the advantage they had put into my hands, and determined to make the most of it. Pitt's letter was so incredibly weak, and owned so much, that nothing was easier than to confute it. To add to their confusion, I had preserved exact minutes of the two conversations with Pitt and Grenville, of which they had had no suspicion. I felt the opportunity of doing justice both to Mr. Conway and to myself, and of making Mr. Grenville understand, that if he did not do me justice in the regularity of my payments, he was at my mercy, and must expect those letters would be laid before the public, if not before the House of Commons. This I hinted obscurely, being determined that nothing but persecution should drive me to that step. Knowing, however, the narrowness of Grenville's mind, it was useful to curb him by this menace, as I did too in the *Counter Address*, and very successfully. I wrote a long, firm, and unpleasant letter in answer to Pitt's, and received another from him before there could be time for it (as he was in Cornwall), but by Grenville's opening mine at the post: for with him was it concerted; and yet so flimsy, so fallen from the arrogance of the former was their reply, that I enjoyed not only triumph, but, I own, the teasing amusement of keeping them in hot water many months—the only use I allowed myself to make of those letters in punishing their culpable behaviour—moderate revenge enough after such insolence! and in which, when I had suffered the period to elapse, Grenville was far from having the generosity to imitate me. My payments were carefully made before the Parliament opened. When I had let the Session pass over without making use of the materials in my hands, an embargo was laid on the income of my employment. . . . I found means to retaliate, without violating the strictest laws of honour: nor have they been able to reproach me, though I had such opportunities of resembling them.'

been employed *about* you, as I have ever since the 21st of April; a day your enemies shall have some cause to remember. I had writ nine or ten sheets of an answer[1] to the *Address to the Public*, when I received the enclosed mandate[2]. You will see *my masters* order me, as a subaltern of the Exchequer, to drop you and defend them—but you will see too, that, instead of obeying, *I have given warning.* I would not communicate any part of this transaction to you, till it was out of my hands, because I knew your affection for me would not approve my going so far—but it was necessary. My honour required that I should declare my adherence to you in the most authentic manner. I found that some persons had dared to doubt whether I would risk everything for you. You see by these letters that Mr. Grenville himself had presumed so. Even a change in the administration, however unlikely, might happen before I had any opportunity of declaring myself; and then those who should choose to put the worst construction, either on my actions or my silence, might say what they pleased. I was waiting for some opportunity: they have put it into my hands, and I took care not to let it slip. Indeed they have put more into my hands, which I have not let slip neither. Could I expect they would give me so absurd an account of Mr. Grenville's conduct, and give it me in writing? They can only add to this obligation that of provocation to print my letter, which, however strong in facts, I have taken care to make very decent in terms, because it imports us to have the candid (that is, I fear, the mercenary) on our side;—no, that we must not expect, but at least disarmed.

Lord Tavistock has flung his handkerchief to Lady

LETTER 960.—[1] *A Counter Address to the Public on the late Dismission of a General Officer.* (See Lord Orford's *Works*, vol. ii. p. 547.)

[2] Thomas Pitt's letter of June 1, mentioned in note on preceding letter.

Elizabeth Keppel. They all go to Woburn on Thursday, and the ceremony is to be performed as soon as her brother, the Bishop, can arrive from Exeter. I am heartily glad the Duchess of Bedford does not set her heart on marrying me to anybody; I am sure she would bring it about. She has some small intention of coupling my niece and Dick Vernon, but I have forbidden the banns.

The Birthday, I hear, was lamentably empty. We had a funeral loo last night in the great chamber at Lady Bel Finch's: the Duke, Princess Emily, and the Duchess of Bedford were there. The Princess entertained her Grace with the joy the Duke of Bedford will have in being a grandfather; in which reflection, I believe, the grandmotherhood was not forgotten. Adieu!

961. To the Earl of Hertford.

Strawberry Hill, June 8, 1764.

To be sure, you have heard the event of this last week? Lord Tavistock has flung his handkerchief, and, except a few jealous *sultanas*, and some *sultanas valides* who had marketable daughters, everybody is pleased that the lot is fallen on Lady Elizabeth Keppel.

The house of Bedford came to town last Friday. I supped with them that night at the Spanish Ambassador's, who has made Powis House[1] magnificent. Lady Elizabeth was not there, nor mentioned. On the contrary, by the Duchess's conversation, which turned on Lady Betty Montagu, there were suspicions in her favour. The next morning Lady Elizabeth received a note from the Duchess of Marlborough, insisting on seeing her that evening. When she arrived at Marlborough House, she found nobody but the Duchess and Lord Tavistock. The Duchess cried, 'Lord! they have left

Letter 961.—[1] In Great Ormond Street.

the window open in the next room!'—went to shut it, and shut the lovers in too, where they remained for three hours. The same night all the town was at the Duchess of Richmond's. Lady Albemarle was at tredille; the Duke of Bedford came up to the table, and told her he must speak to her as soon as the pool was over. You may guess whether she knew a card more that she played. When she had finished, the Duke told her he should wait on her the next morning, to make the demand in form. She told it directly to me and my niece Waldegrave, who was in such transport for her friend, that she promised the Duke of Bedford to kiss him, and hurried home directly to write to her sisters. The Duke asked no questions about fortune, but has since slipped a bit of paper into Lady Elizabeth's hand, telling her he hoped his son would live, but if he did not, there was something for her; it was a jointure of three thousand pounds a year, and six hundred pounds pin-money. I dined with her the next day at Monsieur de Guerchy's, and as I hindered the company from wishing her joy, and yet joked with her myself, Madame de Guerchy said she perceived I would let nobody else tease her, that I might have all the teasing to myself. She has behaved in the prettiest manner in the world, and would not appear at a vast assembly at Northumberland House on Tuesday, nor at a great haymaking at Mrs. Pitt's on Wednesday. Yesterday they all went to Woburn, and to-morrow the ceremony is to be performed; for the Duke has not a moment's patience till she is breeding.

You would have been diverted at Northumberland House; besides the sumptuous liveries, the illuminations in the garden, the pages, the two chaplains in waiting in their gowns and scarves, *à l'irlandaise*, and Dr. Hill and his wife, there was a most delightful Countess, who has just imported herself from Mecklenburgh. She is an absolute

Princess of Monomotapa; but I fancy you have seen her, for her hideousness and frantic accoutrements are so extraordinary, that they tell us she was hissed in the Tuileries. She crossed the drawing-room on the Birthday to speak to the Queen *en amie*, after standing with her back to Princess Amalie. The Queen was so ashamed of her, that she said cleverly, 'This is not the dress at Strelitz; but this woman always dressed herself as capriciously there, as your Duchess of Queensberry does here.'

The haymaking at Wandsworth Hill did not succeed, from the excessive cold of the night; I proposed to bring one of the cocks into the great room, and make a bonfire. All the beauties were disappointed, and all the Macaronies afraid of getting the toothache.

The Guerchys are gone to Goodwood, and were to have been carried to Portsmouth, but Lord Egmont[2] refused to let the ambassador see the place. The Duke of Richmond was in a rage, and I do not know how it has ended, for the Duke of Bedford defends the refusal, and says they certainly would not let you see Brest. The Comte d'Ayen[3] is going a longer tour. He is liked here. The three great ambassadors danced at court—the Prince of Masserano they say well; he is extremely in fashion, and is a sensible, very good-humoured man, though his appearance is so deceitful. They have given me the honour of a *bon mot*, which, I assure you, does not belong to me, that I never saw a man so full of *orders* and *disorders*. He and his suite, and the Guerchys and theirs, are to dine here next week. Poor little Strawberry never thought of such fêtes. I did invite them to breakfast, but they confounded it, and understood that they were asked to dinner, so I must do as well as

[2] First Lord of the Admiralty.

[3] Probably Jean Paul François (1739–1824), Comte d'Ayen, son of the Duc de Noailles, whom he succeeded in 1793.

I can. Both the ambassadors are in love with my niece; therefore, I trust they will not have unsentimental stomachs.

Shall I trouble you with a little commission? It is to send me a book that I cannot get here, nor am I quite sure of the exact title, but it is called *Origine des Mœurs*, or something to that import. It is in three volumes, and has not been written above two or three years. Adieu, my dear Lord, from my fireside.

P.S. Do you know that Madame de Yertzin, the Mecklenburgh Countess, has had the honour of giving the King of Prussia a box of the ear?—I am sure he deserved it, if he could take liberties with such a chimpanzee. Colonel Elliot died on Thursday.

962. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, June 8, 1764.

I can give you but little satisfaction on the affairs of your family, after which you inquire. I have not seen your brother these three weeks. When I do, I will endeavour to find out the solution of the enigmas he has sent you. The *caveat* must, I conclude, come from the Torrianos[1]; but now, would you believe it, I do not know whether your sister is alive or not. As your brother Ned said nothing of any legacy to her, she or her heirs, I suppose, dispute James's will. As to the other point of Ned's children, I am almost as much in the dark. Nobody upon earth is less inquisitive than I am about private affairs that do not concern them: when I even hear them by chance, I forget them immediately. I must rub up my reminiscence for you, and recollect what I can. I think then, I have heard that there are broods No. 1 and 2. Leah and her offspring,

Letter 962.—[1] Mann's sister married a Mr. Torriano.

Sir William Hamilton, K.B.

from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

I think, were packed off into the desert, by the influence of Rachel, who remains in possession. She has had at least a son and daughter, which two, I believe, were all that lived past infancy. Your brother Gal used to apprehend that a marriage would be declared in order to legitimate the boy, but he died some years ago. The daughter is become so great a favourite, that that very circumstance will probably prevent any marriage, which would not benefit her; and the alliance with the house of Gainsborough flatters your brother enough, I think, to make him desirous of aggrandizing your nephew Horace. I look thither too, but not at all forgetting who must come before him. Your brother Ned, on James's death, talked to me very explicitly of all centering in Horace; and the very frankness with which he mentions his natural children to you, seems an earnest that he has no thoughts of providing for them but as natural children. I would therefore advise you to approve of his designs for them, and talk to him with the same easiness of them as he does.

Your red riband is certainly postponed. There was but one vacant, which was promised to General Draper, who, when he thought he felt the sword dubbing his shoulder, was told that my Lord Clive could not conquer the Indies a second time without being a Knight of the Bath. This, however, I think will be but a short parenthesis, for I expect that *heaven-born hero*[2] to return from whence he came, instead of bringing hither all the Mogul's pearls and rubies. Yet, before that happens there will probably be other vacancies to content both Draper and you.

You have a new neighbour coming to you, Mr. William Hamilton, one of the King's equerries, who succeeds Sir James Gray at Naples. Hamilton is a friend of mine, is

[2] Expression of Mr. Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham, in the House of Commons on Lord Clive. *Walpole.*

son of Lady Archibald, and was aide-de-camp to Mr. Conway. He is picture-mad, and will ruin himself in virtù-land. His wife[3] is as musical as he is connoisseur, but she is dying of an asthma.

I have never heard of the present[4] you mention of the box of essences. The secrets of that prison-house do not easily transpire, and the merit of any offering is generally assumed, I believe, by the officiating priests.

Lord Tavistock is to be married to-morrow to Lady Elizabeth Keppel, Lord Albemarle's sister.

I love to tell you an anecdote of any of our old acquaintance, and I have now a delightful one, relating, yet indirectly, to one of them. You know, to be sure, that Madame de Craon's daughter, Madame de Boufflers[5], has the greatest power with King Stanislaus. Our old friend the Princess goes seldom to Luneville for this reason, not enduring to see her daughter on that throne which she so long filled with absolute empire. But Madame de Boufflers, who, from his Majesty's age, cannot occupy *all* the places in the palace that her mother filled, indemnifies herself with his Majesty's Chancellor. One day that she discovered halfway up her leg, the lively old monarch said, 'Regardez, quel joli petit pied, et la belle jambe! Mon Chancelier vous dira le reste.' You know this is the form when a King says a few words to his Parliament, and then refers them to his chancellor. I expect to hear a great deal soon of the Princess, for Mr. Churchill and my sister are going to settle at Nancy for some time. Adieu!

[3] Daughter and heiress of Hugh Barlow, of Lawrenny Hall, near Swansea; d. 1782.

[4] A present from Sir Horace, I believe, to the Queen. *Walpole.*

[5] Marie Françoise Catherine de Beauvau Craon (d. 1787), Marquise de Boufflers.

963. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, June 18, 1764.

I trust that you have thought I was dead, it is so long since you heard of me. In truth I had nothing to talk of but cold and hot weather, of rain and want of rain, subjects that have been our summer conversation for these twenty years. I am pleased that you was content with your pictures, and shall be glad if you have begotten ancestors out of them. You may tell your uncle Algernon[1] that I go to-morrow where he would not be ashamed to see me: as there are not many such spots at present, you and he will guess it is to Park Place.

Strawberry, whose glories perhaps verge towards their setting, has been more sumptuous to-day than ordinary, and banqueted their representative majesties of France and Spain. I had Monsieur and Madame de Guerchy, Mademoiselle de Nangis their daughter, two other French gentlemen, the Prince of Masserano, his brother and secretary, Lord March, George Selwyn, Mrs. Anne Pitt, and my niece Waldegrave. The refectory never was so crowded: nor have any foreigners been here before that comprehended Strawberry. Indeed, everything succeeded to a hair. A violent shower in the morning laid the dust, brightened the green, refreshed the roses, pinks, orange-flowers, and the blossoms with which the acacias are covered. A rich storm of thunder and lightning gave a dignity of colouring to the heavens; and the sun appeared enough to illuminate the landscape, without basking himself over it at his length. During dinner there were French horns and clarionets in the cloister, and after coffee I treated them with an English and to them a very new collation, a syllabub milked under the cows that were brought to the

Letter 963.—[1] Algernon Sidney.

brow of the terrace. Thence they went to the printing house, and saw a new fashionable French song printed. They drank tea in the gallery, and at eight went away to Vauxhall.

They really seemed quite pleased with the place and the day; but I must tell you, the treasury of the abbey will feel it, for without magnificence, all was handsomely done. I must keep *maigre*—at least till the interdict is taken off from my convent. I have kings and queens, I hear, in my neighbourhood, but this is no royal foundation. Adieu!

Your poor beadsman,
THE ABBOT OF STRAWBERRY.

P.S. Mr. Bentley's[2] servile poem is rewarded with 160*l.* a year in the Post Office.

964. TO THE HON. HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

Strawberry Hill, Monday night [July 2, 1764].

IF my Lady Ailesbury does not think the little bull as handsome as Jupiter himself, I shall resent it. He is accompanied by seven bantams for the Infanta.

As Lord Frederick and Lord John[1] are gone to you this evening, I can tell you no politics but what they know. The Bedfords are certainly jealous of some negotiation being on foot between Lord Bute and Pitt, but I cannot find it is with any reason, though I do not desire to have them undeceived.

I sent your papers to Mr. Matthews the moment I got to town; he said he was very ill, but would transcribe them if he could.

Lord Bath has been dying, but is out of danger, and,

[2] This name is obliterated in the original so as to be almost illegible.

LETTER 964.—Not in C.; printed from original in possession of Sir T. V. Lister.

[1] Lords Frederick Campbell and John Cavendish.

what I like more, Legge mends again. Your brother has sent me the Duke and Duchess of Berwick [2], and what upon earth to do with them I don't know. They have the grace to call themselves Lirias here, yet they do not go to court, and say they are only come to see their relations. He looks like a cook, but does not seem to have parts enough for one. He had never heard that his great-grandmother married Mr. Godfrey; he told me to-day that she called herself Churchill, but that her family name was Marlborough. The Duchess of Liria, who is sister of the Duc of Alva, is a rational civil being, not at all handsome, but easy and genteel. They have more debts than dukedoms, though he is Duke of Veraguez too, and have crowded all their rich blood into la rue de Suffolk Street.

They talk of a match between Lord Middlesex and Lady Jane Stuart: in the meantime, Mr. Ellis is dying for her, and Lord Holland's young Macartney [3] very desirous of living by her.

The fashionable diversion in town is a conjurer. We had him last night at my Lady Harrington's. His tricks are ten times more dexterous than Sandwich's.

There was last night at Guerchy's a daughter of Lord Dillon [4], just come out of a convent, who is to be the future Duchess of Norfolk. She has a fine person, and not at all a disagreeable face.

The Mecklenburgh Countess was there too, ten times

[2] Maria Teresa de Silva y Alvarez de Toledo (1716–1790), daughter of Manuel José de Silva by Maria Teresa Alvarez de Toledo, eleventh Duchess of Alva; m. (1738) James Francis Edward, third Duke of Berwick.

[3] George Macartney (1737–1806), of Lissanoure, Antrim; K.B., 1772; cr. (July 19, 1776) Baron Macartney of Lissanoure; cr. Earl Macartney, 1794; Envoy to St. Petersburg, 1764–66; Ambassador at St. Petersburg, 1767–68; Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1768–72; Governor of the Caribbean Islands, 1776–84; Governor of Madras, 1784–85; Ambassador to China, 1792–94. He was an intimate friend of Lord Holland's family. He married Lady Jane Stuart in 1768.

[4] Henry Dillon (d. 1787), eleventh Viscount Dillon. He had four daughters, none of whom, however, married the Duke of Norfolk.

more dirty, frowsy, extravagant, and mad than ever. Prince William has said, 'This is the worst sample we have had yet.' I begin to think he will not command the army.

My Lord Townshend and Charles had quarrelled lately. My Lady made a reconciling dinner for them, and all was made up. As soon as they parted, George wrote the most abusive letter in the world to Charles, and they are rather ill together again. Adieu! Yours ever,

H. W.

965. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 16, 1764.

Mr. Chute says you are peremptory that you will not cast a look southwards. Do you know that in that case you will not set eyes on me the Lord knows when? My mind is pretty much fixed on going to Paris the beginning of September. I think I shall go, if it is only to scold my Lord and Lady Hertford for sending me their cousins, the Duke and Duchess of Berwick, who say they are come to see their relations. By their appearance, you would imagine they were come to beg money of their family. He has just the sort of capacity which you would expect in a Stuart engrafted on a Spaniard. He asked me which way he was to come to Twickenham? I told him through Kensington, to which I supposed his geography might reach. —He replied, 'Oh! du côté de la mer.' She, who is sister of the Duke of Alva, is a decent kind of a body—but they talk wicked French. I gave them a dinner here t'other day, with the Marquis of Jamaica, their only child, and a fat tutor, and the few Fitzroys I could amass at this season. They were very civil, and seemed much pleased. To-day they are gone to Blenheim by invitation.

I want to send you something from the Strawberry Press: tell me how I shall convey it. It is nothing less than the

most curious book that ever yet set its foot in the world—I expect to hear you scream hither. If you don't, I shall be disappointed, for I have kept it as a most profound secret from you, till I was ready to surprise you with it—I knew your impatience, and would not let you have it piecemeal. It is the *Life* of the great philosopher, Lord Herbert, written by himself.—Now are you disappointed—well, read it—not the forty first pages, of which you will be sick—I will not anticipate it—but I will tell you the history. I found it a year ago at Lady Hertford's, to whom Lady Powis[1] had lent it. I took it up, and soon threw it down again, as the dullest thing I ever saw. She persuaded me to take it home. My Lady Waldegrave was here in all her grief—Gray and I read it to amuse her.—We could not get on for laughing and screaming. I begged to have it to print—Lord Powis, sensible of the extravagance, refused. I insisted—he persisted. I told my Lady Hertford, it was no matter, I would print it, I was determined. I sat down and wrote a flattering dedication to Lord Powis, which I knew he would swallow: he did, and gave up his ancestor. But this was not enough. I was resolved the world should not think I admired it seriously (though there are really fine passages in it, and good sense too)—I drew up an equivocal preface, in which you will discover my opinion, and sent it with the dedication. The Earl gulped down the one under the palliative of the other—and here you will have all. Pray take notice of the pedigree, of which I am exceedingly proud; observe how I have clearly arranged so involved a descent—one may boast of one's heraldry. I shall send you, too, Lady Temple's *Poems*. Pray keep both under lock and key, for there are but two hundred copies of Lord Herbert, and but one hundred of the *Poems* suffered to be printed.

Letter 965.—[1] Barbara Antonia Herbert, Countess of Powis.

I am almost crying to find the glorious morsel of summer that we have had turned into just such a watery season as the last. Even my excess of verdure, which used to comfort me for everything, does not satisfy me now, as I live entirely alone. I am heartily tired of my large neighbourhood, who do not furnish me two or three rational beings at most, and the best of them have no vivacity. London, whither I go at least once a fortnight for a night, is a perfect desert. As the court is gone into a convent at Richmond, the town is more abandoned than ever. I cannot, as you do, bring myself to be content without variety, without events; my mind is always wanting new food; summer does not suit me—but I will grow old some time or other. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

966. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, July 16, 1764.

You must think me a brute to have been so long without taking any notice of your obliging offer of coming hither. The truth is, I have not been at all settled here for three days together: nay, nor do I know when I shall be. I go to-morrow into Sussex; in August into Yorkshire, and in September—into France. If, in any interval of these jaunts, I can be sure of remaining here a week, which I literally have not been this whole summer, I will certainly let you know, and will claim your promise.

Another reason for my writing now is, I want to know how I may send you Lord Herbert's *Life*, which I have just printed. Did I remember the favour you did me of asking for my own print? if I did not, it shall accompany this book. Adieu, dear Sir.

Yours most faithfully,

Hor. Walpole.

967. To the Rev. Henry Zouch.

Sir, Arlington Street, July 21, 1764.

You will have heard of the severe attendance which we have had for this last week in the House of Commons. It will, I trust, have excused me to you for not having answered sooner your very kind letter. My books, I fear, have no merit over Mr. Harte's *Gustavus*, but by being much shorter. I read his work, and was sorry so much curious matter should be so ill and so tediously put together. His anecdotes are much more interesting than mine; luckily I was aware that mine were very trifling, and did not dwell upon them. To answer the demand, I am printing them with additions, but must wait a little for assistance and corrections to the two latter, as I have had for the former.

You are exceedingly obliging, Sir, to offer me one of your Fergussons[1]. I thank you for it, as I ought; but, in truth, I have more pictures than room to place them; both my houses are full, and I have even been thinking of getting rid of some I have. That this is no declension of your civility, Sir, you will see, when I gladly accept either of your medals of King Charles. I shall be proud to keep it as a mark of your friendship; but then I will undoubtedly rob you of but one.

I condole with you, Sir, for the loss of your friend and relation, as I heartily take my share in whatever concerns you. The great and unmerited kindness I have received from you will ever make me your most obliged, &c.

Letter 967.—This letter is obviously misdated. Parliament was prorogued from April 19 of this year till Jan. 10, 1765. The letter was probably written in Jan. 1764.

[1] Probably William Fergusson, a Scotch painter of still life mentioned in *Anecdotes of Painting*, who flourished in the seventeenth century.

968. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, July 21, 1764.

I must never send you trifles; for you always make me real presents in return. The beauty of the coin surprises me. Mr. White must be rich, when such are his duplicates. I am acquainted with him, and have often intended to visit his collection, but it is one of those things one never does, because one always may. I give you a thousand thanks in return, and what are not worth more, my own print, Lord Herbert's *Life* (this is curious, though it costs me little), and some orange flowers. I wish you had mentioned the latter sooner; I have had an amazing profusion this year, and given them away to the right and left by handfuls. These are all I could collect to-day, as I was coming to town, but you shall have more, if you want them.

I consign these things as you ordered. I wish the print may arrive without being rumpled; it is difficult to convey mezzotintos: but if this is spoiled, you shall have another.

If I make any stay in France, which I do not think I shall, above six weeks at most, you shall certainly hear from me—but I am a bad commissioner for searching you out a hermitage[1]. It is too much against my interest, and I had much rather find you one in the neighbourhood of Strawberry. Adieu! dear Sir.

Yours most sincerely,

H. Walpole.

969. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, July 27, 1764.

I know nothing. This is both my text and my discourse: very entertaining matter for a letter! Yet I must write to

Letter 968.—[1] Cole had serious thoughts of settling in France.

keep up our acquaintance, and to acknowledge your last. You tell me you are disappointed of the Duke of York's return to Florence. *Consolati*, you will save a little money and more health; two hoards in which you do not too much abound, my dear Sir; and though they are not much more durable enjoyments than honour, they are somewhat more comfortable. I believe my Lady Temple[1] would at this moment be heartily glad to swop situations with you. Princess Amelia is at Stow, where Lady Temple, Sir Richard Lyttelton, and the Duchess of Bridgwater are all wheeled into the room in gouty chairs.

It was your brother Torriano, as I guessed, as you tell me, and as I have since heard, that put in the *caveat*, but soon withdrew it. My information was not quite so authentic about your elder brother's progeny; besides the infanta, he has a son three years old.

They talk now of our Parliament meeting in November, which is so much sooner than I expected that perhaps it may prevent my journey to Paris. In the meantime I am going to the Duke of Devonshire's and Lord Strafford's, and design to know my own mind by the time I return.

Well now, can one honestly call this a letter? Can one have less to say when one has nothing to say? Don't think I am gulping and suppressing politics; they are dead asleep. Their *réveil* perhaps will make some noise. Oh! I had forgot D'Éon: they would not allow him time for witnesses, and so he would not plead, and so he was found guilty, and so his sentence cannot be pronounced till next term, which is not till November, and so I suppose he will go off by October; and so, if you and the post would excuse me, I would finish my letter. Monsieur de Guerchy is gone for the summer months. We do not quite believe he

Letter 969.—[1] Anne Chamber, wife of Richard Grenville, first Earl Temple. *Walpole.*

will return, as his sojourn here has been but unpleasant. He is an agreeable gentleman-like sort of body, no genius; but so much the better. It is well for us they had no abler to send. Yet he is a match for those he has to treat with.

Poland seems to be the only busy spot upon the globe at present. I was very well acquainted with Czartoriski, their king[2] that is to be, when he was here. He was a sensible young man, and spoke English very tolerably. Mr. Conway was more intimate with him, and still more so with Poniatowski, his cousin and friend. Yet I do not believe *my* cousin and friend[3] will go and offer his services to them against General Branicki[4], though so ill-treated at home. Adieu, my dear Sir.

970. To Grosvenor Bedford.

Dear Sir, July 30, 1764.

I did not know that the watch-coats were bought of Mr. Mann. I should be very glad to oblige Mr. Jackson, and will in anything else; but I don't see how I can deal with anybody else, as Mr. Edward Mann and his family continue the business, and I have such connections with them. I could wish you had not thought of this, as I would fain oblige Mr. Jackson, and yet I cannot do anything—the Manns would take it ill.

I enclose the warrant, and a ticket for Strawberry; and three advertisements, which, at your leisure as you go into the City, I will beg you to inquire after, and if their cases are really compassionate, to give half a guinea for me to each, and to send a guinea to the common side of the Fleet

[2] Czartoriski was not chosen king, but Poniatowski, by the name of Stanislaus II. *Walpole.*

[3] General Conway. *Walpole.*

[4] Another competitor for the crown. *Walpole.*—He took arms to oppose Poniatowski's election, was defeated, and fled to Turkey.

Prison, where they advertise their sickness,—but don't mention me.

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

971. To the Earl of Hertford.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 3, 1764.

As my letters are seldom proper for the post now, I begin them at any time, and am forced to trust to chance for a conveyance. This difficulty renders my news very stale; but what can I do? There does not happen enough at this season of the year to fill a mere gazette. I should be more sorry to have you think me silent too long. You must be so good as to recollect, when there is a large interval between my letters, that I have certainly one ready in my writing-box, and only wait for a messenger. I hope to send this by Lord Coventry. For the next three weeks, indeed, I shall not be able to write, as I go in a few days with your brother to Chatsworth and Wentworth Castle.

I am under more distress about my visit to you—but I will tell you the truth. As I think the Parliament will not meet before Christmas, though they now talk of it for November, I would quit our politics for a few weeks; but the expense frightens me, which did not use to be one of my fears. I cannot but expect, knowing the enemies I have, that the Treasury may distress me. I had laid by a little sum which I intended to bauble away at Paris; but I may have very serious occasion for it. The recent example of Lord Holdernesse, who has had every rag seized at the Custom House, alarms my present prudence. I cannot afford to buy even clothes, which I may lose in six weeks. These considerations dispose me to wait till I see a little farther into this chaos. You know enough of the present

actors in the political drama, to believe that the present system is not a permanent one, nor likely to roll on till Christmas without some change. The first moment that I can quit party with honour, I shall seize. It neither suits my inclination nor the years I have lived in the world; for, though I am not old, I have been in the world so long, and seen so much of those who figure in it, that I am heartily sick of its commerce. My attachment to your brother, and the apprehension that fear of my own interest would be thought the cause if I took no part for him, determined me to risk everything rather than abandon him. I have done it, and cannot repent, whatever distresses may follow. One's good name is of more consequence than all the rest, my dear Lord. Do not think I say this with the least disrespect to you; it is only to convince you that I did not recommend anything to you that I would avoid myself; nor engaged myself, nor wished to engage you, in party from pique, resentment, caprice, or choice. I am dipped in it much against my inclination. I can suffer by it infinitely more than you could. But there are moments when one must take one's part like a man. This I speak solely with regard to myself. I allow fairly and honestly, that you was not circumstanced as I was. You had not voted with your brother as I did; the world knew your inclinations were different. All this certainly composed serious reasons for you not to follow him, if you did not choose it. My motives for thinking you had better have espoused his cause were for your own sake: I detailed those motives to you in my last long letter: that opinion is as strong with me as ever.

The affront to you, the malice that aimed that affront, the importance that it gives one, upon the long run, to act steadily and uniformly with one's friends, the enemies you make in the opposition, composed of so many great

families, and of your own principal allies, and the little merit you gain with the ministry by the contrary conduct,—all these were, to me, unanswerable reasons, and remain so, for what I advised; yet, as I told you before, I think the season is passed, and that you must wait for an opportunity of disengaging yourself with credit. I am persuaded that occasion will be given you, from one or other of the causes I mentioned in my last; and if the fairest is, I entreat you by the good wishes which I am sure you know from my soul I bear you, to seize it. Excuse me: I know I go too far, but my heart is set on your making a great figure, and your letters are so kind, that they encourage me to speak with a friendship which I am sensible is not discreet —but you know you and your brother have ever been the objects of my warmest affection; and, however partial you may think me to him, I must labour to have the world think as highly of you, and to unite you firmly for your lives. If this was not my motive, you must be sure I should not be so earnest. It is not one vote in the House of Lords that imports us. Party is grown so serious, and will, I doubt, become every day more so, that one must make one's option; and it will go to my soul to see you embarked against all your friends, against the Whig principles you have ever professed, and with men, amongst whom you have not one well-wisher, and with whom you will not even be able to remain upon tolerable terms, unless you take a vigorous part against all you love and esteem.

In warm times lukewarmness is a crime with those on whose side you are ranged. Your good sense and experience will judge whether what I say is not strictly the case. It is not your brother or I that have occasioned these circumstances. Lord Bute has thrown this country into a confusion which will not easily be dissipated without

serious hours. Changes may, and, as I said in the beginning of my letter, will probably happen; but the seeds that have been sown will not be rooted up by one or two revolutions in the cabinet. It had taken an hundred and fifty years to quiet the animosities of Whig and Tory; that contest is again set on foot, and though a struggle for places may be now, as has often been, the secret purpose of principals, the court and the nation are engaging on much deeper springs of action. I wish I could elucidate this truth, as I have the rest, but that is not fit for paper, nor to be comprised within the compass of a letter—I have said enough to furnish you with ample reflections. I submit all to your own judgement—I have even acted rightly by you, in laying before you what it was not easy for you, my dear Lord, to see or know at a distance. I trust all to your indulgence, and your acquaintance with my character, which surely is not artful or mysterious, and which, to you, has ever been, as it ever shall be, most cordial and well intentioned. I come to my gazette.

There is nothing new, but the resignation of Lord Carnarvon[1], who has thrown up the Bedchamber, and they say, the lieutenancy of Hampshire, on Stanley being made governor of the Isle of Wight.

I have been much distressed this morning. The royal family reside chiefly at Richmond, whither scarce necessary servants attend them, and no mortal else but Lord Bute. The King and Queen have taken to going about to see places; they have been at Oatlands and Wanstead. A quarter before ten to-day, I heard the bell at the gate ring,—truth is, I was not up, for my hours are not reformed, either at night or in the morning,—I inquired who it was? the Prince of Mecklenburgh and De Witz had called to

LETTER 971.—[1] James Brydges (1731–1789), Marquis of Carnarvon, eldest son of second Duke of Chandos, whom he succeeded in 1771.

know if they could see the house; my two Swiss, Favre and Louis, told them I was in bed, but if they would call again in an hour, they might see it. I shuddered at this report,—and would it were the worst part! The Queen herself was behind, in a coach: I am shocked to death, and know not what to do! It is ten times worse just now than ever at any other time: it will certainly be said that I refused to let the Queen see my house. See what it is to have republican servants! When I made a tempest about it, Favre said, with the utmost *sang-froid*, 'Why could not he tell me he was the Prince of Mecklenburgh?' I shall go this evening and consult my oracle, Lady Suffolk. If she approves it, I will write to De Witz, and pretend I know nothing of anybody but the Prince, and beg a thousand pardons, and assure him how proud I should be to have his master visit my castle at Thundertentronk.

August 4th.

I have dined to-day at Claremont, where I little thought I should dine, but whither *our* affairs have pretty naturally conducted me. It turned out a very melancholy day. Before I got into the house, I heard that letters were just arrived there, with accounts of the Duke of Devonshire having had two more fits. When I came to see Lord John's and Lord Frederick's letters, I found these two fits had been but one, and that very slight, much less than the former, and certainly nervous by all the symptoms, as Sir Edward Wilmot, who has been at Chatsworth, pronounces it. The Duke perceived it coming, and directed what to have done, and it was over in four minutes. The next event was much more real. I had been half round the garden with the Duke[2] in his one-horse chair; we were passing to the other side of the house, when George

[2] Of Newcastle.

Onslow[3] met us, arrived on purpose to advertise the Duke of the sudden death of the Duchess of Leeds[4], who expired yesterday at dinner in a moment: he called it apoplectic; but as the Bishop of Oxford[5], who is at Claremont, concluded, it was the gout flown up into the head. The Duke received the news as men do at seventy-one: but the terrible part was to break it to the Duchess, who is ill. George Onslow would have taken me away to dinner with him, but the Duke thought that would alarm the Duchess too abruptly, and she is not to know it yet: with her very low spirits it is likely to make a deep impression. It is a heavy stroke too for her father, poor old Lord Godolphin[6], who is eighty-six. For the Duke, his spirits, under so many mortifications and calamities, are surprising: the only effect they and his years seem to have made on him is to have abated his ridicules. Our first meeting to be sure was awkward, yet I never saw a man conduct anything with more sense than he did. There were no notices of what is passed; nothing fulsome, no ceremony, civility enough, confidence enough, and the greatest ease. You would only have thought that I had been long abroad, and was treated like an old friend's son with whom he might make free. In truth, I never saw more rational behaviour: I expected a great deal of flattery, but we had nothing but business while we were alone, and common conversation while the Bishop and the chaplain were present. The Duke mentioned to me his having heard Lord Holland's inclination to your embassy. He spoke very obligingly of you, and said that, next to his own children, he believed there was nobody the late Lord Hardwicke loved so much

[3] George, afterwards Earl, Onslow. He was nephew by marriage to the Duke of Newcastle.

[4] Sister of the Duchess of Newcastle.

[5] John Hume, translated to Salisbury in 1766; d. 1782.

[6] Francis Godolphin (1678–1766), second Earl of Godolphin.

as you. I cannot say the Duke spoke very affectionately of Sir Joseph Yorke, who has never written a single line to him since he was out. I told him that did not surprise me, for Sir Joseph has treated your brother in the same manner, though the latter has written two letters to him since his dismission.

Arlington Street, Tuesday night, 10 o'clock.

I am here alone in the most desolate of all towns. I came to-day to visit my sovereign Duchess[7] in her lying-in, and have been there till this moment, not a soul else but Lady Jane Scott. Lady Waldegrave came from Tunbridge yesterday *en passant*, and reported a new woful history of a *fracas* there—don't my Lady Hertford's ears tingle? but she will not be surprised. A footman—a very comely footman—to a Mrs. Craster, had been most extremely impertinent to Lord Clanbrazil, Frederick Vane, and a son of Lady Anne Hope[8]; they threatened to have him turned away—he replied, if he was, he knew where he should be protected. Tunbridge is a quiet private place, where one does not imagine that everything one does in one's private family will be known—yet so it happened that the morning after the fellow's dismission, it was reported that he was hired by another lady[9], the Lord knows who. At night, that lady was playing at loo in the rooms. Lord Clanbrazil told her of the report, and hoped she would contradict it: she grew as angry as a fine lady could grow, told him it was no business of his, and—and I am afraid, still more. *Vane* whispered her—one should have thought that name[10] would

[7] The Duchess of Grafton, whose youngest son, Lord Charles Fitzroy, was born on July 17, 1764.

[8] Lady Anne Vane (d. 1775), eldest daughter of first Earl of Darlington; m. (1) (1746) Hon. Charles Hope Weir, second son of first Earl of Hopetoun, from whom she was divorced; (2) Hon. George Monson.

[9] Probably Lady Harrington; she was the sister of Lady Hertford.

[10] Henry Vane, Lord Barnard, had been one of Lady Harrington's admirers. See vol. iii. p. 389.

have had some weight—oh! worse and worse! the poor English language was ransacked for terms that came up to her resentment—the party broke up, and, I suppose, nobody went home to write an account of what happened to their acquaintance.

O'Brien and Lady Susan are to be transported to the Ohio, and have a grant of forty thousand acres. The Duchess of Grafton says sixty thousand were bestowed; but a friend of yours, and a relation of Lady Susan, nibbled away twenty thousand for a Mr. Upton[11].

By a letter from your brother to-day, I find our northern journey is laid aside; the Duke of Devonshire is coming to town; the physicians want him to go to Spa. This derangement makes me turn my eyes eagerly towards Paris; though I shall be ashamed to come thither after the wise reasons I have given you against it in the beginning of this letter; *nous verrons*—the temptation is strong, but Patriots must resist temptations; it is not the etiquette to yield to them till a change happens.

I enclose a letter, which your brother has sent me to convey to you, and two pamphlets[12]. The former is said to be written by Shebbeare, under George Grenville's direction: the latter, which makes rather more noise, is certainly composed by somebody who does not hate your brother—I even fancy you will guess the same person for the author that everybody else does. I shall be able to send you soon another pamphlet, written by Charles Townshend, on the subject of the warrants—you see, at least, *we* do not ransack Newgate and the pillory for writers. We leave those to the administration.

I wish you would be so kind as to tell me what is become of my sister and Mr. Churchill. I received a letter

[11] Clotworthy Upton (1721–1785), created Baron Templetown in 1776.

[12] *An Address to the Public on a Late Dismission*, and a *Counter Address*, the latter by Horace Walpole.

from Lady Mary to-day, telling me she was that instant setting out from Paris, but does not say whither.

The first storm that is likely to burst in politics seems to be threatened from the Bedford quarter. The Duke and Duchess have been in town but for two days the whole summer, and are now going to Trentham, whither Lord Gower, *qui se donnait pour favori*, is retired for three months. This is very unlike the declaration in spring, that the Duke must reside at Streatham [13], because the King could not spare him for a day.

The memorial [14] left by Guerchy at his departure, and the late *arrêts* in France on our American histories, make much noise, and seem to say that I have not been a false prophet! If our ministers can stand so many difficulties from abroad, and so much odium at home, they are abler men than I take them for. Adieu, the whole Hôtel de Lassay [15]! I verily think I shall see it soon.

972. To Christopher Wren.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 9, 1764.

You do me justice in believing that I should receive any information from you with pleasure, and should be ready to give you any proper satisfaction that depends on me with regard to that great man your grandfather. If I had not supposed, Sir, that you had exhausted the subject in that agreeable and instructive work the *Parentalia* [1], I should have taken the liberty of consulting you on the Life of

[13] The Duke's house at Streatham formerly belonged to his grandfather, John Howland.

[14] A demand for restitution of property of the Duchy of Brittany, taken away from Belleisle.

[15] Lord Hertford's house in Paris.

Letter 972. — Not in C.; now printed from original in possession of Mrs. Alfred Morrison.

[1] *Parentalia, or Memoirs of the Family of the Wrens . . . but chiefly of Sir Christopher Wren*, &c., compiled by his son Christopher, and published by his grandson Stephen, 'with the care of Joseph Ames' (London, 1750).

Sir Christopher Wren. I have already apologized in my *Anecdotes* for attempting an account of him, as I could add nothing to what has already been written on this article.

When I began your letter, Sir, I own I was alarmed. The caution I have used on modern artists, lest I should give a moment's pain to their families, is evident. It has occasioned the latter volumes of my work being more dry, and perhaps less amusing than the former. It has even made me stop before I had completed my plan, because, to say the truth, there are exceedingly few of the latter painters on whom it is possible to bestow just panegyric, and I cannot sacrifice my veracity in compliment to their descendants. But when I had finished your letter, my apprehension was in great measure removed, as the little I have said in dispraise of Sir Christopher cannot, I think, Sir, reasonably give you any uneasiness.

I have said in my book, where I certainly did not mean to flatter him or you, that he was a genius. I have not said, nor can say consistently with truth, that he was faultless. Methinks even the few objections I have made to him confirm the encomiums. A general panegyric always poses for such, and does no honour to the person extolled. Criticism mixed with approbation is apt to make both appear sincere, though the former may not be just. My criticisms on Sir Christopher are given, and could not be given otherwise, but as matters of opinion. I am no standard of judgement. The sole questions on the articles of taste will be whether Sir Christopher or I know best what taste is. Weigh so inconsiderable a judgement as mine, Sir, against Sir Christopher's, and you will soon be easy on that head.

You say, Sir, that it appears a paradox to you that a great genius should want true taste. Give me leave to differ with you, and to give you my reasons. So far from being

a paradox, the one almost appears to me a consequence of the other. I will not defend myself on the distinction I might fairly make, that Sir Christopher Wren was a genius in some respects and wanted taste in others, which yet I presume is all I have said in effect; but it seems to me as if there was a sobriety in taste which would be a shackle on a genius. That there has been now and then a genius (for genius itself is a curiosity) without taste, and often taste without genius, is evident from example. One of the greatest geniuses that ever existed, Shakespeare, undoubtedly wanted taste. In the very class which is the subject of this letter—I mean architecture—Inigo Jones seems to me to have had more taste than genius. Genius is original, invents, and taste selects, perhaps copies, with judgement. If I am right, have I wronged your ancestor?

You impute to King William, Sir, the want of taste in Hampton Court—you therefore allow there was want of taste. Was I to blame when observing that want of taste? I imputed it to the architect. You will perhaps urge the same plea for the palace at Winchester[2]. Forgive me if I say that to prove Sir Christopher had a taste for erecting palaces equal to what he had for churches, some building ought to be specified in which he has exerted it. A prince may name some general style of building to his architect, but does not draw the design; and even if his choice is vicious, if the architect has taste he will exert it, even in an injudicious style. The truth is the fault was in the age, and to that I have already imputed it, not to your grandfather. I shall, however, Sir, on your information, do justice to Sir Christopher, as I should be glad to do it if I was authorized, in what I have heard, that he gave two other designs for St. Paul's preferable even to what is executed, but which were rejected by the Duchess of

[2] Charles II's palace at Winchester.

Portsmouth's influence for interested reasons. I say I will mention the fact of a superior plan for Hampton Court.

With regard to the tower of St. Dunstan's[3], I cannot at this moment resolve you from what book I took my authority—whether from any of those I have quoted, or from the printed table of Sir Christopher's designs for churches. If I can find, or you can give me, Sir, any authority for contradicting it, I shall be most ready to satisfy you, as I certainly will in all facts you disprove, and in matters of opinion if you convince me. You have too good sense, Sir, to expect or require that I should unsay what I have said, for no reason but to pay a compliment to Sir Christopher's memory, which would do him no honour, and would make me ridiculous.

The church at Warwick[4] shall certainly no longer be imputed to him by me.

As I mean in my next edition to do justice to Sir Christopher where it is due, I must here, Sir, do justice to Vertue, whose merit in the *Anecdotes* is real, while mine is only trifling and ornamental. The story of your grandfather being carried every year to St. Paul's came not from Vertue, but from my having heard it often. It appeared very natural, and certainly cannot convey an idea of the smallest imputation. Would any man living have wondered if Milton had had his *Paradise Lost* read over to him every year?

I flatter myself, Sir, I have restored myself to your favour. It would vex me to have to disoblige you undesignedly; but consider, Sir, how hardly an author would be circumstanced if he was prohibited from speaking his opinion on public works lest it should offend the descendants of the poets, architects, painters, &c., in question. Every

[3] St. Dunstan-in-the-East. The tower was designed by Wren.
[4] St. Mary's; the tower only was designed by Wren.

public character—and such is an architect—is liable to be criticized. Nobody has been more censured than my own father; with all the veneration I feel for his memory I never thought him perfect. You, Sir, justly hold Sir Christopher's talent for architecture far inferior to his other qualifications—while his moral virtues remain unblemished you will not, I am sure, think, Sir, that it is of any consequence whether Hampton Court and Winchester are executed in the best taste or not.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient
Humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

973. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 13, 1764.

I am afraid it is some thousands of days since I wrote to you; but woe is me! how could I help it? Summer will be summer, and peace peace. It is not the fashion to be married, or die in the former, nor to kill or be killed in the latter; and pray recollect if those are not the sources of correspondence. You may perhaps put in a *caveat* against my plea of peace, and quote Turks Island[1] upon me; why, to be sure the parenthesis is a little hostile, but we are like a good wife, and can wink at what we don't like to see; besides, the French, like a sensible husband that has made a slip, have promised us a new top-knot, so we have kissed and are very good friends.

The Duke of York returned very abruptly. The town talks of remittances stopped; but as I know nothing of the matter, and you are not only a minister but have the honour

Letter 973.—[1] Which had been seized and taken from us. *Walpole.*— Taken by D'Estaing, but subsequently restored.

of his good graces, I do not pretend to tell you what to be sure you know better than I do.

Old Sir John Barnard[2] is dead, which he had been to the world for some time; and Mr. Legge[3]. The latter, who was heartily in the minority, said cheerfully just before he died, 'that he was going to the majority.'

Let us talk a little of the north. Count Poniatowski, with whom I was acquainted when he was here, is King of Poland, and calls himself Stanislaus the Second. This is the sole instance, I believe, upon record, of a second of a name being on the throne while the first was living without having contributed to dethrone him. Old Stanislaus lives to see a line of successors, like Macbeth in the cave of the witches. So much for Poland; don't let us go farther north; we shall find there Alecto herself. I have almost wept for poor Ivan[4]! I shall soon begin to believe that Richard III[5] murdered as many folks as the Lancastrian historians say he did. I expect that this Fury will poison her son next, lest Semiramis should have the bloody honour of having been more unnatural. As Voltaire has unpoisoned so many persons of former ages, methinks he ought to do as much for the present time, and assure posterity that there never was such a lamb as Catherine II, and that, so far from assassinating her own husband and Czar Ivan, she wept over every chicken that she had for dinner. How crimes, like fashions, flit from clime to clime! Murder reigns under the Pole, while you, who are in the very town where Catherine de' Medici was born, and within a stone's-throw

[2] Formerly Lord Mayor of London, and one of the chiefs of the opposition to Sir R. Walpole. *Walpole.*

[3] Henry Bilson Legge; he had been Chancellor of the Exchequer. *Walpole.*

[4] The deposed Czar Ivan, attempting to make his escape, had been murdered; but it is very doubtful whether the Czarina could be privy to his death. *Walpole.* — He was killed by his guards, on an attempt being made to rescue him.

[5] Mr. Walpole afterwards published his *Historic Doubts* on that subject. *Walpole.*

of Rome, where Borgia and his holy father[6] sent cardinals to the other world by hecatombs, are surprised to hear that there is such an instrument as a stiletto. The papal is now a mere gouty chair, and the good old souls don't even waddle out of it to get a bastard.

Well, good night! I have no more monarchs to chat over; all the rest are the most Catholic or most Christian, or most something or other that is divine; and you know one can never talk long about folks that are only excellent. One can say no more about Stanislaus *the first* than that he is the best of beings. I mean, unless they do not deserve it, and then their flatterers can hold forth upon their virtues by the hour.

974. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Aug. 16, 1764.

I am not gone north, so pray write to me. I am not going south, so pray come to me. The Duke of Devonshire's journey to Spa has prevented the first, and twenty reasons the second; whenever, therefore, you are disposed to make a visit to Strawberry, it will rejoice to receive you in its old ruffs and fardingales, and without rouge, blonde, and run silks.

You have not said a word to me, ingrate as you are, about Lord Herbert—does not he deserve one line?

Tell me when I shall see you, that I may make no appointments to interfere with it. Mr. Conway, Lady Ailesbury, and Lady Lyttelton have been at Strawberry with me for four or five days, so I am come to town to have my house washed, for you know I am a very Hollander in point of cleanliness. This town is a deplorable solitude;

[6] Roderigo Borgia, Pope under the name of Alexander VI, and father of Cesare Borgia.

one meets nothing but Mrs. Holman, like the pelican in the wilderness. Adieu! Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

975. To Viscount Nuneham.

My Lord, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 21, 1764.

When you talk of obligations, what does your Lordship leave to me to say? and when you make apologies, what can I make but excuses for having given you the trouble of writing at all, which I assuredly did not expect?

I rejoice Lord Herbert has diverted you; I own it appears to me the most singular book that ever was written. I am overpaid if it has answered my purpose in amusing you.

As your Lordship is not particularly fond of the country, I would condole with you on its being more disagreeable than common by the continual rains, but I am so selfish as to hope that your having been detained much in the house has contributed to the employment of your graver. Your friends gain so much by that that you must forgive their wishing you constantly engaged.

I am, my Lord,
Your Lordship's
Most obedient and
Most obliged humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

976. To the Earl of Hertford.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 27, 1764.

I hope you received safe a parcel and a very long letter that I sent you, above a fortnight ago, by Mr. Strange the engraver. Scarce anything has happened since worth re-

Letter 975.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Harcourt Papers*, vol. viii. pp. 92-3.

peating, but what you know already, the death of poor Legge, and the seizure of Turk Island: the latter event very consonant to all my ideas. It makes much noise here, especially in the city, where the ministry grow every day more and more unpopular. Indeed, I think there is not much probability of their standing their ground, even till Christmas. Several defections are already known, and others are ripe which they do not apprehend.

Doctor Hunter, I conclude, has sent you Charles Townshend's pamphlet[1]: it is well written, but does not sell much, as a notion prevails that it has been much altered and softened.

The Duke of Devonshire is gone to Spa; he was stopped for a week by a rash, which those who wished it so called a miliary fever, but was so far from it, that if he does not find immediate benefit from Spa, he is to go to Aix-la-Chapelle, in hopes that the warm baths will supple his skin, and promote another eruption.

I have been this evening to Sion, which is becoming another Mount Palatine. Adam has displayed great taste, and the Earl matches it with magnificence. The gallery is converting into a museum in the style of a columbarium, according to an idea that I proposed to my Lord Northumberland. Mr. Bouldby and Lady Mary[2] are there, and the Primate, who looks old and broken enough to aspire to the papacy. Lord Holland, I hear, advises what Lord Bute much wishes, the removal of George Grenville, to make room for Lord Northumberland at the head of the Treasury. The Duchess of Grafton is gone to her father. I wish you may hear no more of this journey! If you should, this time, the complaints will come from her side.

LETTER 976.—[1] *A Defence of the Ministry in the House of Commons on the Question relating to General Warrants.*

[2] Lady Mary Brudenell, eldest daughter of third Earl of Cardigan; m. (1) Richard Powis, of Hintlesham, Suffolk; (2) Thomas Bowlby.

You have got the *sposo* Coventry with you, have not you? And you are going to have the Duke of York. You will not want such a nobody as me. When I have a good opportunity, I will tell you some very sensible advice that has been given me on that head, which I am sure you will approve.

It is well for me I am not a Russian. I should certainly be knouted. The murder of the young Czar Ivan has sluiced again all my abhorrence of the Czarina. What a devil in a diadem! I wonder they can spare such a principal performer from hell!

September 9th.

I had left this letter unfinished, from want of common materials, if I should send it by the post; and from want of private conveyance, if I said more than was fit for the post. But being just returned from Park Place, where I have been for three days, I not only find your extremely kind letter of August 21st, but a card from Madame de Chabot, who tells me she sets out for Paris in a day or two, and offers to carry a letter to you, which gives me the opportunity I wished for.

I must begin with what you conclude—your most friendly offer, if I should be distressed by the Treasury. I can never thank you enough for this, nor the tender manner in which you clothe it; though, believe me, my dear Lord, I could never blush to be obliged to you. In truth, though I do not doubt their disposition to hurt me, I have had prudence enough to make it much longer than their reign can last, before it could be in their power to make me feel want. With all my extravagance, I am much beforehand, and having perfected and paid for what I wished to do here, my common expenses are trifling, and nobody can live more frugally than I, when I have a mind to it. What I said of fearing temptations at Paris, was barely serious: I thought

it imprudent, just now, to throw away my money; but that consideration, singly, would not keep me here. I am eager to be with you, and my chief reason for delaying is, that I wish to make a longer stay than I could just now. The advice I hinted at, in the former part of this letter, was Lady Suffolk's, and I am sure you will think it very sensible. She told me, should I now go to Paris, all the world would say I went to try to persuade *you* to resign; that even the report would be impertinent to you, to whom she knew and saw I wished so well; and that when I should return, it would be said I had failed in my errand. Added to this, which was surely very prudent and friendly advice, I will own to you fairly, that I think I shall soon have it in my power to come to you on the foot I wish,—I mean, having done with politics, which I have told you all along, and with great truth, are as much my abhorrence as yours. I think this administration cannot last till Christmas, and I believe they themselves think so. I am cautious when I say this, because I promise you faithfully, the last thing I will do shall be to give you any false lights knowingly. I am clear, I repeat it, against your resigning now; and there is no meaning in all I have taken the liberty to say to you, and which you receive with so much goodness and sense, but to put you on your guard in such ticklish times, and to pave imperceptibly to the world the way to your reunion with your friends. In your brother, I am persuaded, you will never find any alteration; and whenever you find an opportunity proper, his credit with particular persons will remove any coldness that may have happened. I admire the force and reasoning with which you have stated your own situation; and I think there are but two points in which we differ at all. I do not see how your brother could avoid the part he chose. It was the administration that made it decisive—no inclination of his. The other is a trifle; it

regards Elliot[3], nor is it my opinion alone that he is at Paris on business: everybody believes it, and considering his abilities, and the present difficulties of Lord Bute, Elliot's absence would be very extraordinary, if merely occasioned by idleness or amusement, or even to place his children, when it lasts so long.

The affair of Turk Island, and the late promotion of Colonel Fletcher[4] over thirty-seven older officers, are the chief causes, added to the Canada bills[5], logwood[6] and the Manilla affairs[7], which have ripened our heats to such a height. Lord Mansfield's violence against the press has contributed much—but the great distress of all to the ministers, is the behaviour of the Duke of Bedford, who has twice or thrice peremptorily refused to attend council. He has been at Trentham, and crossed the country back to Woburn, without coming to town. Lord Gower has been in town but one day. Many causes are assigned for all this; the refusal of making Lord Waldegrave of the Bedchamber; Lord Tavistock's inclination to the minority; and above all, a reversion, which it is believed Lord Bute has been so weak as to obtain, of Ampthill, a royal grant, in which the Duke has but sixteen years to come. You know enough of that court, to know that, in the article of Bedfordshire, no influence has any weight with his Grace. At present, indeed, I believe little is tried. The Duchess and Lady Bute are as hostile as possible. Rigby's journey convinces me of what I have long

[3] Gilbert (afterwards Sir Gilbert) Elliot; he was an adherent of Lord Bute. His visit was probably connected with the placing of his two sons, Gilbert (afterwards Earl of Minto) and Hugh, at the Pension Militaire of Fontainebleau.

[4] Lieutenant-Colonel (afterwards General) Henry Fletcher, promoted to command the 35th Regiment.

[5] Payment of these was refused by the French Government, except upon terms very disadvantageous to the English merchants.

[6] The Spaniards had ill-treated the English logwood-cutters in Honduras.

[7] The Spanish ministers refused payment of bills upon the Spanish Treasury which had been given to secure Manilla from plunder. The money was never paid.

suspected, that his reign is at an end. I have even heard, though I am far from trusting to the quarter from which I had my intelligence, that the Duke has been making overtures to Mr. Pitt, which have not been received unfavourably; I shall know more of this soon, as I am to go to Stowe in three or four days. Mr. Pitt is exceedingly well disposed to your brother, talks highly of him, and of the injustice done to him, and they are to meet on the first convenient opportunity. Thus much for politics, which, however, I cannot quit, without again telling you how sensible I am of all your goodness and friendly offers.

The court, independent of politics, makes a strange figure. The recluse life led here at Richmond, which is carried to such an excess of privacy and economy, that the Queen's *friseur* waits on them at dinner, and that four pounds only of beef are allowed for their soup, disgusts all sorts of people. The Drawing-rooms are abandoned: Lady Buckingham was the only woman there on Sunday se'nnight. The Duke of York was commanded home. They stopped his remittances, and then were alarmed on finding he still was somehow or other supplied with money. The two next Princes are at the Pavilions at Hampton Court, in very private circumstances indeed; no household is to be established for Prince William, who accedes nearer to the malcontents every day. In short, one hears of nothing but dissatisfaction, which in the City rises almost to treason.

Mrs. Cornwallis has found that her husband[8] has been dismissed from the Bedchamber this twelvemonth with no notice; his appointments were even paid; but on this discovery they are stopped.

You ask about what I had mentioned in the beginning of my letter, the dissensions in the house of Grafton. The world says they are actually parted: I do not believe that;

[8] General Hon. Edward Cornwallis.

but I will tell you exactly all I know. His Grace, it seems, for many months has kept one Nancy Parsons[9], one of the commonest creatures in London, once much liked, but out of date. He is certainly grown uncommonly attached to her, so much, that it has put an end to all his decorum. She was publicly with him at Ascot races, and is now in the Forest[10]; I do not know if actually in the house[11]. At first, I concluded this was merely stratagem to pique the Duchess; but it certainly goes farther. Before the Duchess laid in, she had a little house on Richmond Hill, whither the Duke sometimes, though seldom, came to dine. During her month of confinement, he was scarcely in town at all, nor did he even come up to see the Duke of Devonshire. The Duchess is certainly gone to her father. She affected to talk of the Duke familiarly, and said she should call in the Forest as she went to Lord Ravensworth's. I suspect she is gone thither to recriminate and complain. She did not talk of returning till October. It was said the Duke was going to France, but I hear no more of it. Thus the affair stands, as far as I or your brother, or the Cavendishes, know; nor have we heard one word from either Duke or Duchess of any rupture. I hope she will not be so weak as to part, and that her father and mother will prevent it. It is not unlucky that she has seen none of the Bedfords lately, who would be glad to blow the coals. Lady Waldegrave was with her one day, but I believe not alone.

There was nobody at Park Place but Lord and Lady William Campbell[12]. Old Sir John Barnard is dead; for other news, I have none. I beg you will always say a great

[9] Also known as Mrs. Haughton or Horton. She married the second Viscount Maynard in 1776, and is supposed to have died about 1808.

[10] Whittlebury Forest in Northamptonshire, of which the Duke was Hereditary Ranger.

[11] Wakefield Lodge, near Stony Stratford.

[12] Sarah, daughter of Ralph Izard, of Charlestown, South Carolina; m. (1763) Lord William Campbell (d. 1778), fourth son of fourth Duke of Argyll.

deal for me to my Lady. As I trouble you with such long letters, it would be unreasonable to overwhelm her too. You know my attachment to everything that is yours. My warmest wish is to see an end of the present unhappy posture of public affairs, which operate so shockingly even on our private. If I can once get quit of them, it will be no easy matter to involve me in them again, however difficult it may be, as you have found, to escape them. Nobody is more criminal in my eyes than George Grenville, who had it in his power to prevent what has happened to your brother. Nothing could be more repugnant to all the principles he has ever most avowedly and publicly professed—but he has opened my eyes—such a mixture of vanity and meanness, of falsehood and hypocrisy, is not common even in *this* country! It is a ridiculous *embarras* after all the rest, and yet you may conceive the distress I am under about my Lady Blandford [13], and the negotiations I am forced to employ to avoid meeting him there, which I am determined not to do.

I shall be able, when I see you, to divert you with some excellent stories of a principal figure on our side; but they are too long and too many for a letter, especially of a letter so prolix as this. Adieu, my dear Lord!

977. To William Pitt.

Sir, Arlington Street, Aug. 29, 1764.

As you have always permitted me to offer you the trifles printed at my press, I am glad to have one [1] to send you of a little more consequence than some in which I have had myself too great a share. The singularity of the work I now trouble you with is greater merit than its rarity; though

[13] The Marchioness of Blandford, widow of the son of Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough (in her own right), married (as his second wife) Sir William Wyndham, father of Mrs. George Grenville.

Letter 977.—[1] *The Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury.*

there are but two hundred copies, of which only half are mine. If it amuses an hour or two of your idle time, I am overpaid. My greatest ambition is to pay that respect which every Englishman owes to your character and services; and therefore you must not wonder if an inconsiderable man seizes every opportunity, however awkwardly, of assuring you, Sir, that he is, Your most devoted, &c.

978. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Aug. 29, 1764.

Among the multitude of my papers I have mislaid, though not lost, the account you was so good as to give me of your ancestor Tuer, as a painter. I have been hunting for it, to insert it in the new edition of my *Anecdotes*. It is not very reasonable to save myself trouble at the expense of yours, but perhaps you can much sooner turn to your notes, than I find your letter. Will you be so good as to send me soon all the particulars you recollect of him? I have a print of Sir Lionel Jenkins[1] from his painting.

I did not send you any more orange flowers, as you desired, for the continual rains rotted all the latter blow; but I had made a vast *pot pourri*, from whence you shall have as much as you please, when I have the pleasure of seeing you here, which I should be glad might be in the beginning of October, if it suits your convenience. At the same time you shall have a print of Lord Herbert, which I think I did not send you. I am most truly yours,

Hor. Walpole.

P.S. I trust you will bring me a volume or two of your MSS., of which I am most thirsty.

Letter 978.—[1] Sir Lionel or Leoline Jenkins, Knight (1623–1685), diplomatist and Principal of Jesus College, Oxford. The print mentioned is from a picture by Cole's ancestor, Herbert Tuer.

979. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

September 1, 1764.

I send you the reply to the *Counter Address*; it is the lowest of all Grub Street, and I hear is treated so. They have nothing better to say, than that I am in love with you, have been so these twenty years, and am no giant. I am a very constant old swain: they might have made the years above thirty; it is so long I have had the same unalterable friendship for you, independent of being near relations and bred up together. For arguments, so far from any new ones, the man gives up or denies most of the former. I own I am rejoiced not only to see how little they can defend themselves, but to know the extent of their malice and revenge. They must be sorely hurt, when reduced to such scurrility. Yet there is one paragraph, however, which I think is of George Grenville's own inditing. It says, 'I flattered, solicited, and then basely deserted him.' I no more expected to hear myself accused of flattery, than of being in love with you; but I shall not laugh at the former as I do at the latter. Nothing but his own consummate vanity could suppose I had ever stooped to flatter *him*! or that any man was connected with him, but who was low enough to be paid for it. Where has he one such attachment!

You have your share too. The miscarriage at Rochfort now directly laid at your door; repeated insinuations against your courage. But I trust you will mind them no more than I do, excepting the *flattery*, which I shall not forget, I promise them.

I came to town yesterday on some business, and found a case. When I opened it, what was there but my Lady Ailesbury's most beautiful of all pictures[1]! Don't imagine

Letter 979.—[1] A landscape executed in worsteds by Lady Ailesbury. It is now at Strawberry Hill. *Walpole.*

I can think it intended for me; or that, if it could be so, I would hear of such a thing. It is far above what can be parted with, or accepted. I am serious—there is no letting such a picture, when one has accomplished it, go from where one can see it every day. I should take the thought equally kind and friendly, but she must let me bring it back, if I am not to do anything else with it, and it came by mistake. I am not so selfish as to deprive her of what she must have such pleasure in seeing. I shall have more satisfaction in seeing it at Park Place; where, in spite of the worst kind of malice, I shall persist in saying my heart is fixed. They may ruin me, but no calumny shall make me desert you. Indeed your case would be completely cruel, if it was more honourable for your relations and friends to abandon you than to stick to you. My option is made, and I scorn their abuse as much as I despise their power.

I think of coming to you on Thursday next for a day or two, unless your house is full, or you hear from me to the contrary. Adieu!

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

980. To DR. BIRCH.

SIR, September 3, 1764.

I am extremely obliged to you for the favour of your letter, and the enclosed curious one of Sir William Herbert[1].

LETTER 980.—[1] Sir William Herbert, Knight (d. 1593), father-in-law of Lord Herbert of Cherbury. The letter (addressed to a gentleman named Morgan, of Glantyrnam, Monmouthshire) is given by Cunningham as follows:—

'SIR,

Peruse this letter in God's name. Be not disquieted. I reverence your hoary hair. Although in your son I find too much folly and lewdness, yet in you I expect gravity and wisdom. It hath pleased your son late at Bristol, to deliver a challenge to a man of mine on the behalf of a gentleman, as he said, as good as myself. Who he was he named not, neither do I know: but if he be as good as myself, it must either be for

It would have made a very valuable addition to Lord Herbert's *Life*, which is now too late; as I have no hope that Lord Powis will permit any more to be printed. There were indeed so very few, and but half of those for my share, that I have not it in my power to offer you a copy, having disposed of my part. It is really a pity that so singular a curiosity should not be public; but I must not complain, as Lord Powis has been so good as to indulge my request thus far. I am, Sir,

Your much obliged humble servant,

H. W.

981. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Sept. 25, 1764.

The third week in October will be just as convenient to me as any other time, and as you choose it, more agreeable,

virtue, for birth, for ability, or for calling and dignity. For virtue I think he meant not; for it is a matter that exceeds his judgement. If for birth, he must be the heir male of an earl, the heir in blood of ten earls, for in testimony thereof I bear their several coats; besides, he must be of the blood royal, for by my grandmother Devereux I am lineally and legitimately descended out of the body of Edward the Fourth. If for ability, he must have a thousand pounds a year in possession, a thousand pounds a year more in expectation, and must have some thousands in substance besides. If for calling and dignity, he must be a knight and lord of several signiories in several kingdoms, a lieutenant of his county, and a counsellor of a province.

Now to lay all circumstances aside, be it known to your son or to any man else, that if there be any one who beareth the name of a gentleman, and whose words are of reputation in his county, that doth say, or dare say that I have done unjustly, spoken an untruth, stained my reputation or credit in this matter or in any matter else, wherein your son is exasperated, I say he lieth in his throat, and my sword shall maintain my word upon him in any place or province wheresoever he dare, where I stand not sworn to observe the peace. But if they be such, as are within my governance, and over whom I have authority, I will, for their reformation, chastise them with justice, and for their malapert misdemeanour bind them to their good behaviour. Of this sort I account your son and his like, against whom I shall shortly direct my warrant, if this my warning will not reform him. And so I thought good to advertise you hereof and leave you to God.

Your loving cousin,

William Herbert.

From St. Julian.'

Letter 981.—Not in C.; printed in the 4to ed. (1818) of the Letters to Cole; now printed from original in British Museum.

because when you are so obliging as to take the trouble of coming so far, I should not be easy, if it laid you under any difficulty. Shall we therefore settle it for the twenty-second or twenty-third of October?

Your ever obliged
Humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

982. To the Duke of Newcastle.

MY LORD,

I am quite confounded that your Grace should think it necessary to make any excuses to me, or give yourself the trouble to call on me. I must not refuse the honour you design me, though if it is only from your Grace's great goodness to me, I would beg to receive your commands at Claremont, and hope if your Grace thinks a visit to me necessary, that you will look upon it as made. May I beg your Grace will really choose which is most convenient to you, and as you go to Gunnersbury on Monday, permit one of your servants to call at my house, and let me know where it will be most convenient for me to obey your commands.

I rejoice at any favourable accounts of the poor Duke of Devonshire; but I will say no more, as I am at Lady Suffolk's and have only Miss Hotham's pen and paper to write with.

I am, my Lord,
Your Grace's
Most obliged and
Most obedient humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER 982.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in British Museum.

983. To the Duke of Newcastle.

My Lord,

The weather is so bad, that I own I should have been in pain at seeing your Grace here to-day, for fear of your getting cold, and I earnestly entreat your Grace not to think of it this year, unless the weather settles to be much finer than it has been lately. Whenever you have any commands for me, I am ready at a moment's warning if you please to send for me. On Thursday I should be proud of the honour of seeing your Grace, but I am to have company at dinner, who will probably come early to see the house, and might be troublesome to your Grace. If Friday is fine and your Grace chooses it, I shall be happy to receive the honour you design me; but I will not expect it, lest it should put your Grace to the least inconvenience.

I was unlucky in not receiving your Grace's orders sooner about Dr. Blanshard, having written to Lord Hertford but yesterday. I shall however go to London on Friday after dinner, and will find some way of sending a letter to Paris, for I scarce ever write by the post, and will take care to recommend Dr. Blanshard in so strong a manner that it shall be very agreeable to him, and show the great regard I have to your Grace's commands.

I am equally impatient with your Grace for more accounts from the Spa; I tremble, and yet am not without hopes. The return of the Duke's[2] old disorder, which in a like case saved Lord Chesterfield, raises one's spirits, and yet it is too early to be confident. If I should not have the honour of seeing your Grace on Friday, will you be so good as to let

Letter 983.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in British Museum.

[1] The Duke of Devonshire.

me know if I may have the pleasure of waiting on you any day next week?

I am, with the greatest respect,
My Lord,
Your Grace's
Most obedient humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

984. To the Earl of Hertford.

MY DEAR LORD, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 5, 1764.

Though I wrote to you but a few days ago, I must trouble you with another line now. Dr. Blanchard, a Cambridge divine, and who has a good paternal estate in Yorkshire, is on his travels, which he performs as a gentleman; and, therefore, wishes not to have his profession noticed. He is very desirous of paying his respects to you, and of being countenanced by you while he stays at Paris. It will much oblige a particular friend[1] of mine, and consequently me, if you will favour him with your attention. Everybody experiences your goodness, but in the present case I wish to attribute it a little to my request.

I asked you about two books, ascribed to Madame de Boufflers. If they are hers, I should be glad to know where she found that Oliver Cromwell took orders and went over to Holland to fight the Dutch. As she has been on the spot where he reigned (which is generally very strong evidence), her countrymen will believe her in spite of our teeth; and Voltaire, who loves all anecdotes that never happened, *because* they prove the manners of the times, will hurry it into the first history he publishes. I, therefore, enter my *caveat* against it; not as interested for Oliver's character, but to save the world from one more

LETTER 984.—[1] The Duke of Newcastle. See the preceding letter.

fable. I know Madame de Boufflers will attribute this scruple to my partiality to Cromwell (and, to be sure, if we must be ridden, there is some satisfaction when the man knows how to ride). I remember one night at the Duke of Grafton's, a bust of Cromwell[2] was produced: Madame de Boufflers, without uttering a syllable, gave me the most speaking look imaginable, as much as to say, 'Is it possible you can admire this man!' Apropos, I am sorry to say the reports do not cease about the separation[3], and yet I have heard nothing that confirms it.

I once begged you to send me a book in three volumes, called *Essais sur les Mœurs*; forgive me if I put you in mind of it, and request you to send me that, or any other new book. I am wofully in want of reading, and sick to death of all our political stuff, which, as the Parliament is happily at the distance of three months, I would fain forget till I cannot help hearing of it. I am reduced to Guicciardin, and though the evenings are so long, I cannot get through one of his periods between dinner and supper. They tell me Mr. Hume has had sight of King James's journal[4]; I wish I could see all the trifling passages that he will not deign to admit into History. I do not love great folks till they have pulled off their buskins and put on their slippers, because I do not care sixpence for what they would be thought, but for what they are.

Mr. Elliot brings us woful accounts of the French ladies, of the decency of their conversation, and the nastiness of their behaviour.

Nobody is dead, married, or gone mad, since my last. Adieu!

[2] Engraved by Sherwin as a frontispiece to the second volume of Noble's *House of Cromwell*.

[3] Of the Duke and Duchess of Grafton.

[4] Published in 1816 by command of the Prince Regent among the Stuart Papers.

P.S. I enclose an epitaph on Lord Waldegrave, written by my brother, which I think you will like, both for the composition and the strict truth of it.

Arlington Street, Friday evening.

I was getting into my postchaise this morning with this letter in my pocket, and coming to town for a day or two, when I heard the Duke of Cumberland was dead: I find it is not so. He had two fits yesterday at Newmarket, whither he would go. The Princess Amelia, who had observed great alteration in his speech, entreated him against it. He has had too some touches of the gout, but they were gone off, or might have prevented this attack. I hear since the fits yesterday, which are said to have been but slight, that his leg is broken out, and they hope will save him. Still, I think, one cannot but expect the worst.

The letters yesterday, from Spa, give a melancholy account of the poor Duke of Devonshire: as he cannot drink the waters, they think of removing him; I suppose, to the baths at Aix-la-Chapelle; but I look on his case as a lost one. There's a chapter for moralizing! but five-and-forty, with forty thousand pounds a year, and happiness wherever he turned him! My reflection is, that it is folly to be unhappy at anything, when felicity itself is such a phantom!

985. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 5, 1764.

It is over with us!—If I did not know your firmness, I would have prepared you by degrees; but you are a man, and can hear the worst at once. The Duke of Cumberland[1]

Letter 985.—[1] William, Duke of Cumberland, son of George the Second. *Walpole.*—The Duke survived until October 1765.

is dead. I have heard it but this instant. The Duke of Newcastle was come to breakfast with me, and pulled out a letter from Lord Frederick[2], with a hopeless account of the poor Duke of Devonshire. Ere I could read it, Colonel Schutz called at the door and told my servant this fatal news! I know no more—it must be at Newmarket, and very sudden; for the Duke of Newcastle had a letter from Hodgson[3], dated on Monday, which said the Duke was perfectly well, and his gout gone—yes, to be sure, into his head. Princess Amelia had endeavoured to prevent his going to Newmarket, having perceived great alteration in his speech, as the Duke of Newcastle had. Well! it will not be.—Everything fights against this country! Mr. Pitt must save it himself—or, what I do not know whether he will not like as well, share in overturning its liberty—if they will admit him; which I question now if they will be fools enough to do.

You see I write in despair. I am for the whole, but perfectly tranquil. We have acted with honour, and have nothing to reproach ourselves with. We cannot combat fate. We shall be left almost alone; but I think you will no more go with the torrent than I will. Could I have foreseen this tide of ill fortune, I would have done just as I have done; and my conduct shall show I am satisfied I have done right. For the rest, come what come may, I am perfectly prepared! and while there is a free spot of earth upon the globe, that shall be my country. I am sorry it will not be this, but to-morrow I shall be able to laugh as usual. What signifies what happens when one is seven-and-forty, as I am to-day?

'They tell me 'tis my birthday'—but I will not go on with Antony, and say

[2] Lord Frederick Cavendish. *Walpole.*

[3] Major-General (afterwards Field-Marshal) Studholme Hodgson (1708–1798), a member of the Duke's household.

and I'll keep it
With double pomp of sadness.—

No; when they can smile, who ruin a great country, sure those who would have saved it may indulge themselves in that cheerfulness which conscious integrity bestows. I think I shall come to you next week; and since we have no longer any plan of operations to settle, we will look over the map of Europe, and fix upon a pleasant corner for our exile—for take notice, I do not design to fall upon my dagger, in hopes that some Mr. Addison a thousand years hence may write a dull tragedy about me. I will write my own story a little more cheerfully than he would; but I fear now I must not print it at my own press. Adieu! You was a philosopher before you had any occasion to be so: pray continue so; you have ample occasion!

Yours ever,
Hor. Walpole.

986. To the Rev. Thomas Warton.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 9, 1764.

I should be very ungrateful, Sir, if I did not execute with much pleasure any orders you give me. My knowledge is extremely confined and trifling, but such information as I can give you will always be at your service.

The most authentic picture of Margaret, Queen of Scotland, is a whole-length at Hampton Court. I have a small copy of the head by Vertue. She has a round face, blue eyes, and brown hair, not light.

The original of her sister Mary (with her second husband, Charles Brandon), which Vertue engraved while Lord Granville's, is now mine; her face is leaner and longer than in the print; her eyes blue, like her sister's, and her hair rather more dark. Vertue believed that the small head by

Holbein, which I have, and was Richardson's, and which is engraved among the Illustrious Heads for Catherine Howard, is the portrait of this Queen Mary; but it has no resemblance to the large one, which is unquestionably of her. In the two first pictures I mentioned, Margaret is much superior to Mary in point of beauty, though I think neither of them handsome; nor is any sense in either face. The picture supposed of Catherine Howard has much expression, but little beauty; the print resembles it very imperfectly.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

987. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 13, 1764.

LORD JOHN CAVENDISH has been so kind as to send me word of the Duke of Devonshire's[1] legacy to you. You cannot doubt of the great joy this gives me; and yet it serves to aggravate the loss of so worthy a man! And when I feel it thus, I am sensible how much more it will add to your concern, instead of diminishing it. Yet do not wholly reflect on your misfortune. You might despise the acquisition of five thousand pounds simply; but when that sum is a public testimonial to your virtue, and bequeathed by a man so virtuous, it is a million. Measure it with the riches of those who have basely injured you, and it is still more! Why, it is glory, it is conscious innocence, it is satisfaction—it is affluence without guilt—oh! the comfortable sound! It is a good name in the history of these corrupt days. There it will exist, when the wealth of your and their country's enemies will be wasted, or will be an indelible blemish on their descendants.

LETTER 987. — [1] William, fourth Duke of Devonshire. During his administration in Ireland Mr. Conway had been Secretary of State there. *Walpole.*

My heart is full, and yet I will say no more. My best loves to all your opulent family. Who says virtue is not rewarded in this world? It is rewarded by virtue, and it is persecuted by the bad. Can greater honour be paid to it?

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

988. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 21, 1764.

In your letter of September 22nd, which I received but yesterday, you make excuses, my dear Sir, for your silence; but in good truth I fear I am not less culpable on that head. I have for many years pleaded summer and the country; you must add to the account now, that I am not only in the country, but in the minority; and you may be sure folks that are disposed to blame are not told anything that can be kept from them. London, whither I stroll now and then, is a desert. As the Parliament is not to meet till after Christmas, both armies remain in summer quarters. We, i. e. the offensive army, have lost one of our generals, the Duke of Devonshire. He has left General Conway five thousand pounds, which at least was not got out of the plunder. The Duke of Cumberland was reported dead three weeks ago, and the enemy still insist upon his dying; but he has escaped marvellously, by the help of St. Antony's fire, and though they have a good deal of luck, yet not having the Czarina's luck, I think for this time they will be disappointed. You see how frankly I write to hostile quarters, and even by the foe's couriers; but you know, no situation can alter my affection to you, and as usual, I am most indifferent who opens my letters.

I do not wonder you have thought me in France; I have been going and going like an auctioneer's hammer; but I

think now I shall wait the opening of the campaign, and not go till early in the spring. I would not seem a deserter, but have little taste for this warfare. It neither suits my age nor inclinations, which can amuse themselves much better than with politics.

I was pleased with the Cardinal's[1] attention to his father on the subject of Amphitryon Duke of York[2]. It would have been a cruel close of his no-reign to have been witness to that triumph. I speak this from pure compassion, not being at all like Patriots of former days, whose principles veered to Albano[3] the moment they left St. James's; but I could never conceive why liking one court less, made them like any other more. I shall live and die in my old-fashioned Whiggism, be the mode what it will.

I am writing to you by Mr. Chute's bedside, who is laid up here with the gout. It is not one of his bad fits, which his perseverance in water does not suffer to come so often as they wish. He desires me to say a thousand kind things to you. As my gout cannot boast of so ancient a descent, I easily keep it in order by the same abstinence. If we had minded good advice from professors of gout, or bad advice from physicians, I do not doubt but he would be now in his grave, and I half a cripple; but we defy wine and all its works. I believe in it no more than in physic. James's powder is my panacea; that is, it always shall be, for, thank God! I am not apt to have occasion for medicines: but I have such faith in this powder, that I believe I should take it if the house was on fire. Have you ever had any of it sent to you? or shall I send you a parcel of papers?

LETTER 988.—[1] The Cardinal-Duke of York, second son of the Pretender. Edward, Duke of York, the King's brother, was then at Rome. *Walpole.* —The fact of the Duke's presence there was concealed by the Cardinal from his father.

[2] An allusion to the two Amphitryons (the pretended and the real Amphitryon) in Molière's comedy of that name.

[3] The Pretender had a villa at Albano. *Walpole.*

Well, we bid you good night; we have nothing more to tell you; he is going to sleep, and I and my dogs are retiring to the library.

989. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir,

I am heartily concerned for my disappointment and more for the cause of it. Take care of yourself, and by no means venture catching cold. I shall be equally glad to see you on Tuesday; but I beg you not to come even then, if your throat is not perfectly cured. Yours most sincerely,

Hor. Walpole.

990. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 27, 1764.

Though I am much concerned at not seeing you, I am more so at not hearing from you, as I fear your sore-throat has proved more troublesome than you apprehended. Pray write me one line to tell me how you are.

I will not trouble you with more now, but to enclose a sheet, by which I hope you will approve the manner in which I have obeyed you. Yours most faithfully,

Hor. Walpole.

991. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 29, 1764.

I am glad you mentioned it: I would not have had you appear without your close mourning for the Duke of Devon-

Letter 989.—Not in C.; printed in the 4to ed. (1818) of the Letters to Cole; now printed from original in British Museum.

Letter 990.—Not in C.; printed in 4to ed. (1818) of the Letters to Cole; now printed from original in British Museum.

shire upon any account. I was once going to tell you of it, knowing your inaccuracy in such matters; but thought it still impossible you should be ignorant how necessary it is. Lord Strafford, who has a legacy of only two hundred pounds, wrote to consult Lady Suffolk. She told him, for such a sum, which only implies a ring, it was sometimes not done; but yet advised him to mourn. In your case it is indispensable; nor can you see any of his family without it. Besides it is much better on such an occasion to over, than under do. I answer this paragraph first, because I am so earnest not to have you blamed.

Besides wishing to see you all, I have wanted exceedingly to come to you, having much to say to you; but I am confined here, that is, Mr. Chute is: he was seized with the gout last Wednesday se'nnight, the day he came hither to meet George Montagu, and this is the first day he has been out of his bedchamber. I must therefore put off our meeting till Saturday, when you shall certainly find me in town.

We have a report here, but the authority bitter bad, that Lord March is going to be married to Lady [Anne] Conway[1]. I don't believe it the less for our knowing nothing of it; for unless their daughter were breeding, and it were to save her character, neither your brother nor Lady Hertford would disclose a tittle about it. Yet in charity they should advertise it, that parents and relations, if it is so, may lock up all knives, ropes, laudanum, and rivers, lest it should occasion a violent mortality among his fair admirers.

I am charmed with an answer I have just read in the papers of a poor man in Bedlam, who was ill-used by an apprentice because he would not tell him why he was confined there. The unhappy creature said at last, 'Because God has deprived me of a blessing which you never enjoyed.'

LETTER 991.—[1] Eldest daughter of Conway's brother, Lord Hertford. She married the sixth Earl of Drogheda in 1766.

There never was anything finer or more moving! Your sensibility will not be quite so much affected by a story I heard t'other day of Sir Fletcher Norton. He has a mother—yes, a mother: perhaps you thought that, like that tender urchin Love,

> —— *duris in cotibus* illum
> *Ismarus, aut Rhodope, aut extremi Garamantes,*
> *Nec nostri generis puerum nec sanguinis edunt.*

Well, Mrs. Rhodope lives in a mighty shabby hovel at Preston, which the dutiful and affectionate Sir Fletcher began to think not suitable to the dignity of one who has the honour of being his parent. He cheapened a better, in which were two pictures which the proprietor valued at threescore pounds. The *attorney*[2] insisted on having them for nothing, as fixtures—the landlord refused, the bargain was broken off, and the dowager Madame Norton remains in her original hut. I could tell you another story which you would not dislike; but as it might hurt the person concerned, if it was known, I shall not send it by the post; but will tell it you when I see you. Adieu!

Yours most cordially,

Hor. Walpole.

992. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Oct. 30, 1764.

I am rejoiced to hear you are well, but horridly vexed at my own negligence and oversight. Assure yourself I never wrote *Procurer*[1], but *Procureur*, leaving the original term, as I think one seldom gives a just idea by translating titles. If I *castrate* the whole half-sheet, I will not leave it *Procurer*.

[2] Norton was Attorney-General.

Letter 992.—Not in C.; printed in the 4to ed. (1818) of the Letters to Cole; now printed from original in British Museum.

[1] A reference to Walpole's account of Cole's ancestor Tuer, which was to be inserted in a new edition of the *Anecdotes of Painting*. In spite of Walpole's undertaking, the word objected to appears unaltered in the 4to, and in subsequent editions.

I am obliged to go to London on Saturday for two or three days, but have no doubt of being back here before Thursday 8th, and if I am, hope to see you for longer than a dinner. Thank you for your notices; I am sure, say what you will, I am still in your debt for a thousand obliging instances of friendship—and in truth, am willing to be more so, for the communication of your MSS.

Yours most sincerely,

H. Walpole.

P.S. The enclosed trifle is only to fill up the packet.

993. To the Earl of Hertford.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 1, 1764.

I am not only pleased, my dear Lord, to have been the first to announce your brother's legacy to you, but I am glad whenever my news reach you without being quite stale. I see but few persons here. I begin my letters without knowing when I shall be able to fill them, and then am to winnow a little what I hear, that I may not send you absolute second-hand fables; for though I cannot warrant all I tell you, I hate to send you every improbable tale that is vented. You like, as one always does in absence, to hear the common occurrences of your own country; and you see I am very glad to be your gazetteer, provided you do not rank my letters upon any higher foot. I should be ashamed of such gossipping, if I did not consider it as chatting with you *en famille*, as we used to do at supper in Grosvenor Street.

The Duke of Devonshire has made splendid provision for his younger children; to Lady Dorothy, 30,000*l.*; Lord Richard[1] and Lord George[2] will have about 4,000*l.* a year

Letter 993.—[1] Lord Richard Cavendish, the Duke's second son; d. unmarried in 1781.

[2] Lord George Augustus Henry

apiece; for, besides landed estates, he has left them his whole personal estate without exception, only obliging the present Duke [3] to redeem Devonshire House, and the entire collection in it, for 20,000*l.*: he gives 500*l.* to each of his brothers, and 200*l.* to Lord Strafford, with some other inconsiderable legacies. Lord Frederick carried the Garter, and was treated by the King with very gracious speeches of concern.

The Duke of Cumberland is quite recovered, after an incision of many inches in his knee. Ranby did not dare to propose that a hero should be tied, but was frightened out of his senses when the hero would hold the candle himself, which none of his generals could bear to do: in the middle of the operation, the Duke said, 'Hold!' Ranby said, 'For God's sake, Sir, let me proceed now—it will be worse to renew it.' The Duke repeated, 'I say, hold!' and then calmly bade them give Ranby a clean waistcoat and cap; 'for,' said he, 'the poor man has sweated through these.' It was true; but the Duke did not utter a groan.

Have you heard that Lady Susan O'Brien's is not the last romance of the sort? Lord Rockingham's youngest sister, Lady Harriot [4], has stooped even lower than a theatric swain,

Cavendish (1754–1834), third son; cr. Earl of Burlington in 1831.

[3] William Cavendish (1748–1811), fifth Duke of Devonshire.

[4] Lady Louisa Stuart's comments on this marriage are quoted in Lady Mary Coke's *Journals* (vol. i. p. 249):—'After marrying her footman, an Irish lad, Lady Harriet dropped her title, and as Mrs. Sturgeon went over with him to visit his parents in Ireland. Thence she carried him to France, where she put him into the hands of the best masters, and spared no pains to teach him the manners and behaviour of a gentleman. The soil was good and as yet unbroken, so she succeeded; for Mrs. Weddell (Lady Rockingham's half-sister), who knew him in later days, said he was not to be distinguished from other men in good society, except by more exact good breeding, more of the *vieille cour*. His wife was one of those clever women who can never be quiet. She engaged him in mercantile schemes and speculations, which mostly turned out ill, and at one time threw him into jail. Their progeny, by Mrs. Weddell's account, had all a very distinguishing mark, namely, a most inordinate share of *pride*, more than all the Wentworths and Fitzwilliams that ever existed. But the fable of the mule who acknowledged no parentage but that of his mother the mare, is as old as Esop himself, I believe; so we may end with a *ça va sans dire*.'

and married her footman; but still it is you Irish that commit all the havoc. Lady Harriot, however, has mixed a wonderful degree of prudence with her potion, and considering how plain she is, has not, I think, sweetened the draught too much for her lover: she settles a single hundred pounds a year upon him for his life; entails her whole fortune on their children, if they have any; and, if not, on her own family; nay, in the height of the novel, provides for a separation, and ensures the same pin-money to Damon, in case they part. This deed she has vested out of her power, by sending it to Lord Mansfield[5], whom she makes her trustee; it is drawn up in her own hand, and Lord Mansfield says is as binding as any lawyer could make it. Did one ever hear of more reflection in a delirium! Well, but hear more: she has given away all her clothes, nay, and her Ladyship, and says linen gowns are properest for a footman's wife, and is gone to his family in Ireland, plain Mrs. Henrietta Sturgeon. I think it is not clear that she is mad, but I have no doubt but Lady Bel will be so, who could not digest Dr. Duncan[6], nor even Mr. Milbank[7].

My last told you of my sister's promotion[8]. I hear she is to be succeeded at Kensington by Miss Floyd, who lives with Lady Bolingbroke; but I beg you not to report this till you see it in a *Gazette* of better authority than mine, who have it only from fame and Mrs. A. Pitt.

I have not seen M. de Guerchy yet, having been in town but one night since his return. You are very kind in accepting, on your own account, his obliging expressions about me: I know no foundation on which I should like

[5] Her uncle by marriage.

[6] He married Lady Mary Tufton, a connection of Lady Isabella Finch.

[7] John, fourth son of Sir Ralph Milbanke, fourth Baronet, of Halnaby, Yorkshire; m. Lady Mary Wentworth, daughter of first Marquis of Rockingham, and niece of Lady Isabella Finch.

[8] To the post of Housekeeper at Windsor Castle. She was succeeded at Kensington Palace (where she held a similar post) by Miss Rachel Lloyd.

better to receive them: the truth is, he has distinguished me extremely, and when a person in his situation shows much attention to a person so very insignificant as I am, one is apt to believe it exceeds common compliment: at least, I attribute it to the esteem which he could not but see I conceived for him. His civility is so natural, and his good nature so strongly marked, that I connected much more with him than I am apt to do with new acquaintances. I pitied the various disgusts he received, and I believe he saw I did. If I felt for him, you may judge how much I am concerned that you have your share. I foresaw it was unavoidable, from the swarms of your countrymen that flock to Paris, and generally the worst part; boys and governors are woful exports. I saw a great deal of it when I lived with poor Sir Horace Mann at Florence—but you have the whole market. We are a wonderful people—I would not be our King, our minister, or our ambassador, for the Indies. One comfort, however, I can truly give you; I have heard their complaints, if they have any, from nobody but yourself. Jesus! if they are not content now, I wish they knew how the English were received at Paris twenty years ago—why, you and I know they were not received at all. Ay, and when the fashion of admiring English is past, it will be just so again; and very reasonably—who would open their house to every staring booby from another country?

Arlington Street, Nov. 3.

I came to town to-day to meet your brother, who is going to Euston and Thetford[9], and hope he will bring back a good account of the domestic history[10], of which we can learn nothing authentic. Fitzroy knows nothing. The town says the Duchess is going thither.

[9] General Conway was member for Thetford.

[10] Of the Duke and Duchess of Grafton.

We have been this evening with Duchess Hamilton, who is arrived from Scotland, visibly promising another Lord Campbell. I shall take this opportunity of seeing M. de Guerchy, and that opportunity of sending this letter, and one from your brother. Our politics are all at a stand. The Duke of Devonshire's death, I concluded, would make the ministry all-powerful, all-triumphant, and all-insolent. It does not appear to have done so. They are, I believe, extremely ill among themselves, and not better in their affairs foreign or domestic. The cider counties have instructed their members to join the minority. The *house of Yorke* seems to have laid aside their coldness and irresolution, and to look towards opposition. The unpopularity of the court is very great indeed—still I shall not be surprised if they maintain their ground a little longer. There is nothing new in the way of publication: the town itself is still a desert. I have twice passed by Arthur's to-day, and not seen a chariot.

Hogarth is dead, and Mrs. Spence, who lived with the Duchess of Newcastle. She had saved 20,000*l.*, which she leaves to her sister for life, and after her, to Tommy Pelham. Ned Finch has got an estate from an old Mrs. Hatton[11] of 1,500*l.* a year, and takes her name.

Adieu! my Lord and Lady, and your whole *et cetera.*

994. To the Rev. William Cole.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 8, 1764.

I am much disappointed, I own, dear Sir, at not seeing you: more so, as I fear it will be long before I shall, for I think of going to Paris early in February. I ought indeed to go directly, as the winter does not agree with me

[11] Hon. Anne Hatton, daughter of first Viscount Hatton by his third wife, and aunt of Mr. Finch.

here. Without being positively ill, I am positively not well: about this time of year I have little fevers every night, and pains in my breast and stomach, which bid me repair to a more flannel climate. These little complaints are already begun, and as soon as affairs will permit me, I mean to transport them southward.

I am sorry it is out of my power to make the addition you wish to Mr. Tuer's article: many of the following sheets are printed off, and there is no inserting anything now, without shoving the whole text forwards, which you see is impossible. You promised to bring me a portrait of him; as I shall have four or five new plates, I can get his head into one of them; will you send it as soon as you can possibly to my house in Arlington Street? I will take great care of it, and return it to you safe. Thank you much for your corrections, though they are too late for my next edition; it is printed to past the middle of the third volume.

Yours most sincerely,

Hor. Walpole.

995. To the Earl of Hertford.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 9, 1764.

I don't know whether this letter will not reach you, my dear Lord, before one that I sent to you last week by a private hand, along with one from your brother. I write this by my Lord Chamberlain's order—you may interpret it as you please, either as by some new connection of the Bedford squadron with the opposition, or as a commission to you, my Lord Ambassador. As yet, I believe you had better take it upon the latter foundation, though the Duke of Bedford has crossed the country from Bath to Woburn, without coming to town. Be that as it may, here is the negotiation intrusted to you. You are desired by my Lord Gower to

apply to the *gentilhomme de la chambre* for leave for Doberval the dancer, who was here last year, to return and dance at our Opera forthwith. If the court of France will comply with this request, we will send them a discharge in full for the Canada bills and the ransom of their prisoners, and we will permit Monsieur D'Estain to command in the West Indies, whether we will or not. The City of London must not know a word of this treaty, for they hate any mortal should be diverted but themselves, especially by anything relative to *harmony*. It is, I own, betraying my country and my patriotism to be concerned in a job of this kind. I am sensible that there is not a weaver in Spitalfields but can dance better than the first performer in the French Opera; and yet, how could I refuse this commission? Mrs. George Pitt delivered it to me just now, at Lord Holdernesse's at Sion, and as my virtue has not yet been able to root out all my good breeding—though I trust it will in time—I could not help promising that I would write to you—nay, and engaged that you would undertake it. When I venture, sure you may, who are out of the reach of a mob!

I believe this letter will go by Monsieur Beaumont[1]. He breakfasted here t'other morning, and pleased me exceedingly: he has great spirit and good humour. It is incredible what pains he has taken to *see*. He has *seen* Oxford, Bath, Blenheim, Stowe, Jews, Quakers, Mr. Pitt, the Royal Society, the Robin Hood[2], Lord Chief-Justice Pratt, the Arts and Sciences, has dined at Wildman's[3], and, I think, with my

LETTER 995. —[1] Jean Baptiste Jacques Élie de Beaumont (1732–1786), a barrister, celebrated for his defence of the family of Calas.

[2] An 'oratorical club' in Essex Street, called the 'Robin Hood Society.' It met every Monday. 'Questions were proposed, and any persons might speak on them for seven minutes; after which the baker who presided with a hammer in his hand, summed up the arguments.' (*Memoirs of George II*, ed. 1822, vol. i. p. 36 n.)

[3] The opposition club in Albemarle Street.

Lord Mayor, or is to do. Monsieur de Guerchy is full of your praises; I am to go to Park Place with him next week, to make your brother a visit.

You know how I hate telling you false news: all I can do, is to retract as fast as I can. I fear I was too hasty in an article I sent you in my last, though I then mentioned it only as a report. I doubt, what we wish in a private family[4] will not be exactly the event.

The Duke of Cumberland has had a dangerous sore-throat, but is recovered. In one of the bitterest days that could be felt, he would go upon the course at Newmarket with the windows of his landau down. Newmarket heath, at no time of the year, is placed under the torrid zone. I can conceive a hero welcoming death, or at least despising it; but if I was covered with more laurels than a boar's head at Christmas, I should hate pain, and Ranby, and an operation. His nephew of York has been at Blenheim, where they gave him a ball, but did not put themselves to much expense in dancers; the *figurantes* were the maid-servants. You will not doubt my authority, when I tell you my Lady Bute was my intelligence. I heard to-day, at Sion, of some bitter verses made at Bath, on both their Graces of Bedford. I have not seen them, nor, if I had them, would I send them to you before they are in print, which I conclude they will be, for I am sorry to say scandalous abuse is not the commodity which either side is sparing of. You can conceive nothing beyond the epigrams which have been in the papers, on a pair of doves and a parrot that Lord Bute has sent to the Princess.

I hear—but this is another of my paragraphs that I am far from giving you for sterling—that Lord Sandwich is to have the Duke of Devonshire's Garter[5]; Lord Northumber-

[4] That of the Duke and Duchess of Grafton.

[5] Lord Sandwich never had the Garter.

land stands against Lord Morton[6] for President of the Royal Society, in the room of Lord Macclesfield. As this latter article will have no bad consequences if it should prove true, you may believe it.

Earl Poulet is dead, and Soame, who married Mrs. Naylor's sister.

You will wonder more at what I am going to tell you in the last place: I am preparing, in earnest, to make you a visit—not next week, but seriously in February. After postponing it for seven idle months, you will stare at my thinking of it just after the meeting of the Parliament. Why, that is just one of my principal reasons. I will stay and see the opening, and one or two divisions; the minority will be able to be the majority, or they will not: if they can, they will not want me, who want nothing of them: if they cannot, I am sure I can do them no good, and shall take my leave of them;—I mean always, to be sure, if things do not turn on a few votes: they shall not call me a deserter. In every other case, I am so sick of politics, which I have long detested, that I must bid adieu to them. I have acted the part by your brother that I thought right. He approves what I have done, and what I mean to do; so do the few I esteem, for I have notified my intention; and for the rest of the world, they may think what they please. In truth, I have a better reason, which would prescribe my setting out directly, if it was consistent with my honour. I have a return of those nightly fevers and pains in my breast, which have come for the three last years at this season: change of air and a better climate are certainly necessary to me in winter. I shall thus indulge my inclinations every way. I long to see you and my Lady Hertford, and am wofully sick of the follies and distractions of this

[6] James Douglas, fourteenth Earl of Morton, who was elected.

country, to which I see no end, come what changes will! Now, do you wonder any longer at my resolution? In the meantime adieu for the present!

996. To Lady Hervey.

November 10, 1764.

Soh! Madam, you expect to be thanked, because you have done a very obliging thing! But I won't thank you, and I won't be obliged. It is very hard one can't come into your house and commend anything, but you must recollect it and send it after one! I will never dine in your house again; and when I do, I will like nothing; and when I do, I will commend nothing; and when I do, you shan't remember it. You are very grateful indeed to Providence that gave you so good a memory, to stuff it with nothing but bills of fare of what everybody likes to eat and drink! I wonder you are not ashamed—I wonder you are not ashamed! Do you think there is no such thing as gluttony of the memory?—You a Christian! A pretty account you will be able to give of yourself!—Your fine folks in France may call this friendship and attention, perhaps, but sure, if I was to go to the devil, it should be for thinking of nothing but myself, not of others, from morning to night. I would send back your temptations; but, as I will not be obliged to you for them, verily I shall retain them to punish you; ingratitude being a proper chastisement for sinful friendliness.

Thine in the spirit,

Pilchard Whitfield[1].

Letter 996.—[1] Miss Berry conjectures that Lady Hervey had sent Horace Walpole some potted pilchards.

997. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Nov. 15, 1764.

Churchill the poet is dead,—to the great joy of the ministry and the Scotch, and to the grief of very few indeed, I believe; for such a friend is not only a dangerous, but a ticklish possession. The next revolution would have introduced the other half of England into his satires, for no party could have promoted him, and woe had betided those that had left him to shift for himself on Parnassus! He had owned that his pen itched to attack Mr. Pitt and Charles Townshend; and neither of them are men to have escaped by their steadiness and uniformity. This meteor blazed scarce four years; for his *Rosciad* was subsequent to the accession of the present King, before which his name was never heard of; and what is as remarkable, he died in nine days after his antagonist[1], Hogarth. Were I Charon, I should, without scruple, give the best place in my boat to the latter, who was an original genius. Churchill had great powers; but, besides the facility of outrageous satire, almost all his compositions were wild and extravagant, executed on no plan, and void of the least correction. Many of his characters were obscure even to the present age; and some of the most known were so unknown to *him*, that he has missed all resemblance; of which Lord Sandwich is a striking instance. He died of a drunken debauch at Calais, on a visit to his friend Wilkes, who is going to write notes to his Works. But he had lived long enough for himself, at least for his reputation and his want of it, for his works began to decrease considerably in vent. He has left some sermons, for he wrote even sermons; but lest they should do any

Letter 997.—[1] Churchill attacked Hogarth on behalf of Wilkes in his *Epistle to William Hogarth*; the latter retaliated by caricaturing Churchill as *The Bruiser*.

good, and for fear they should not do some hurt, he had prepared a Dedication of them to Bishop Warburton, whose arrogance and venom had found a proper corrector in Churchill. I don't know whether this man's fame had extended to Florence; but you may judge of the noise he made in this part of the world by the following trait, which is a pretty instance of that good breeding on which the French pique themselves. My sister and Mr. Churchill are in France; a Frenchman asked him if he was Churchill *le fameux poëte*? 'Non.'—'Ma foi, monsieur, tant pis pour vous!'

Wilkes and Churchill, you know, were father and mother of D'Éon. This madman has begotten another, or rather has transmuted his old enemy De Vergy into an ally. The latter having been ten months in prison for debt, has been redeemed by D'Éon, and in gratitude, or in concert, has printed (and sent about) a French *North Briton*, in which he pretends to confess that he was brought over by Monsieur de Guerchy to cut D'Éon's throat. This legend is so ill put together that, on the face of it, it confutes itself. However, he has tacked an affidavit or oath to it; and I hear within these three days he has deposed the same on oath before Judge Wilmot. I am not positive that the last is fact, or whether it does not grow out of the printed affidavit, which I have read. However, the whole embroil is vexatious enough to poor Guerchy, who is in a country where to have any scandal believed it is not necessary to swear to it. His very being a foreigner would induce half this good town to supply the affidavit, without knowing anything of the matter.

Strawberry Hill, November 25th.

I had locked up this letter in town and forgot it, when I went to Park Place. It does not signify; my news were

of no consequence and may as well come a week later as not. D'Éon has been cited to receive his sentence in the King's Bench, but absconded. That court issued a search-warrant for him, and a house was broken open, but he was not there. Thus that interlude is almost concluded. Wilkes is, I hear, going to Italy, so you will probably see one of these Sacheverells.

Sir Thomas Clarke, the Master of the Rolls, is dead, and makes some alteration in politics. Norton[2], a man whom the world has heard of, and I suppose you too, succeeds him, and Charles Yorke reaccepts the Attorney-General's place. This will decrease our ill-starred minority by some votes; but England cannot pay its friends so well as the ministers of England can pay theirs. Well, it will all but expedite my journey to France, whither I have so long designed and wished to go, and for which I am in earnest preparing.

I have been in town to hear Manzoli. He is not so great as I expected, nor has such pleasing tones as Elisi, though a very fine singer. The Duke of York came into our box, and said a thousand gracious and kind things to me of you, and how sorry he had been to disappoint you in not returning to Florence. I told him how very happy I should make you by this account of his Royal Highness's goodness. Prince William is Duke of Gloucester, with twelve thousand pounds a year, like the Duke of York. The papers persisted in creating him Duke of Lancaster. I will tell you my reflection on this. What authority we should think it, if we *could* meet with a *Daily Advertiser* printed in the reign of Edward I! if it told us he had created one of his sons Duke of Twickenham, should not we say, that must be true; a paper printed in the capital could not assert a fact

[2] Sir Fletcher Norton, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons and Baron Grantley. *Walpole.*

which every mortal could contradict? Yet, how are our old histories written? By monks at fifty or an hundred miles perhaps from the metropolis, when there was no post, scarce a highway: those reverend fathers must have been excellently well informed! I scarcely believe even a battle they relate—never their details.

Adieu! my dear Sir; it will not be three months before I am nearer to you by some miles, and with no sea betwixt us—but I fear we shall not meet yet; I don't know.

P.S. I ought to tell you how excessively Manzoli was applauded.

998. To the Earl of Hertford.

Strawberry Hill, Nov. 25, 1764.

How could you be so kind, my dear Lord, as to recollect Dr. Blanchard, after so long an interval? It will make me still more cautious of giving recommendations to you, instead of drawing upon the credit you give me. I saw Mr. Stanley last night at the Opera, who made his court extremely to me by what he said of you. It was our first opera, and I went to town to hear Manzoli, who did not quite answer my expectation, though a very fine singer, but his voice *has been* younger, and wants the touching tones of Elisi. However, the audience was not so nice, but applauded him immoderately, and *encored* three of his songs. The first woman was advertised for a perfect beauty, with no voice; but her beauty and voice are by no means so unequally balanced: she has a pretty little small pipe, and only a pretty little small person, and share of beauty, and does not act ill. There is Tenducci, a moderate tenor, and all the rest intolerable. If you don't make haste and send us Doberval, I don't know what we shall do. The

dances were not only hissed, as truly they deserved to be, but the gallery, *à la Drury Lane*, cried out, 'Off! off!' The boxes were empty, for so is the town, to a degree. The person who ordered me to write to you for Doberval was reduced to languish in the Duchess of Hamilton's box. My Duchess does not appear yet—I fear.

Shall I tell you anything about D'Éon? it is sending coals to Paris: you must know his story better than me; so in two words: Vergy, his antagonist, is become his convert: has wrote for him, and sworn for him,—nay, has made an affidavit before Judge Wilmot, that Monsieur de Guerchy had hired him to stab or poison D'Éon. Did you ever see a man who had less of an assassin than your *pendant*, as Nivernois calls it! In short, the story is as clumsy as it is abominable. The King's Bench cited D'Éon to receive his sentence: he absconds: that court issued a warrant to search for him, and a house in Scotland Yard, where he lodged, was broken open, but in vain. If there is anything more, you know it yourself. This law transaction is buried in another. The Master of the Rolls, Sir Thomas Clarke[1], is dead, and Norton succeeds. Who do you think succeeds him? his predecessor[2]. The house of York is returned to the house of Lancaster: they could not keep their white roses pure. I have not a little suspicion that disappointment has contributed to this *faux pas*. Sir Thomas made a new will the day before he died, and gave his vast fortune, not to Mr. Yorke, as was expected, but to Lord Macclesfield[3], to whom, it is come out, he was natural brother. Norton, besides the Rolls, which are for

LETTER 998.—[1] Sir Thomas Clarke, Knight. There is apparently no foundation for Horace Walpole's assertion as to his parentage. He was succeeded by Sir William Sewell, Knight.

[2] Hon. Charles Yorke, Norton's predecessor as Attorney-General.

[3] Thomas Parker (1723–1795), third Earl of Macclesfield, whose grandfather had shown kindness to Clarke when a young man.

life, and near 3,000*l.* a year, has a pension of 1,200*l.* Mrs. Anne Pitt, too, has got a third pension: so you see we are not quite such beggars as you imagined.

Prince William, you know, is Duke of Gloucester, with the same *appanage* as the Duke of York. Legrand[4] is his *Cadogan*; Clinton[5] and Ligonier[6] his grooms.

Colonel Crawford[7] is dead at Minorca, and Colonel Burton has his regiment; the Primate is better, but I suppose from his distemper, which is a dropsy in his breast, irrecoverable. Your Irish Queen[8] exceeds the English Queen, and follows her with seven footmen before her chair—well! what trumperies I tell you! but I cannot help it—Wilkes is outlawed, D'Éon run away, and Churchill dead—till some new genius arises, you must take up with operas, and pensions, and seven footmen.—But patience! your country is seldom sterile long.

George Selwyn has written hither his lamentations about that Cossack Princess. I am glad of it, for I did but hint it to my Lady Hervey (though I give you my word, without quoting you, which I never do upon the most trifling occurrences), and I was cut very short, and told it was impossible. *À la bonne heure!* Pray, who is Lord March going to marry? We hear so, but nobody named. I had not heard of your losses at whisk; but if I had, should not have been terrified: you know whisk gives no fatal ideas to anybody that has been at Arthur's, and seen hazard, *Quinze*, and *Trente-et-Quarante*. I beg you will prevail on the King of France to let Monsieur de Richelieu give as

[4] Legrand was appointed Treasurer to the Duke; Cadogan was Treasurer to the Duke of York.

[5] Colonel Henry Clinton (d. 1795), grandson of sixth Earl of Lincoln; K.B., 1776; General, 1793; Governor of Gibraltar, 1794–95. He took a prominent part in the American war, and was Commander-in-Chief in North America from 1778 until 1781.

[6] Colonel Edward (afterwards Earl) Ligonier.

[7] Colonel John Craufurd, seventh son of Patrick Craufurd, of Drumsoy. He was commanding officer at Minorca.

[8] The Countess of Northumberland.

many balls and fêtes as he pleases, if it is only for my diversion. This journey to Paris is the last colt's tooth I intend ever to cut, and I insist upon being prodigiously entertained, like a *Sposa Monaca*, whom they cram with this world for a twelvemonth, before she bids adieu to it for ever. I think, when I shut myself up in my convent here, it will not be with the same regret. I have for some time been glutted with the world, and regret the friends that drop away every day; those, at least, with whom I came into the world, already begin to make it appear a great void. Lord Edgecumbe, Lord Waldegrave, and the Duke of Devonshire leave a very perceptible chasm. At the Opera last night, I felt almost ashamed to be there. Except Lady Townshend, Lady Schaub, Lady Albemarle, and Lady Northumberland, I scarce saw a creature whose début there I could not remember: nay, the greater part were Maccaronies. You see I am not likely, like my brother Cholmondeley (who, by the way, was there too), to totter into a solitaire at threescore. The Duke de Richelieu is one of the persons I am curious to see—oh! am I to find Madame de Boufflers, Princess of Conti? Your brother and Lady Aylesbury are to be in town the day after to-morrow to hear Manzoli, and on their way to Mrs. Cornwallis, who is acting *l'agonisante*; but that would be treason to Lady Aylesbury. I was at Park Place last week: the bridge is finished, and a noble object.

I shall come to you as soon as ever I have my *congé*, which I trust will be early in February. I will let you know the moment I can fix my time, because I shall beg you to order a small lodging to be taken for me at no great distance from your palace, and only for a short time, because, if I should like France enough to stay some months, I can afterwards accommodate myself to my mind. I should like to be so near you that I could see you

whenever it would not be inconvenient to you, and without being obliged to that intercourse with my countrymen, which I by no means design to cultivate. If I leave the best company here, it shall not be for the worst. I am getting out of the world, not coming into it, and shall therefore be most indifferent about their acquaintance, or what they think of my avoiding it. I come to see you and my Lady Hertford, to escape from politics, and to amuse myself with *seeing*, which I intend to do with all my eyes. I abhor show, am not passionately fond of litterati, don't want to know people for a few months, and really think of nothing but some comfortable hours with you, and indulging my curiosity. Excuse almost a page about myself, but it was to tell you how little trouble I hope to give you.

999. To the Earl of Hertford.

Arlington Street, Dec. 3, 1764.

I love to contradict myself as fast as I can when I have told you a lie, lest you should take me for a chambermaid, or Charles Townshend. But how can I help it? Is this a consistent age? How should I know people's minds, if they don't know them themselves? In short, Charles Yorke is not Attorney-General, nor Norton Master of the Rolls. A qualm came across the first, and my Lord Chancellor across the second, who would not have Norton in his court. I cannot imagine why; it is so gentle, amiable, honest a being! But I think the Chancellor says Norton does not understand *equity*, so he remains prosecutor-general. Yorke would have taken the Rolls, if they would have made it much more considerable; but as they would not, he has recollected that it will be clever for one Yorke to have the air of being disinterested, so he only disgraces himself, and

takes a patent of precedence over the Solicitor-General :—but do not depend upon this—he was to have kissed hands on Friday, but has put it off till Wednesday next—between this and that, his virtue may have another fit. The court ridicule him even more than the opposition. What diverts me most, is, that the pious and dutiful house of Yorke, who cried and roared over their father's memory, now throw all the blame on him, and say he forced them into opposition—*amorem nummi expellas furcâ, licet usque recurret.* Sewell is Master of the Rolls.

Well! I may grow a little more explicit to you; besides, this letter goes to you by a private hand. I gave you little hints, to prepare you for the separation in the house of Grafton. It is so, and I am heartily sorry for it. Your brother is chosen by the Duke, and General Ellison by the Duchess, to adjust the terms, which are not yet settled. The Duke takes all on himself, and assigns no reasons but disagreement of tempers. He leaves Lady Georgiana with her mother, who, he says, is the properest person to educate her[1], and Lord Charles, till he is old enough to be taken from the women. This behaviour is noble and generous—still I wish they could have agreed!

This is not the only parting that makes a noise. His Grace of Kingston has taken a pretty milliner from Cranborn Alley, and carried her to Thoresby. Miss Chudleigh, at the Princess's birthday on Friday, beat her side till she could not help having a real pain in it, that people might inquire what was the matter; on which she notified a pleurisy, and that she is going to the baths of Carlsbad, in Bohemia. I hope she will not meet with the Bulgares that demolished the castle of Thundertentronck. My Lady Harrington's

LETTER 999.—[1] Lady Georgiana Fitzroy (d. 1799), only daughter of third Duke of Grafton by his first wife; m. (1778) John Smyth, of Heath Hall, near Wakefield, Yorkshire.

robbery is at last come to light, and was committed by the porter, who is in Newgate.

Lady Northumberland (who, by the way, has added an eighth footman since I wrote to you last) told me this morning that the Queen is very impatient to receive an answer from Lady Hertford, about Prince George's letters coming through your hands, as she desired they might.

A correspondence between Legge and Lord Bute about the Hampshire election[2] is published to-day, by the express desire of the former, when he was dying. He showed the letters to me in the spring, and I then did not think them so strong or important as he did. I am very clear it does no honour to his memory to have them printed now. It implies want of resolution to publish them in his lifetime, and that he died with more resentment than I think one should care to own. I would send them to you, but I know Dr. Hunter takes care of such things. I hope he will send you, too, the finest piece that I think has been written for liberty since Lord Somers. It is called *An Inquiry into the late Doctrine on Libels*, and is said to be written by one Dunning[3], a lawyer lately started up, who makes a great noise. He is a sharp thorn in the sides of Lord Mansfield

[2] In 1759 Legge vacated his seat on succeeding to a patent place. He 'was returned for Hampshire. . . . This gave great offence to Bute, who had supported the candidature of Mr. (afterwards Sir Simeon) Stuart. Legge refused to give a pledge that he would support a candidate nominated by Bute, at a future election. . . . He afterwards refused Bute's further demand that he should give up the county of Southampton at the general election, and support the Prince of Wales' nomination of two members.' (*D. N. B.*)

[3] John Dunning (1731–1783), cr. (April 6, 1782) Baron Ashburton of Ashburton, Devonshire; Solicitor-General, 1768–70; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, 1782–83. Dunning entered Parliament in 1768. He was a prominent opponent of Lord North's American policy. In April 1780 he moved the celebrated resolutions relative to the increasing power of the Crown, and to the necessity for reform of the Civil List. In consequence of his strongly-expressed views on pensions, his acceptance of one in 1782 was much commented upon. It is not certain that he was the author of the pamphlet mentioned by Walpole.

and Norton, and, in truth, this book is no plaster to their pain. It is bitter, has much unaffected wit, and is the only tract that ever made me understand law. If Dr. Hunter does not send you these things, I suppose he will convey them himself, as I hear there will be a fourteenth occasion for him. Charles Fitzroy says Lord Halifax told Mrs. Cosby that you are to go to Ireland[4]. I said he knows you are not the most communicative person in the world, and that you had not mentioned it—nor do I now, by way of asking impertinent questions; but I thought you would like to know what was said.

I return to Strawberry Hill to-morrow, but must return on Thursday, as there is to be something at the Duke of York's that evening, for which I have received a card. He and his brother are most exceedingly civil and good-humoured —but I assure you every place is like one of Shakespeare's plays:—Flourish, enter the Duke of York, Gloucester, and attendants. Lady Irwin died yesterday.

Past eleven.

I am just come from a little impromptu ball at Mrs. Anne Pitt's. I told you she had a new pension, but did I tell you it was five hundred pounds a year? It was entertaining to see the Duchess of Bedford and Lady Bute with their respective forces, drawn up on different sides of the room: the latter's were most numerous. My Lord Gower seemed very willing to promote a parley between the two armies. It would have made you shrug up your shoulders at dirty humanity, to see the two Miss Pelhams sit neglected, without being asked to dance. You may imagine this could not escape me, who have passed through the several gradations[5] in which Lady Jane Stuart and Miss Pelham are and have been; but I fear poor Miss Pelham feels hers a little more

[4] As Viceroy. This happened in the following year.

[5] As the child of a minister in and out of power.

than ever I did. The Duke of York's is to be a dinner and ball for Princess Amelia.

Lady Mary Bowlby gave me a commission, a genealogic one, from my Lady Hertford, which I will execute to the best of my power. I am glad my part is not to prove eighteen generations of nobility for the Bruces. I fear they have made some *mésalliances* since the days of King Robert —at least, the present Scotch nobility are not less apt to go into Lombard Street than the English.

My Lady Suffolk was at the ball; I asked the Prince of Masserano whom he thought the oldest woman in the room, as I concluded he would not guess she was. He did not know my reason for asking, and would not tell me. At last, he said very cleverly, his own wife.

Mr. Sarjent has sent me this evening from you, *Les Considérations sur les Mœurs*, and *Le Testament Politique*, for which I give you, my dear Lord, a thousand thanks. Good night!

P.S. Manzoli is come a little too late, or I think he would have as many diamond watches and snuff-boxes as Farinelli had.

1000. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Dec. 16, 1764.

As I have not read in the paper that you died lately at Greatworth, in Northamptonshire, nor have met any Montagu or Trevor in mourning, I conclude you are living: I send this, however, to inquire, and if you should happen to be departed, hope your executor will be so kind as to burn it. Though you do not seem to have the same curiosity about my existence, you may gather from my handwriting that I am still in being, which being perhaps full as much as you want to know of me, I will trouble you with no farther particulars about myself—nay, nor about anybody else; your curiosity

seeming to be pretty much the same about all the world. News there are certainly none; nobody is even dead, as the Bishop of Carlisle told me to-day, which I repeat to you in general, though I apprehend in his own mind he meant no possessor of a better bishopric.

If you like to know the state of the town, here it is. In the first place, it is very empty—in the next, there are more diversions than the week will hold. A charming Italian opera, with no dances and no company, at least on Tuesdays; to supply which defect, the subscribers are to have a ball and supper—a plan that in my humble opinion will fill the Tuesdays and empty the Saturdays. At both playhouses are woful English operas; which, however, fill better than the Italian, patriotism being entirely confined to our ears—how long the sages of the law may leave us those, I cannot say. Mrs. Cornelis[1], apprehending the future assembly at Almack's, has enlarged her vast room, and hung it with blue satin, and another with yellow satin; but Almack's room, which is to be ninety feet long, proposes to swallow up both hers, as easily as Moses's rod gobbled down those of the magicians. Well! but there are more joys; a dinner and assembly every Tuesday at the Austrian minister's; ditto on Thursdays at the Spaniard's; ditto on Wednesdays and Sundays at the French ambassador's; besides Madame de Welderen's on Wednesdays, Lady Harrington's Sundays, and occasional private mobs at my Lady Northumberland's. Then for the mornings, there are levees and Drawing-rooms without end. Not to mention the Maccaroni Club, which has quite absorbed Arthur's, for you know old fools will hobble after young ones. Of all these pleasures, I prescribe myself a very small pittance; my dark corner in my own box at the Opera, and

LETTER 1000.—[1] Theresa Cornelys or Cornelis (1723–1797), formerly a singer. She purchased Carlisle House in Soho Square in 1760. Here she presided over public assemblies and concerts for some years. She became bankrupt in 1772, and after various adventures died in the Fleet Prison.

now and then an ambassador—to keep my French going, till my journey to Paris. Politics are gone to sleep, like a paroli at pharaoh, though there is the finest tract lately published that ever was written, called an *Inquiry into the Doctrine of Libels.*—It would warm your old Algernon blood—but for what anybody cares, might as well have been written about the wars of York and Lancaster. The thing most in fashion is my edition of Lord Herbert's *Life*; people are mad after it—I believe because only two hundred were printed—and, by the numbers that admire it, I am convinced that if I had kept his Lordship's counsel, very few would have found out the absurdity of it. The caution with which I hinted at its extravagance has passed with several for approbation, and drawn on theirs. This is nothing new to me; it is when one laughs out at their idols that one angers people. I do not wonder now that Sir Philip Sidney was the darling hero, when Lord Herbert, who followed him so close and trod in his steps, is at this time of day within an ace of rivalling him. I wish I had let him; it was contradicting one of my own maxims, which I hold to be very just; that it is idle to endeavour to cure the world of any folly, unless one could cure it of being foolish.

Tell me whether I am likely to see you before I go to Paris, which will be early in February. I hate you for being so indifferent about me. I live in the world, and yet love nothing, care a straw for nothing, but two or three old friends, that I have loved these thirty years. You have buried yourself with half a dozen parsons and squires, and yet never cast a thought upon those you have always lived with. You come to town for two months, grow tired in six weeks, hurry away, and then one hears no more of you till next winter. I don't want you to like the world; I like it no more than you; but I stay awhile in it, because while one sees it one laughs at it, but when one gives it up one

grows angry with it; and I hold it much wiser to laugh than to be out of humour. You cannot imagine how much ill blood this perseverance has cured me of; I used to say to myself, 'Lord! this person is so bad, that person is so bad, I hate them.'—I have now found out that they are all pretty much alike, and I hate nobody. Having never found you out, but for integrity and sincerity, I am much disposed to persist in a friendship with you; but if I am to be at all the pains of keeping it up, I shall imitate my neighbours (I don't mean those at next door, but in the Scripture sense of neighbour, anybody), and say, 'That is a very good man, but I don't care a farthing for him.' Till I have taken my final resolution on that head, I am,

Yours most cordially,

H. Walpole.

1001. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Dec. 20, 1764.

I cannot approve of Mr. Chute's dropping your correspondence, don't think I do; but I must defend him where I know him innocent. There are no pains he has not taken about the Lucchi[1] and her daughter, nor anything he would not still do. But you, my dear Sir, have lived so long out of England, that you have lost all trace of idea of a country squire; such is the eldest Thistlethwaite; and a bankrupt to boot. The other is a country-squire-parson, an animal little more docile. Mr. Chute offered long ago if they would pay down the fortune, that he would be bound in the strongest bonds that they should never be troubled about it more—but could get no answer. He is ready to do so still.

Letter 1001.—[1] A Florentine girl, by whom Mr. Whithed had a child. His name was Thistlethwaite, but he had changed it to Whithed for an estate. *Walpole.*

When Dagge talked to one of them and hinted at suing them, and that Mr. Chute must, for form only, be made a party, they flew out, and asked if Mr. Chute meant to go to law with them. With regard to Dagge, he was recommended to Mr. Whithed, Mr. Chute, and me by your brother Gal, and is in great reputation. Mr. Chute, the moment I mentioned your letter to him, undertook again to send Dagge to the brothers, and try if anything is to be obtained from them. Your goodness to the poor creatures is most amiable and like yourself; but indeed you wrong Mr. Chute grievously in saying that he has thrown them upon you. He would never suffer any such thing to be said, but I know how little he was obliged to Whithed; and the brothers who received everything from him, are not decent to their brother's child even about this miserable pittance; and Mr. Chute, so far from having any weight with them, would do more hurt than good, if he was too pressing in his own name.

I told you in my last that Mr. Yorke was to be Attorney-General, but it has ended in his accepting a patent of precedence over the Solicitor[2]. Nothing can surpass the foolish figure he has made, which has exposed him to the derision of both sides—and the sum total is, that this is the first time that a Yorke ever did anything but for money, and yet has been in the wrong!

Yesterday died that man of bustle and noisy name, the Primate of Ireland[3]: a sacrifice to drunkenness, which, however, was but a libation to ambition, for he was forced to drown his own intellects that he might govern the no-understandings of the Irish—indeed, he succeeded; and

[2] William de Grey (1719–1781), knighted in 1771; cr. (Oct. 17, 1780) Baron Walsingham of Walsingham, Norfolk; Solicitor-General, 1763–66; Attorney-General, 1766–71; Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, 1771–80.

[3] Dr. Stone, Archbishop of Armagh. *Walpole.*

from the lowest state of unpopularity had raised himself to full power. You and I remember a primate[4] who had all the vices of this, and not much inferior parts, but who loved his vices as sages pretend to love virtue, for their own sakes. If Stone did not shine by his gratitude and moderation, at least he had unbounded charity and generosity, and whatever mischief he did, revenge was never the ingredient. I do not think the administration will be disposed to place the metropolitan mitre on an able head again in haste; and I am sure, in that case, they will have little difficulty to furnish themselves to their minds from the English bench, whence I hear the choice is to be made.

You will be concerned to hear, what perhaps will not surprise you more than it did me; the Duke and Duchess of Grafton are parted; on most honourable terms: he alleges nothing but disagreement of tempers, and she readily takes that blame on herself; though in truth, I never saw a case of less mutual complaisance. He gives her her jointure of three thousand pounds a year, and an allowance for their daughter and youngest son; which last, however, is to remain with her but till he is old enough to be taken from the women. The affair has been transacted as a contention of civility and generosity, and yet I think the Duke has taken his final resolution.

I know nothing of the Duke of York's squadron going to the Mediterranean, nor should think that either love or politics would carry him thither again. He has just got an addition of three thousand pounds a year on Ireland: his palace is delightful, and he has already given a ball there to Princess Amelie, at which I was, and where he again mentioned you fully, and with the greatest goodness.

My journey to Paris is fixed for some time in February,

[4] Monsieur de Beauvau, eldest son of the Prince de Craon, Primate of Lorraine. *Walpole.*

where I hear I may expect to find Madame de Boufflers[5], Princess of Conti. Her husband is just dead; and you know the house of Bourbon have an alacrity at marrying their old mistresses[6]. She was here last year, being extremely infected with the *Anglomanie*, though I believe pretty well cured by her journey. She is past forty, and does not appear ever to have been handsome, but is one of the most agreeable and sensible women I ever saw; yet I must tell you a trait of her that will not prove my assertion. Lady Holland asked her how she liked Strawberry Hill? She owned she did not approve of it, and that it was not *digne de la solidité anglaise*. It made me laugh for a quarter of an hour. They allot us a character we have not, and then draw consequences from that idea, which would be absurd, even if the idea was just. One must not build a Gothic house because the nation is *solide*. Perhaps, as everything now in France must be *à la grecque*, she would have liked a hovel if it pretended to be built after Epictetus's —but Heaven forbid that I should be taken for a philosopher! Is it not amazing that the most sensible people in France can never help being domineered by sounds and general ideas? Now everybody must be a *géomètre*, now a *philosophe*, and the moment they are either, they are to take up a character and advertise it: as if one could not study geometry for one's amusement or for its utility, but one must be a geometrician at table, or at a visit! So the moment it is settled at Paris that the English are solid, every Englishman must be wise, and, if he has a good understanding, he must not be allowed to play the fool! As I happen to like both sense and nonsense, and the latter

[5] This was not the Marquise de Boufflers, daughter of the Prince de Craon, and favourite of King Stanislaus, mentioned in a former letter, but the Comtesse de Boufflers, mistress of the Prince de Conti. *Walpole.*

[6] Louis XIV married Madame de Maintenon, and his son was supposed to be married to Mademoiselle Chouin *Walpole.*

better than what generally passes for the former, I shall disclaim, even at Paris, the *profondeur* for which they admire us; and I shall not cease to admire Madame de Boufflers, though her nonsense is not the result of nonsense, but of sense, and consequently not the genuine nonsense that I honour. When she was here, she read a tragedy in prose to me, of her own composition, taken from the *Spectator*: the language is beautiful and the sentiments too.

There is a Madame de Beaumont[7] who has lately written a very pretty novel, called *Lettres du Marquis de Roselle.* It is imitated, too, from an English standard, and in my opinion a most woful one; I mean the works of Richardson, who wrote those deplorably tedious lamentations, *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison*, which are pictures of high life as conceived by a bookseller[8], and romances as they would be spiritualized by a Methodist teacher: but Madame de Beaumont has almost avoided sermons, and almost reconciled sentiments and common sense. Read her novel—you will like it.

1002. To George Montagu.

Christmas Eve, 1764.

You are grown so good, and I delight so much in your letters when you please to write them, that though it is past midnight, and I am to go out of town to-morrow morning, I must thank you.

I shall put your letter to Rheims into the foreign post with a proper penny, and it will go much safer and quicker than if I sent it to Lord Hertford, for his letters lie very often till enough are assembled to compose a jolly caravan.

I love your good brother John, as I always do, for keeping

[7] Wife of Monsieur Élie de Beaumont, a celebrated lawyer. *Walpole.*

[8] Richardson was not a bookseller, but a printer. *Walpole.*

your birthday—I, who hate ceremonious customs, approve of what I know comes so much from the heart as all he and you do and say. The General surely need not ask leave to enclose letters to me.

There is neither news, nor anybody to make it, but the clergy, who are all gaping after or about the Irish mitre, which your old antagonist has quitted. Keene has refused it, Newton hesitates, and they think will not accept it, Ewer[1] pants for it, and many of the bench, I believe, do everything but pray for it. Goody Carlisle[2] hopes for Worcester if it should be vacated, but I believe would not dislike to be *her Grace*.

This comes with your muff, my *Anecdotes of Painting*, the fine pamphlet on libels, and the *Castle of Otranto*, which lost its maidenhead to-day. All this will make some food for your fireside.

Since you will not come and see me before I go, I hope not to be gone before you come, though I am not quite in charity with you about it. Oh! I had forgot; don't lend your Lord Herbert, it will grow as dirty as the street, and as there are so few, and they have been so lent about, and so dirtied, the few clean copies will be very valuable. What signifies whether they read it or not? there will be a new fashion, or a new separation, or a new something or other, that will do just as well, before you can convey your copy to them; and, seriously, if you lose it, I have not another to give you; and I would fain have you keep my editions together, as you have had the complete set. As I want to make you an economist of my books, I will inform you that this second set of *Anecdotes* sells for three guineas. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

Letter 1002.—[1] John Ewer (d. 1774), Bishop of Llandaff; translated to Bangor in 1769.

[2] Charles Lyttelton, Bishop of Carlisle, the old friend and schoolfellow of Walpole and Montagu.

P.S. I send you a decent smallish muff, that you may put in your pocket, and it costs but fourteen shillings.

1003. To the Earl of Hertford.

Arlington Street, Jan. 10, 1765.

I should prove a miserable prophet or almanac maker, for my predictions are seldom verified. I thought the present session likely to be a very supine one, but unless the evening varies extremely from the morning, it will be a tempestuous day—and yet it was a very southerly and calm wind that began the hurricane. The King's Speech was so tame, that, as George Montagu said of the earthquake, you might have stroked it. Beckford (whom I certainly did not mean by the *gentle* gale) touched on Draper's Letter about the Manilla money[1]. George Grenville took up the defence of the Spaniards, though he said he only stated their arguments. This roused your brother, who told Grenville he had adopted the reasoning of Spain; and showed the fallacy of their pretensions. He exhorted everybody to support the King's government, 'which I,' said he, 'ill-used as I have been, wish and mean to support—not that of ministers, when I see the laws and independence of Parliament struck at in the most *profligate* manner.' You may guess how deeply this wounded. Grenville took it to himself, and asserted that his own life and character were as pure, uniform, and little profligate as your brother's. The silence of the House did not seem to ratify this declaration. Your brother replied with infinite spirit, that he certainly could not have meant Mr. Grenville, for he did not take him for the minister—(I do not believe this was

Letter 1003. — [1] *Answer to the Spanish arguments claiming the Galleon and refusing Payment of the Manilla Ransom from Pillage and Destruction.*

the least mortifying part)—that he spoke of public acts that were in everybody's mouth, as the warrants, and the disgrace thrown on the army by dismissions for parliamentary reasons; that for himself he was an open enemy, and detested men who smiled in his face and stabbed him—(I do not believe he meant this personally, but unfortunately the whole House applied it to Mr. Grenville's grimace); that for his own disgrace, he did not know where to impute it, for every minister had disavowed it. It was to the warrants, he said, he owed what had happened; he had fallen for voting against them, but had he had ten regiments, he would have parted with them all to obey his conscience; that he now could fall no lower, and would speak as he did then, and would not be hindered nor intimidated from speaking the language of Parliament. Grenville answered, that he had never avowed nor disavowed the measure of dismissing Mr. Conway—(he disavowed it to Mr. Harris[2]), that he himself had been turned out for voting against German connections[3]; that he had never approved inquiring into the King's prerogative on that head—(I can name a person who can repeat volumes of what he has said on the subject), and that the King had as much right to dismiss military as civil officers, and then drew a ridiculous parallel betwixt the two, in which he seemed to give himself the rank of a civil lieutenant-general. This warmth was stopped by Augustus Hervey, who spoke to order, and called for the question; but young T. Townshend confirmed, that the term *profligacy* was applied by all mankind to the conduct on the warrants. It was not the most agreeable circumstance to Grenville, that Lord Granby closed the debate, by declaring how much he disapproved the dismission of officers for civil reasons, and the more, as

[2] General Conway's brother-in-law.

[3] Grenville was dismissed from the Treasurership of the Navy in Nov. 1755, for opposition to treaties made to secure the German dominions of George II.

he was persuaded it would not prevent officers from acting according to their consciences; and he spoke of your brother with many encomiums. Sir W. Meredith then notified his intention of taking up the affair of the warrants on Monday se'nnight. Mr. Pitt was not there, nor Lord Temple in the House of Lords; but the latter is ill. I should have told you that Lord Warkworth[4] and Thomas Pitt moved our Addresses; as Lord Townshend and Lord Botetourt did those of the Lords. Lord Townshend said, though it was grown unpopular to praise the King, yet he should, and he was violent against libels; forgetting that the most ill-natured branch of them, caricaturas, his own invention, are left off. Nobody thought it worth while to answer him, at which he was much offended.

So much for the opening of the Parliament, which does not promise serenity. Your brother is likely to make a very great figure: they have given him the warmth he wanted, and may thank themselves for it. Had Mr. Grenville taken my advice, he had avoided an opponent that he will find a tough one, and must already repent having drawn upon him.

With regard to yourself, my dear Lord, you may be sure I did not intend to ask you any impertinent question. You requested me to tell you whatever I heard said about you; you was talked of for Ireland, and are still; and Lord Holland within this week told me, that you had solicited it warmly. Don't think yourself under any obligation to reply to me on these occasions. It is to comply with your desires that I repeat anything I hear of you, not to make use of them to draw any explanation from you, to which I have no title; nor have I, you know, any troublesome curiosity. I mentioned Ireland with the same indifference that I tell you that the town here has bestowed Lady Anne, first on

[4] Afterwards second Duke of Northumberland.

Lord March, and now on Stephen Fox[5]—tattle not worth your answering.

You have lost another of your Lords Justices, Lord Shannon, of whose death an account came yesterday.

Lady Harrington's porter was executed yesterday, and went to Tyburn with a white cockade in his hat, as an emblem of his innocence.

All the rest of my news I exhausted in my letter to Lady Hertford three days ago. The King's Speech, as I told her it was to do, announced the contract between Princess Caroline Matilda[6] and the Prince Royal of Denmark.

I don't think the tone the session has taken will expedite my visit to you; however, I shall be able to judge when a few of the great questions are over. The American affairs are expected to occasion much discussion; but as I understand them no more than Hebrew, they will throw no impediment in my way. Adieu! my dear Lord; you will probably hear no more politics these ten days. Yours ever.

Friday.

The debate on the warrants is put off to the Tuesday; therefore, as it will probably be so long a day, I shall not be able to give you an account of it till this day fortnight.

1004. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Jan. 13, 1765.

Are not you growing impatient for news, now the Parliament is opened? Here is a new year begun, the twenty-fourth of our correspondence! Orestes and Pylades are not

[5] Hon. Stephen Fox (1745–1774), eldest son of first Lord Holland, whom he succeeded in July 1774.

[6] Princess Caroline Matilda (1751–1775), posthumous daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales; m. (1766) Christian VII, King of Denmark, from whom she was divorced in 1772. She died in exile at Celle.

to be named with us; their friendship would have cooled in a quarter of the time. Well, what do you expect? that, having lost all our chiefs, we have laid down our arms, and been fined in the Star Chamber, or what would come to much the same thing for the people, that we have sold our remnant of opposition for half a dozen pensions? You are mistaken; there are a few drops of Mercian and Cambrian blood still left in our veins. The Address on Thursday went unanimously, in answer to a very tame speech; but not till after a very spirited dialogue between Mr. Conway and Mr. Grenville, in which the former shone greatly, painting in strong colours the scandalous treatment he had received from a *profligate* administration; the epithet was his, but I believe will remain theirs. Lord Granby declared warmly against dismissions of officers for their conduct in Parliament. This prologue was brief, but smart. We shall probably have nothing particular till Tuesday se'nnight, which is fixed for a renewal of the great question on the warrants, the subject of which has been revived by a large pamphlet, that is in the highest vogue, called *An Inquiry into the Doctrine of Libels.* Though bulky, it is already at its third edition; nor can all the court-lawyers, court-scribblers, or court-liars, hitherto frame an answer to it. They nibble at its heels, but cannot fix a tooth in it.

The King's Speech acquainted us with a future marriage between his youngest sister and the Prince Royal of Denmark. Princess Louisa[1], who is older, and has a very pretty face, is of uncommonly small stature, and unhealthy.

There is another approaching wedding notified, between Lord Shelburne and Lady Sophia Carteret, the only child of our old friend Lady Sophia Fermor, by Lord Granville. Her face has the beauty of neither, and is like her half-

LETTER 1004.—[1] Princess Louisa Anne, third daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales; d. unmarried in 1768.

sisters[2]; but her air and person would strike you from the strong resemblance to her mother. She has above thirty thousand pounds, and he two and twenty thousand a year. Their children will have the seeds in them of some extraordinary qualities, look whither you will.

There has been a bustle in the Cabinet, more remarkable for its symptoms than its effects. That busy ambitious prelate, Stone, is dead, as I told you I think in my last. Mr. Grenville, believing himself possessed of power, because he runs all the risk of it, offered the Archiepiscopal mitre about the town, without remembering to ask if it was in his disposal. Two English Bishops declined it. Lord Granby then solicited it for his tutor, Ewer of Llandaff, and was supported by the imaginary minister; but the *Lord Lieutenant* (the most acute commentators read *Lord Bute*) carried off the primacy for Robinson[3], Bishop of Kildare. The Duke of Bedford, still more a phantom than Grenville, imagined he could obtain the nomination, and demanded it for a Scoto-Hibernian, Bishop Carmichael[4]; but the Scotch are too wise for many of them to embark in that channel.

Well, well! all this is piddling, and not in the great style of our country; these are such little cabals as happen in every nation. 'Tis the marvellous, the eccentric, that characterizes Englishmen. Come, you shall have an event in the genuine taste, and before it has been pawed and vulgarized by newsmongers and newspapers. It is fresh this very day. There is somebody dead somewhere—strong marks of novelty you see—in Somersetshire or Wiltshire, I think, who has left two hundred thousand pounds to

[2] The Countess of Cowper and the Marchioness of Tweeddale, younger daughters of Lord Granville by his first wife. *Walpole.*

[3] Richard Robinson (d. 1794). He became Archbishop of Armagh, and was created (Feb. 26, 1777) Baron Rokeby of Armagh in Ireland.

[4] Hon. William Carmichael, Archbishop of Dublin, second son of second Earl of Hyndford.

Mr. Pitt, to Mr. William Pitt, to *the* Pitt, the man who frightened the Great Mogul so three years ago, and who had liked to have tossed the Kings of France and Spain in a blanket, if somebody had not cut a hole in it and let them slip through. Somebody the first, was called Pinsent[5] or Vincent—the town and I are not sure of the name yet; but it is certain he never saw the said Mr. Pitt—I hope that was not the best reason for the legacy! The parson of the parish, who made the will, has sent word to Hayes[6] that it is lodged in the housekeeper's hands, who has command from the defunct not to deliver it but to the legatee, or order. Unluckily, Mr. Pitt is in bed with the gout in his hand, and cannot even sign the order; however, Lady Chatham has sent for the will, and it is supposed her order will suffice. You may depend on all this latter part; I had it but two hours ago from Lady Temple, whose lord has been to Hayes this morning on this affair. The deceased, it seems, had voted against the first treaty of Utrecht, and had lived to see a second[7]. I do believe now that this country will be saved at last, for we shall have real Patriots, when the opposition pays better than the court. Don't you think that Mr. Pitt would give half his legacy that he had never accepted a pension? It is very singular; ten thousand pounds from old Marlborough[8], a reversion of a great estate from Jack Spencer, and this fortune out of the clouds! Lord Bath indeed—but I never heard it was for his virtues or services—was in so many testaments, that they used to call him emphatically, *Will*

[5] Sir William Pynsent, third Baronet, of Burton Pynsent, Somersetshire. His bequest to Pitt amounted to some forty thousand pounds in real and personal estate.

[6] Villa of Mr. Pitt, near Bromley, in Kent. *Walpole.*

[7] The Treaty of Paris. *Walpole.*

[8] The Duchess Dowager of Marlborough left Mr. Pitt ten thousand pounds, and her grandson, John Spencer, entailed the Sunderland estate upon him after his own son; but that son, afterwards Earl Spencer, cut off that entail as soon as he came of age. *Walpole.*

Pulteney—it is more pleasant to be called *Will* Pitt from such tributes to his merit. Adieu! till the next big event.

1005. To the Earl of Hertford.

Sunday, Jan. 20, 1765.

Do you forgive me, if I write to you two or three days sooner than I said I would. Our important day on the warrants is put off for a week, in compliment to Mr. Pitt's gout—can it resist such attention? I shall expect it in a prodigious quantity of black ribands. You have heard, to be sure, of the great fortune that is bequeathed to him by a Sir William Pynsent, an old man of near ninety, who quitted the world on the Peace of Utrecht; and, luckily for Mr. Pitt, lived to be as angry with its *pendant*, the treaty of Paris. I did not send you the first report, which mounted it to an enormous sum: I think the medium account is two thousand pounds a year, and thirty thousand pounds in money. This Sir William Pynsent, whose fame, like an aloe, did not blow till near an hundred, was a singularity. The scandalous chronicle of Somersetshire talks terribly of his morals. . . . Lady North was nearly related to Lady Pynsent, which encouraged Lord North to flatter himself that Sir William's extreme propensity to him would recommend even his wife's parentage for heirs; but the uncomeliness of Lady North, and a vote my Lord gave against the Cider Bill, offended the old gentleman so much, that he burnt his would-be heir in effigy. How will all these strange histories sound at Paris!

This post, I suppose, will rain letters to my Lady Hertford, on her death and revival. I was dreadfully alarmed at it for a moment; my servant was so absurd as to wake me, and bid me not be frightened—an excellent precaution! Of all moments, that between sleeping and waking is the

most subject to terror. I started up, and my first thought was to send for Dr. Hunter; but, in two minutes, I recollected that it was impossible to be true, as your porter had the very day before been with me to tell me a courier was arrived from you, and was to return that evening. Your poor son Henry, whom you will dote upon for it, was not tranquillized so soon. He instantly sent away a courier to your brother, who arrived in the middle of the night. Lady Milton, Lady George Sackville, and I, agreed this evening to tell my Lady Hertford, that we ought to have believed the news, and to have imputed it to the gaming rakehelly life my Lady leads at Paris, which scandalizes all us prudes, her old friends. In truth, I have not much right to rail at anybody for living in a hurricane. I found myself with a violent cold on Wednesday, and till then had not once reflected on all the hot and cold climates I had passed through the day before: I had been at the Duke of Cumberland's levee: then at Princess Amalie's Drawing-room; from thence to a crowded House of Commons; to dinner at your brother's; to the Opera; to Madame Seillern's[1]; to Arthur's; and to supper at Mrs. George Pitt's; it is scandalous; but, who does less? The Duke looked much better than I expected; is gone to Windsor, and mends daily.

It was Lady Harcourt's[2] death that occasioned the confusion, and our dismay. She died at a Colonel Oughton's; such a small house, that Lord Harcourt has been forced to take their family into his own house. Poor Lady Digby is dead too, of a fever, and was with child. They were extremely happy, and her own family adored her. My sister has begged me to ask a favour, that will put you to a little

LETTER 1005.—[1] Wife of the Austrian Ambassador.

[2] Rebecca, daughter of Charles Samborne Le Bas, of Pipwell Abbey, Northamptonshire; m. (1735) Simon Harcourt, second Viscount (afterwards first Earl) Harcourt.

trouble, though only for a moment. It is, if you will be so good to order one of your servants when you have done with the English newspapers, to put them in a cover, and send them to Mr. Churchill, au Château de Nubecourt, près de Clermont en Argone[3]; they cannot get a *Gazette* that does not cost them six livres.

Monday evening.

We have had a sort of day in the House of Commons. The proposition for accepting the six hundred and seventy thousand pounds for the French prisoners passed easily. Then came the navy: Dowdeswell, in a long and very sensible speech, proposed to reduce the number of sailors to ten thousand. He was answered by—Charles Townshend—oh yes!—are you surprised? nobody here was: no, not even at his assertion, that he had always applauded the Peace, though the whole House and the whole town knew that, on the preliminaries, he came down prepared to speak *against* them; but that on Pitt's retiring, he plucked up courage, and spoke *for* them. Well, you want to know what place he is to have—so does he too. I don't want to know *what* place, but that he has some one; for I am sure he will always do most hurt to the side on which he professes to be; consequently, I wish him with the administration, and I wish so well to both sides, that I would have him more decried, if that be possible, than he is. Colonel Barré spoke against Dowdeswell's proposal, though not setting himself up at auction, like Charles, nor friendly to the ministry, but temperately and sensibly. There was no division. You know my opinion of Charles Townshend is neither new nor singular. When Charles Yorke left us, I hoped for this event, and my wish then slid into this couplet:

[3] In the department of Meuse, west of Verdun.

TO THE ADMINISTRATION.

One Charles, who ne'er was ours, you've got—'tis true:
To make the grace complete, take t'other too.

The favours I ask of them are not difficult to grant. Adieu! my dear Lord. Yours ever,

H. W.

Tuesday, 4 o'clock.

I had sealed my letter and given it to my sister, who sets out to-morrow, and will put it into the post at Calais; but having received yours by the courier from Spain, I must add a few words. You may be sure I shall not mention a tittle of what you say to me. Indeed, if you think it necessary to explain to me, I shall be more cautious of telling you what I hear. If I had any curiosity, I should have nothing to do but to pretend I had heard some report, and so draw from you what you might not have a mind to mention: I do tell you when I hear any, for your information, but insist on your not replying. The Vice-Admiral of America[4] is a mere feather; but there is more substance in the notion of the Viceroy's quitting Ireland. Lord Bute and George Grenville are so ill together, that decency is scarce observed between their adherents; and the moment the former has an opportunity or resolution enough, he will remove the latter, and place his son-in-law[5] in the Treasury. This goes so far, that Charles Townshend, who is openly dedicated to Grenville, may possibly find himself disappointed, and get no place at last. However, I rejoice that we have got rid of him. It will tear up all connection

[4] That post had been conferred upon the Earl of Northumberland.

[5] Horace Walpole probably intended to refer to the *father* of Bute's son-in-law Lord Warkworth, the Earl of Northumberland, who was about this time proposed as First Lord of the Treasury by George III.

between him and your brother, root and branch: a circumstance you will not be more sorry for than I am. In the meantime, the opposition is so staunch that, I think, after the three questions on warrants, dismission of officers, and the Manilla-money, I shall be at liberty to come to you, when I shall have a great deal to tell you. If Charles Townshend gets a place, Lord George Sackville expects another, by the same channel, interest, and connection; but if Charles may be disappointed himself, what may a man be who trusts to him? Adieu!

1006. To the Earl of Hertford.

Arlington Street, Jan. 27, 1765.

The brother of your brother's neighbour, Mr. Freeman[1], who is going to Paris, and I believe will not be sorry to be introduced to you, gives me an opportunity which I cannot resist, of sending you a private line or two, though I wrote you a long letter, which my sister was to put into the post at Calais two or three days ago.

We had a very remarkable day on Wednesday in the House of Commons,—very glorious for us, and very mortifying to the administration, especially to the principal performer, who was severely galled by our troops, and abandoned by his own. The business of the day was the army[2], and, as nothing was expected, the House was not full. The very circumstance of nothing being expected, had encouraged Charles Townshend to soften a little what had passed on Monday; he grew profuse of his whispers and promises to us, and offered your brother to move the question on the dismission of officers: the debate began;

Letter 1006.—[1] Sambrook Freeman, of Fawley Court, Henley-on-Thames.

[2] The business was to vote the army for the year.

Beckford fell foul on the dismissions, and dropped some words on America[3]. Charles, who had placed himself again under the wing of Grenville, replied on American affairs; but totally *forgot* your brother. Beckford, in his boisterous Indian style, told Charles that on a single idea he had poured forth a *diarrhœa* of words. He could not stand it, and in two minutes fairly stole out of the House. This battery being dismounted, the whole attack fell on Grenville, and would have put you in mind of former days. You never heard any minister worse treated than he was for two hours together, by Tommy Townshend, Sir George Saville, and George Onslow,—and what was worse, no soul stepped forth in his defence, but Rigby and Lord Strange, the latter of whom was almost as much abashed as Charles Townshend; conscience flew in his black face, and almost turned it red. T. Townshend was still more bitter on Sandwich, whom he called a profligate fellow,—hoped he was present, and added, 'if he is not, I am ready to call him so to his face in any private company':—even Rigby, his accomplice, said not a word in behalf of his brother culprit. You will wonder how all this ended—what would be the most ridiculous conclusion to such a scene? as you cannot imagine, I will tell you. Lord Harry Paulet[4] telling Grenville that if Lord Cobham was to rise from the dead, he would, if he could be ashamed of anything, be ashamed of him;—by the way, everybody believes he meant the apostrophe stronger than he expressed it: Grenville rose in a rage, like a basket-woman, and told Lord Harry that if he chose to use such language, he knew where to find him. Did you ever hear

[3] 'He mentioned ... an expression dropped by Charles Townshend, which he said had made his ears tingle; it was that *the Colonies were not to be emancipated.*' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. ii. p. 34.)

[4] Admiral Lord Harry Paulet (d. 1794), second son of fourth Duke of Bolton; succeeded his brother as sixth Duke in 1765.

of a Prime Minister, even *soi-disant tel*, challenging an opponent, when he could not answer him? Poor Lord Harry, too, was an unfortunate subject to exercise his valour upon! The House interposed; Lord Harry declared he should have expected Grenville to breakfast with him next morning; Grenville explained off and on two or three times, the Scotch laughed, the opposition roared, and the Treasury Bench sat as mute as fishes. Thus ended that wise Hudibrastic encounter. Grenville however, attended by every bad omen, provoked your brother, who had not intended to speak, by saying that some people had a good opinion of the dismissed officers, others had not. Your brother rose, and surpassed himself: he was very warm, though less so than on the first day; very decent in terms, but most severe in effect; he more than hinted at the threats that had been used to him,—said he would not reveal what was improper; yet left no mortal in the dark on that head. He called on the officers to assert their own freedom and independence. In short, made such a speech as silenced all his adversaries, but has filled the whole town with his praises: I believe, as soon as his speech reaches Hayes, it will contribute extremely to expel the gout, and bring Mr. Pitt to town, lest his presence should be no longer missed. Princess Amalie told me the next night, that if she had heard nothing of Mr. Conway's speech, she should have known how well he had done by my spirits. I was not sorry she made this reflection as I knew she would repeat it to Lady Waldegrave; and as I was willing that the Duchess of Bedford, who, when your brother was dismissed, asked the Duchess of Grafton if she was not sorry for *poor Mr. Conway*, who had lost everything, should recollect that it is they who have cause to lament that dismission, not we.

There was a paragraph in Rigby's speech, and taken up,

and adopted by Goody Grenville, which makes much noise, and, I suppose, has not given less offence; they talked of 'arbitrary *Stuart* principles,' which are supposed to have been aimed at the *Stuart* favourite; that breach is wider than ever:—not one of Lord Bute's adherents have opened their lips this session. I conclude a few of them will be ordered to speak on Friday; but unless we go on too triumphantly and reconcile them, I think this session will terminate Mr. Grenville's reign, and that of the Bedfords too, unless they make great submissions.

Do you know that Sir W. Pynsent had your brother in his eye! He said to his lawyer, 'I know Mr. Pitt is much younger than I am, but he has very bad health: as you will hear it before me, if he dies first, draw up another will with Mr. Conway's name instead of Mr. Pitt's, and bring it down to me directly.' I beg Britannia's pardon, but I fear I could have supported the loss on these grounds.

A very unhappy affair happened last night at the Star and Garter; Lord Byron killed a Mr. Chaworth[5] there in a duel. I know none of the particulars, and never believe the first reports.

My Lady Townshend was arrested two days ago in the street at the suit of a house-painter, who having brought her a bill double of the estimate he had given in, she would not pay it. As this is a breach of privilege, I should think the man would hear of it.

There is no day yet fixed for our intended motion on the dismission of officers; but I believe Lord John Cavendish and Fitzroy will be the movers and seconders. Charles Townshend, we conclude, will be very ill that

[5] William Chaworth, of Annesley, Nottinghamshire. Lord Byron was tried for manslaughter in April 1765, but discharged under the Statute of Privilege as a peer.

day; if one could pity the poor toad, one should: there is jealousy of your brother,—fear of your brother,—fear of Mr. Pitt,—influence of his own brother,—connections entered into both with Lord Bute and Mr. Grenville, and a trimming plan concerted with Lord George Sackville and Charles Yorke, all tearing him or impelling him a thousand ways, with the addition of his own vanity and irresolution, and the contempt of everybody else. I dined with him yesterday at Mr. Mackinsy's, where his whole discourse was in ridicule of George Grenville.

The enclosed novel[6] is much in vogue; the author is not known, but if you should not happen to like it, I could give you a reason why you need not say so. There is nothing else new, but a play called *The Platonic Wife*, written by an Irish Mrs. Griffiths, which in charity to her was suffered to run three nights.

Since I wrote my letter, the following is the account nearest the truth that I can learn of the fatal duel last night: a club of Nottinghamshire gentlemen had dined at the Star and Garter, and there had been a dispute between the combatants, whether Lord Byron, who took no care of his game, or Mr. Chaworth, who was active in the association, had most game on their manor. The company, however, had apprehended no consequences, and parted at eight o'clock; but Lord Byron stepping into an empty chamber, and sending the drawer for Mr. Chaworth, or calling him thither himself, took the candle from the waiter, and bidding Mr. Chaworth defend himself, drew his sword. Mr. Chaworth, who was an excellent fencer, ran Lord Byron through the sleeve of his coat, and then received a wound fourteen inches deep into his body. He was carried to his house in Berkeley Street,—made his will with the greatest composure, and dictated a paper, which, they say,

[6] *The Castle of Otranto.*

allows it was a fair duel, and died at nine this morning. Lord Byron is not gone off, but says he will take his trial, which, if the coroner brings in a verdict of manslaughter, may, according to precedent, be in the House of Lords, and without the ceremonial of Westminster Hall. George Selwyn is much missed on this occasion, but we conclude it will bring him over. I feel for both families, though I know none of either, but poor Lady Carlisle[7], whom I am sure you will pity.

Our last three Saturdays at the Opera have been prodigious, and a new opera by Bach[8] last night was so crowded, that there were ladies standing behind the scenes during the whole performance. Adieu! my dear Lord: as this goes by a private hand, you may possibly receive its successor before it.

1007. To the Rev. Thomas Percy[1].

Sir, Arlington Street, Feb. 5, 1765.

I have received from Mr. Dodsley the flattering and very agreeable present of the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*; and though I have not had time yet to read the whole carefully, yet the transient perusal has given me so much pleasure, that I am impatient to make you my most grateful acknowledgements for so particular a favour. As I am personally unknown to you, Sir, I must regard it as a great distinction; and though you are so kind as to mark the cause of that distinction, I cannot help fearing that you are too partial to me even as an author, and that the honour you have in several places done to my *Catalogue of Royal*

[7] Sister of Lord Byron.

[8] *Adriano in Siria.*

Letter 1007.—Not in C.; now first printed from original in British Museum.

[1] Thomas Percy (1729–1811), at this time Vicar of Easton Mauduit in Northamptonshire. Dean of Carlisle, 1778–82; Bishop of Dromore, 1782–1811. His *Reliques of Ancient Poetry* first appeared in 1765.

and Noble Authors, is much beyond what that compilation deserves. Since however that collection has merited your notice, may I not hope, Sir, that you will not confine it to my book, but that when you come to London, you will let me have the honour of your acquaintance?

Before I have the pleasure, that I promise myself, of talking over with you a thousand curious things in your new publication, permit me, Sir, to mention a few points that particularly struck me. The good sense and conciseness of your Dissertations persuade me that these are not your sole productions. I would not take the liberty to ask any impertinent questions, but you must allow me to hope that with so much knowledge, so accurate and judicious a talent for criticism, and so just a style, you will not confine yourself to this single publication nor to the mere office of an editor. Your observation on Lord Vaux[2] appears to me strongly founded. His poetry, as you remark, is undoubtedly more polished than is consonant to the age of Henry VII. You know my authorities, Sir, for ascribing those poems to Lord Nicholas: yet I prefer truth to any trifles of my own writing, and am willing to sacrifice my own account to what is more probable. If it is not too much to ask, I could wish, as I have little leisure, Sir, that you could ascertain this point for me, and even demonstrate to which specific Lord Vaux the poems belong. There is another of my Noble Authors, about whom I interest myself strangely; Lord Rochford[3]. Have you, Sir, in your researches ever met with any lines that you believe to be his?

[2] Thomas Vaux (1509–1556), second Baron Vaux de Harrowden, author of two of the poems printed in Percy's *Reliques*. One of these was attributed (on Antony Wood's authority) by Horace Walpole, in *Royal and Noble Authors*, to Lord Vaux's father, Nicholas Vaux, cr. Baron Vaux de Harrowden three weeks before his death in 1523.

[3] George Boleyn, Viscount Rochford, eldest son of first Earl of Wiltshire, and brother of Queen Anne Boleyn, in whose disgrace he was involved. He was beheaded in 1536, two days before his sister.

I was not more pleased with anything than with your proofs, for so they certainly are, that Shakespeare's plays ought to be distinguished into Histories, Tragedies, and Comedies, and with your very just reflections on that subject. They are a full answer to all Voltaire's impertinent criticisms on our matchless poet.

The beginning of the second part of *Sir Cauline*, as no doubt, Sir, you have observed, resembles the story of Tancred and Sigismonda; as the ditty of *Glasgerion* seems evidently to have given birth to the tragedy of *The Orphan*[4], in which Polidore profits of Monimia's intended favours to Castalio.

I will not make this first letter too long. With it I enclose an old ballad, which I write down from memory, and perhaps very incorrectly, for it is above five and twenty years since I learned it. I do not send it you, Sir, as worthy to be published, but merely as an addition to your collection, if it is not there already. I remember to have heard another which was the exact counterpart to it, called *Giles Colin*, but I do not recollect a single stanza.

If it should ever lie within my slender power to assist your studies or inquiries, I hope, Sir, you will command me. I love the cause, I have a passion for antiquity and literary amusements, and though I much doubt whether I shall ever engage in them again, farther than for my own private entertainment, I shall always be glad to contribute my mite to any gentleman, whose abilities and taste demand, like yours, to be encouraged.

I am, Sir,
Your much obliged
Humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

[4] By Thomas Otway.

I fare you well, Lady Hounsibelle[5],
For I must needs be gone;
And this time two year I'll meet you again,
To end the true love we begun.
That's a long time, Lord Lovel, she said,
To dwell in fair Scotland:
And so it is, Lady Hounsibelle,
And to leave a fair lady alone.
He called unto his stable-groom
To saddle his milk-white steed.
Hey down, Hey down, Hey, hey derry down,
I wish my Lord Lovel good speed.
He had not been in fair Scotland
Above half a year,
But a longing mind came over his head
Lady Hounsibelle he would go see her.
He had not been in fair London
Above half a day,
But he heard the bells of the high chapel ring;
They rung with a Sesora.
He asked of a gentleman
That stood there all alone,
What made the bells of the high chapel ring,
And the ladies to make such a moan.
The King's fair daughter is dead, he said,
Whose name's Lady Hounsibelle;
She died for love of a courteous young knight,
Whose name it is Lord Lovel.
Lady Hounsibelle died on the Easter Day,
Lord Lovel on the morrow;
Lady Hounsibelle died for pure true love,
Lord Lovel he died for sorrow.
Lady Hounsibelle's buried in the chancel,
Lord Lovel in the choir;
Lady Hounsibelle's breast sprung up a rose,
Lord Lovel's a branch of sweetbriar.
They grew till they grew to the top of the church,
And when they could grow no higher
They grew till they grew to a true lover's knot,
And they both were tied together.

[5] Enclosed in the preceding letter, on a separate sheet.

There came an old woman by
Their blessing she did crave;
She cut her a branch of this true lover's knot,
And buried 'em both in a grave.

1008. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Feb. 11, 1765.

You have, no doubt, expected to hear from me for some time; but every week does not produce events, nor every session revolutions. We have had but one remarkable day since my last letter to you. It was on the old, but important question of general warrants; and if it is remembered, it will be owing more to the weight of the subject than to the discussion. We sat till near six in the morning; but as the debate had been so exhausted last year, and has been so agitated in print ever since, you cannot marvel if it produced little new. The numbers on the division were 224 to 185. I expected that we of the minority should be fewer, considering the deaths, accidents, and desertions that have happened. It is even comfortable to find that there are one hundred and eighty-five men who prefer anything to their interest; and though beaten, we extorted an universal confession that general warrants are illegal; what excuse they who made this confession left to themselves for not going farther, let their posterity tell by their blushes! One man, indeed, there was who had the front not to condemn himself in the same manner, I mean Norton the Attorney-General—when he stabs a parent, he does not, like Brutus, cover his face. The hero of the day was the famous Colonel Barré—a man, or I am mistaken, whose fame will not stop here. He spoke with infinite wit and humour, and with that first of merits to me, novelty: his manner is original. He spoke too with

extreme bitterness, which is almost new again; so civil have Parliaments been of late. He commended the present Secretaries of State, but foresaw it possible that, if one of them should die, his successor might be the most dissolute and abandoned sad dog in the kingdom. There sat Sandwich under the gallery, while the whole House applied the picture to him! not a word was offered in his defence. You will ask if he was thunderstruck? yes, say those who were near him. Yet so well did he recover the blow that at three in the morning, he commenced an intrigue with a coffee-girl, who attends in the Speaker's chambers[1].

Mr. Pitt, whom we begin to know only by tradition, was laid up with the gout; so he is still, which postpones any farther questions from the opposition, as he has deigned to promise his countenance, if he can get to town. You have seen in all the papers the great fortune that has been left to him by Sir William Pynsent, an old Whig baronet, who quitted the world on the treaty of Utrecht, and lived to pass this just censure on its counterpart, the treaty of Paris. 'Tis a noble testimonial; and yet, if vice and virtue fight with the same weapon, gold, I fear the odds will be on the side of the former! Few *sad dogs* will wait for last wills and testaments.

We are likely to have another solemn puppet-show, the trial of a peer. Lord Byron has killed a Mr. Chaworth in a duel at a tavern. I, who should like the trial of a Laud or a Strafford, as a wholesome spectacle now and then, am not interested about an obscure lord, whose birth alone procures his being treated like an overgrown criminal. This quarrel was about game; and the very topic should send it to the Quarter Sessions.

Lord Milton has desired me to make his and my Lady's

Letter 1008.—[1] Passage modified by Lord Dover.

acknowledgements to you for your civilities to Mr. Damer[2]. I was desired too, to mention to you the future arrival of Earl Berkeley[3]; but I do not know him, nor trouble my head about him. You are attention itself to everybody; an Earl would naturally not escape you: that is full enough.

You will ask when I go to Paris? It is the question I ask my friends every day. Probably now not till the Parliament rises, as the session is likely to end by Easter. At present I am confined with a bad cold, which I increased at our late day—and a fever; but as I shall take James's powder to-night, you may be sure that I shall be quite well to-morrow. Adieu!

1009. To the Earl of Hertford.

Arlington Street, Feb. 12, 1765.

A great many letters pass between us, my dear Lord, but I think they are almost all of my writing. I have not heard from you this age. I sent you two packets together by Mr. Freeman, with an account of our chief debates. Since the long day, I have been much out of order with a cold and cough, that turned to a fever: I am now taking James's powder, not without apprehensions of the gout, which it gave me two or three years ago.

There has been nothing of note in Parliament but one slight day on the American taxes[1], which, Charles Townshend supporting, received a pretty heavy thump from

[2] Hon. John Damer, eldest son of first Baron Milton. In 1767 he married Anne, only daughter of General Conway. Nine years later, having contracted enormous debts which his father refused to pay, he shot himself in a tavern in Covent Garden.

[3] Frederick Augustus Berkeley (1745–1810), fifth Earl of Berkeley.

Letter 1009.—[1] On Feb. 6, 1765, Grenville proposed 'a series of fifty-five resolutions, imposing on America nearly the same stamp duties which were then established in England.' (*D. N. B.*)

Barré, who is the present Pitt, and the dread of all the vociferous Norths and Rigbys, on whose lungs depended so much of Mr. Grenville's power. Do you never hear them to Paris?

The operations of the opposition are suspended in compliment to Mr. Pitt, who has declared himself so warmly for the question on the dismission of officers, that that motion waits for his recovery. A call of the House is appointed for next Wednesday, but as he has had a relapse, the motion will probably be deferred. I should be very glad if it was to be dropped entirely for this session, but the young men are warm and not easily bridled.

If it was not too long to transcribe, I would send you an entertaining petition[2] of the periwig-makers to the King, in which they complain that men will wear their own hair. Should one almost wonder if carpenters were to remonstrate, that since the Peace their trade decays, and that there is no demand for wooden legs? Apropos, my Lady Hertford's friend, Lady Harriot Vernon[3], has quarrelled with me for smiling at the enormous headgear of her daughter, Lady Grosvenor[4]. She came one night to Northumberland House with such display of friz, that it literally spread beyond her shoulders. I happened to say it looked as if her parents had stinted her in hair before marriage, and that she was determined to indulge her fancy now. This, among ten thousand things said by all the world, was reported to Lady Harriot, and has occasioned my disgrace. As she never found fault with anybody herself, I excuse her! You will be less surprised to hear

[2] See *Gent. Mag.* 1765, p. 95.

[3] Lady Harriet Wentworth, second daughter of first Earl of Strafford; m. (1743) Henry Vernon, of Hilton Park, Staffordshire.

[4] Henrietta Vernon (d. 1828); m. 1. (1764) Richard, first Baron (afterwards first Earl) Grosvenor (from whom she was divorced in 1770, in consequence of an intrigue with the Duke of Cumberland, brother of George III); 2. (1802) Lieutenant-General George Porter, afterwards Baron de Hochepied.

that the Duchess of Queensberry has not yet done dressing herself marvellously: she was at court on Sunday in a gown and petticoat of red flannel. The same day the Guerchys made a dinner for her, and invited Lord and Lady Hyde[5], the Forbes's[6], and her other particular friends: in the morning she sent word she was to go out of town, but as soon as dinner was over, arrived at Madame de Guerchy's, and said she had been at court.

Poor Madame de Seillern, the imperial ambassadress, has lost her only daughter and favourite child, a young widow of twenty-two, whom she was expecting from Vienna. The news came but this day se'nnight; and the ambassador, who is as brutal as she is gentle and amiable, has insisted on her having company at dinner to-day, and her assembly as usual.

The town says that Lord and Lady Abergavenny are parted, and that he has not been much milder than Monsieur de Seillern on the chapter of a mistress he has taken. I don't know the truth of this; but his Lordship's heart, I believe, is more inflammable than tender.

Lady Sophia Thomas has begged me to trouble you with a small commission. It is to send me for her twelve little bottles of 'le Baume de Vie, composé par le Sieur Lievre, apoticaire distillateur du Roi.' If George Selwyn or Lord March are not set out, they would bring it with pleasure, especially as she lives at the Duke of Queensberry's.

We have not a new book, play, intrigue, marriage, elopement, or quarrel; in short, we are very dull. For politics, unless the ministers wantonly thrust their hands into some fire, I think there will not even be a smoke. I am glad of it, for my heart is set on my journey to Paris, and I hate

[5] Lady Charlotte Capel (d. 1790), daughter of third Earl of Essex; m. (1752) Hon. Thomas Villiers, afterwards Baron Hyde and Earl of Clarendon. She was niece of the Duchess of Queensberry.

[6] Admiral and Lady Mary Forbes. The latter was a sister of Lady Hyde.

everything that stops me. Lord Byron's foolish trial is likely to protract the session a little; but unless there is any particular business, I shall not stay for a puppet-show. Indeed, I can defend my staying here by nothing but my ties to your brother. My health, I am sure, would be better in another climate in winter. Long days in the House kill me, and weary me into the bargain. The individuals of each party are alike indifferent to me; nor can I at this time of day grow to love men whom I have laughed at all my lifetime—no, I cannot alter;—Charles Yorke or a Charles Townshend are alike to me, whether ministers or Patriots. Men do not change in my eyes, because they quit a black livery for a white one. When one has seen the whole scene shifted round and round so often, one only smiles, whoever is the present Polonius or the Gravedigger, whether they jeer the Prince, or flatter his frenzy.

Thursday night, 14th.

The new Assembly Room at Almack's was opened the night before last, and they say is very magnificent, but it was empty; half the town is ill with colds, and many were afraid to go, as the house is scarcely built yet. Almack advertised that it was built with hot bricks and boiling water—think what a rage there must be for public places, if this notice, instead of terrifying, could draw anybody thither. They tell me the ceilings were dropping with wet—but can you believe me, when I assure you the Duke of Cumberland was there?—Nay, had had a levee in the morning, and went to the Opera before the assembly! There is a vast flight of steps, and he was forced to rest two or three times. If he dies of it,—and how should he not?—it will sound very silly when Hercules or Theseus ask him what he died of, to reply, 'I caught my death on a damp staircase at a new club-room.'

Williams, the reprinter of the *North Briton*, stood in the pillory to-day in Palace Yard. He went in a hackney-coach, the number of which was 45. The mob erected a gallows opposite to him, on which they hung a boot with a bonnet of straw. Then a collection was made for Williams, which amounted to near 200*l*. In short, every public event informs the administration how thoroughly they are detested, and that they have not a friend whom they do not buy. Who can wonder, when every man of virtue is proscribed, and they have neither parts nor characters to impose even upon the mob! Think to what a government is sunk, when a Secretary of State is called in Parliament to his face 'the most profligate sad dog in the kingdom,' and not a man can open his lips in his defence. Sure power must have some strange unknown charm, when it can compensate for such contempt! I see many who triumph in these bitter pills which the ministry are so often forced to swallow; I own I do not; it is more mortifying to me to reflect how great and respectable we were three years ago, than satisfactory to see those insulted who have brought such shame upon us. 'Tis poor amends to national honour to know, that if a printer is set in the pillory, his country wishes it was my Lord This, or Mr. That. They will be gathered to the Oxfords, and Bolingbrokes, and ignominious of former days; but the wound they have inflicted is perhaps indelible. That goes to *my* heart, who had felt all the Roman pride of being one of the first nations upon earth!—Good night!—I will go to bed, and dream of Kings drawn in triumph; and then I will go to Paris, and dream I am pro-consul there: pray, take care not to let me be awakened with an account of an invasion having taken place from Dunkirk!

Yours ever,

H. W.

1010. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Feb. 19, 1765.

Your health and spirits and youth delight me; yet I think you make but a bad use of them, when you destine them to a trist house in a country solitude. If you were condemned to retirement, it would be fortunate to have spirits to support it; but great vivacity is not a cause for making it one's option.

Why waste your sweetness on the desert air? at least, why bestow so little of your cheerfulness on your friends?

I do not wish you to parade your rubicundity and grey hairs through the mobs and assemblies of London; I should think you bestowed them as ill as on Greatworth; but you might find a few rational creatures here, who are heartily tired of what are called our pleasures, and who would be glad to have you in their chimney-corner. There you might have found *me* any time this fortnight; I have been dying of the worst and longest cold I ever had in my days, and have been blooded, and taken James's powder to no purpose. I look almost like the skeleton that Frederick found in the oratory[1]. My only comfort was, that I should have owed my death to the long day in the House of Commons, and have perished with our liberties—but I think I am getting the better of my martyrdom, and shall live to see you. Nay, I shall not be gone to Paris. As I design that journey for the term of my figuring in the world, I would fain wind up my politics too, and quit all public ties together. As I am not old yet, and have an excellent though delicate constitution, I may promise myself some agreeable years, if I could detach myself from all connections, but with a very few persons that I value.

Letter 1010.—[1] Alluding to an incident in *The Castle of Otranto*.

Oh! with what joy I could bid adieu to loving and hating! to crowds, public places, great dinners, visits—and above all, to the House of Commons!—but pray mind, when I retire, it shall only be to London and Strawberry Hill—in London one can live as one will, and at Strawberry I will live as I will. Apropos, my good old tenant Frankland is dead, and I am in possession of his cottage, which will be a delightfully additional plaything at Strawberry. I shall be violently tempted to stick in a few cypresses and lilacs there, before I go to Paris.

I don't know a jot of news; I have been a perfect hermit this fortnight, and buried in Runic poetry and Danish wars. In short, I have been deep in a late history of Denmark, written by one Mallet [2], a Frenchman, a sensible man, but I cannot say he has the art of making a very tiresome subject agreeable.—There are six volumes, and I am stuck fast in the fourth.

Lord Byron's trial I hear is to be in May. If you are curious about it, I can secure you a ticket for Lord Lincoln's gallery.

The Antiquarian Society have got Goody Carlisle [3] for their President, and I suppose she will sit upon a Saxon chalkstone till the return of King Arthur. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. W.

1011. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Feb. 28, 1765.

As you do not deal with newspapers, nor trouble yourself with occurrencies of modern times, you may perhaps conclude from what I told you, and from my silence, that I am in France. This will tell you that I am not, though I have been long thinking of it, and still intend it, though not

[2] Paul Henri Mallet (1730-1807), a native of Geneva.

[3] Charles Lyttelton, Bishop of Carlisle.

exactly yet. My silence I must lay upon this uncertainty, and from having been much out of order above a month with a very bad cold and cough, for which I am come hither to try change of air. Your brother Apthorpe[1], who was so good as to call upon me about a fortnight ago in town, found me too hoarse almost to speak to him. We both asked one another the same question—news of you?

You have, I hope, got rid of all trouble from your impertinent neighbour, and reverted to the tranquillity you love.

I have for some time had the pictures from Dr. Cock, and shall have the one engraved that I conclude your ancestor, though there seem to be no very accurate marks to specify it.

I have lately had an accession to my territory here, by the death of good old Frankland, to whom I had given for his life the lease of the cottage and garden 'cross the road. Besides a little pleasure in planting and in crowding it with flowers, I intend to make, what I am sure you are antiquarian enough to approve, a bower, though your friends the abbots did not indulge in such retreats, at least not under that appellation; but though we love the same ages, you must excuse worldly me for preferring the romantic scenes of antiquity. If you will tell me how to send it, and are partial enough to me to read a profane work in the style of former centuries, I shall convey to you a little story-book, which I published some time ago, though not boldly with my own name; but it has succeeded so well, that I do not any longer entirely keep the secret: does the title *The Castle of Otranto* tempt you?

I shall be glad to hear you are well and happy, and am

Ever yours,

Hor. Walpole.

Pray direct your answer to Arlington Street.

Letter 1011.—[1] Dr. Stephen Apthorpe, son of Cole's mother by a former marriage.

1012. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, March 9, 1765.

I had time to write but a short note with the *Castle of Otranto*, as your messenger called on me at four o'clock, as I was going to dine abroad. Your partiality to me and Strawberry have, I hope, inclined you to excuse the wildness of the story. You will even have found some traits to put you in mind of this place. When you read of the picture quitting its panel, did not you recollect the portrait of Lord Falkland[1], all in white, in my gallery? Shall I even confess to you, what was the origin of this romance? I waked one morning in the beginning of last June, from a dream, of which, all I could recover was, that I had thought myself in an ancient castle (a very natural dream for a head filled like mine with Gothic story), and that on the uppermost banister of a great staircase I saw a gigantic hand in armour. In the evening I sat down, and began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands, and I grew fond of it—add that I was very glad to think of anything, rather than politics—in short, I was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening, I wrote from the time I had drunk my tea, about six o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning, when my hand and fingers were so weary, that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking, in the middle of a paragraph. You will laugh at my earnestness, but if I have amused you, by retracing with any fidelity the manners of ancient days, I am content, and give you leave to think me as idle as you please.

Letter 1012.—[1] Henry Cary (d. 1633), first Viscount Falkland; Lord Deputy of Ireland, 1622–29. The picture was by Van Somer.

You are, as you have long been to me, exceedingly kind, and I should, with great satisfaction, embrace your offer of visiting the solitude of Blecheley, though my cold is in a manner gone, and my cough quite, if I was at liberty: but as I am preparing for my French journey, I have forty businesses upon my hands, and can only now and then purloin a day, or half a day, to come hither. You know I am not cordially disposed to *your* French journey, which is much more serious, as it is to be much more lasting. However, though I may suffer by your absence, I would not dissuade what may suit your inclination and circumstances. One thing, however, has struck me, which I must mention, though it would depend on a circumstance that would give me the most real concern. It was suggested to me by that real fondness I have for your MSS., for your kindness about which I feel the utmost gratitude. You would not, I think, leave them behind you; and are you aware of the danger they would run, if you settled entirely in France? Do you know that the King of France is heir to all strangers who die in his dominions, by what they call the Droit d'Aubaine? Sometimes by great interest and favour, persons have obtained a remission of this right in their lifetime; and yet that, even that, has not secured their effects from being embezzled. Old Lady Sandwich had obtained this remission, and yet, though she left everything to the present Lord, her grandson, a man for whose rank one should have thought they would have had regard, the King's officers forced themselves into her house, after her death, and plundered. You see, if you go, I shall expect to have your MSS. deposited with me—seriously, you must leave them in safe custody behind you.

Lord Essex's trial is printed with the State Trials. In return for your obliging offer, I can acquaint you with a delightful publication of this winter, a collection of old

ballads and poetry [2], in three volumes, many from Pepys's collection at Cambridge. There were three such published between thirty and forty years ago, but very carelessly, and wanting many in this set: indeed, there were others, of a looser sort, which the present editor, who is a clergyman, thought it decent to omit.

When you go into Cheshire, and upon your ramble, may I trouble you with a commission, but about which you must promise me not to go a step out of your way. Mr. Bateman has got a cloister at Old Windsor, furnished with ancient wooden chairs, most of them triangular, but all of various patterns, and carved and turned in the most uncouth and whimsical forms. He picked them up one by one, for two, three, five, or six shillings apiece, from different farmhouses in Herefordshire. I have long envied and coveted them. There may be such in poor cottages in so neighbouring a county as Cheshire. I should not grudge any expense for purchase or carriage; and should be glad even of a couple such for my cloister here. When you are copying inscriptions in a churchyard in any village, think of me, and step into the first cottage you see—but don't take farther trouble than that. I long to know what your bundle of manuscripts from Cheshire contains.

My bower is determined, but not at all what it is to be. Though I write romances, I cannot tell how to build all that belongs to them. Madame Danois [3], in the Fairy Tales, used to tapestry them with jonquils; but as that furniture will not last above a fortnight in the year, I shall prefer something more huckaback. I have decided that the outside shall be of *treillage*, which, however, I shall not commence, till I have again seen some of old Louis's old-fashioned *galanteries* at Versailles. Rosamond's bower,

[2] Percy's *Reliques*.

[3] Marie Catherine Jumelle de Berneville (d. 1705), Comtesse d'Aunoy or Aulnoy, writer of fairy tales.

you, and I, and Tom Hearne know, was a labyrinth, but as my territory will admit of a very short clew, I lay aside all thoughts of a mazy habitation; though a bower is very different from an arbour, and must have more chambers than one. In short, I both know, and don't know, what it should be. I am almost afraid I must go and read Spenser, and wade through his allegories, and drawling stanzas, to get at a picture—but, good night! you see how one gossips, when one is alone, and at quiet on one's own dunghill!—well! it may be trifling, yet it is such trifling as Ambition never is happy enough to know! Ambition orders palaces, but it is Content that chats for a page or two over a bower.

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

1013. To Dr. Warton [1].

Sir, Arlington Street, March 16, 1765.

You have shown so much of what I fear I must call partiality to me, that I could not in conscience send you the trifle [2] that accompanies this till the unbiased public, who knew not the author, told me that it was not quite unworthy of being offered to you. Still I am not quite sure whether its ambition of copying the manners of an age which you love, may not make you too favourable to it, or whether its awkward imitation of them may not subject it to your censure. In fact, it is but partially an imitation of ancient romances; being rather intended for an attempt to blend the marvellous of old story with the natural of modern novels. This was in great measure the plan of a work, which, to say the truth, was begun without any

Letter 1013.—[1] Joseph Warton (1722–1800), at this time second master of Winchester School. He became Head Master in 1766. In 1757 he published the first volume of his *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope*.

[2] *The Castle of Otranto*.

plan at all. But I will not trouble you, Sir, at present with enlarging on my design, which I have fully explained in a preface prepared for a second edition, which the sale of the former makes me in an hurry to send out. I do not doubt, Sir, but you have with pleasure looked over more genuine remains of ancient days, the three volumes of old poems and ballads: most of them are curious, and some charming. The dissertations too I think are sensible, concise, and unaffected. Let me recommend to you also the perusal of the Life of Petrarch, of which two large volumes in quarto are already published by the Abbé de Sade, with the promise of a third. Three quartos on Petrarch will not terrify a man of your curiosity, though without omitting the memoirs and anecdotes of Petrarch's age, the most valuable part of the work, they might have been comprised in much less compass: many of the sonnets might have been sunk, and almost all his translations of them. Though Petrarch appears to have been far from a genius, singly excepting the harmonious beauty of his words, yet one forgives the partiality of a biographer, though Monsieur de Sade seems so much enchanted with Petrarch as the age was in which he lived, whilst their ignorance of good authors excuses their bigotry to the restorer of taste. You will not, I believe, be so thoroughly convinced as the biographer seems to be, of the authentic discovery of Laura's body, and the sonnet placed on her bosom. When a lady dies of the plague in the height of its ravages, it is not very probable that her family thought of interring poetry with her, or indeed of anything but burying her body as quickly as they could; nor is it more likely that a pestilential vault was opened afterwards for that purpose. I have no doubt but that the sonnet was prepared and slipped into the tomb when they were determined to find her corpse. When you read the notes to the second volume, you will grow very

impatient for Mons. de St. Palaye's[3] promised History of the Troubadours. Have we any manuscript that could throw light on that subject?

I cannot conclude, Sir, without reminding you of a hope you once gave me of seeing you in town or at Strawberry Hill. I go to Paris the end of May or beginning of June, for a few months, where I should be happy if I could execute any literary commission for you.

1014. To Élie de Beaumont.

Sir, Strawberry Hill, March 18, 1765.

When I had the honour of seeing you here, I believe I told you that I had written a novel, in which I was flattered to find that I had touched an effusion of the heart in a manner similar to a passage in the charming *Letters of the Marquis de Roselle*. I have since that time published my little story, but was so diffident of its merit, that I gave it as a translation from the Italian[1]. Still I should not have ventured to offer it to so great a mistress of the passions as Madame de Beaumont, if the approbation of London, that is, of a country to which she and you, Sir, are so good as to be partial, had not encouraged me to send it to you. After I have talked of the passions, and the natural effusions of the heart, how will you be surprised to find a narrative of the most improbable and absurd adventures? How will you be amazed to hear that a country of whose good sense you have an opinion should have applauded so wild a tale! But you must remember, Sir, that whatever good sense we have, we are not yet in any light chained down to precepts

[3] Jean-Baptiste de la Curne de Sainte-Palaye (1697–1781). Millot's *History of the Troubadours* was founded upon his *Mémoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie*, published in 1781.

Letter 1014. — [1] *The Castle of Otranto* was described as 'translated by William Marshal, Gent., from the original Italian of Onuphrio Muralto, Canon of the church of St. Nicholas at Otranto.'

and inviolable laws. All that Aristotle or his superior commentators, your authors, have taught us, has not yet subdued us to regularity: we still prefer the extravagant beauties of Shakespeare and Milton to the cold and well-disciplined merit of Addison, and even to the sober and correct march of Pope. Nay, it was but t'other day that we were transported to hear Churchill rave in numbers less chastised than Dryden's, but still in numbers like Dryden's. You will not, I hope, think I apply these mighty names to my own case with any vanity, when it is only their enormities that I quote, and that in defence, not of myself, but of my countrymen, who have had good humour enough to approve the visionary scenes and actors in the *Castle of Otranto*.

To tell you the truth, it was not so much my intention to recall the exploded marvels of ancient romance, as to blend the wonderful of old stories with the natural of modern novels. The world is apt to wear out any plan whatever; and if the *Marquis de Roselle* had not appeared, I should have been inclined to say that that species *had* been exhausted. Madame de Beaumont must forgive me if I add that Richardson had, to me at least, made that kind of writing insupportable. I thought the *nodus* was become *dignus vindice*, and that a god, at least a ghost, was absolutely necessary to frighten us out of too much senses. When I had so wicked a design, no wonder if the execution was answerable. If I make you laugh, for I cannot flatter myself that I shall make you cry, I shall be content; at least I shall be satisfied, till I have the pleasure of seeing you, with putting you in mind of, Sir, your most devoted humble servant,

Hor. Walpole.

P.S. The passage I alluded to in the beginning of my letter is where Matilda owns her passion to Hippolita.

I mention it, as I fear so unequal a similitude would not strike Madame de Beaumont.

1015. To the Earl of Hertford.

Arlington Street, March 26, 1765.

Three weeks are a great while, my dear Lord, for me to have been without writing to you; but besides that I have passed many days at Strawberry, to cure my cold (which it has done), there has nothing happened worth sending across the sea. Politics have dozed, and common events been fast asleep. Of Guerchy's affair, you probably know more than I do; it is now forgotten. I told him I had absolute proof of his innocence, for I was sure, that if he had offered money for assassination, the men who swear against him would have taken it.

The King has been very seriously ill[1], and in great danger. I would not alarm you, as there were hopes when he was at the worst. I doubt he is not free yet from his complaint, as the humour fallen on his breast still oppresses him. They talk of his having a levee next week, but he has not appeared in public, and the bills are passed by commission; but he rides out. The royal family have suffered like us mortals; the Duke of Gloucester has had a fever, but I believe his chief complaint is of a youthful kind. Prince Frederick[2] is thought to be in a deep consumption; and for the Duke of Cumberland, next post will probably certify you of his death, as he is relapsed, and there are no hopes of him. He fell into his lethargy again, and when they waked him, he said he did not know whether he could call himself obliged to them.

Letter 1015.—[1] 'On 12 Jan. he was attacked by a serious illness, which lasted more or less until early in April, and during which symptoms of derangement appeared.' (*D. N. B.*)

[2] He died in December 1765.

I dined two days ago at Monsieur de Guerchy's, with the Count de Caraman[3], who brought me your letter. He seems a very agreeable man, and you may be sure, for your sake, and Madame de Mirepoix's, no civilities in my power shall be wanting. I have not yet seen Schouvaloff, about whom one has more curiosity—it is an opportunity of gratifying that passion which one can so seldom do in personages of his historic nature, especially remote foreigners. I wish M. de Caraman had brought the *Siege of Calais*[4], which he tells me is printed, though your account has a little abated my impatience. They tell us the French comedians are to act at Calais this summer—is it possible they can be so absurd, or think us so absurd as to go thither, if we would not go further? I remember, at Rheims, they believed that English ladies went to Calais to drink champagne—is this the suite of that belief? I was mightily pleased with the Duc de Choiseul's answer to the Clairon[5]; but when I hear of the French admiration of Garrick, it takes off something of my wonder at the prodigious adoration of him at home. I never could conceive the marvellous merit of repeating the works of others in one's own language with propriety, however well delivered. Shakespeare is not more admired for writing his plays, than Garrick for acting them. I think him a very good and very various player—but several

[3] Victor Maurice de Riquet de Bonrepos (1727–1807), Comte de Caraman.

[4] A tragedy by De Belloy.

[5] Claire Joseph Hippolyte Legris de Latude, called Clairon (1723–1803), a celebrated actress. She retired in April 1765. Infuriated by some remarks of the critic Fréron, she obtained an order for his imprisonment in Fort l'Évêque. An attack of gout delayed his removal from home for some days, when, the Queen having interested herself on Fréron's behalf, Mlle. Clairon allowed herself to be appeased. Choiseul, to whom she had appealed, answered her as follows:—'Mademoiselle, nous représentons tous les deux sur un grand théâtre; mais il y a cette différence entre nous, que vous, vous choisissez vos rôles, et dès que vous vous montrez, vous êtes applaudie; moi, au contraire, je ne suis pas le maître de mes rôles, et dès que je me montre, je suis sifflé: cependant je reste, et si vous m'en croyez, vous en ferez autant.' (Grimm, *Correspondance Littéraire*, ed. 1829, vol. iv. pp. 201–2.)

have pleased me more, though I allow not in so many parts. Quin in Falstaff was as excellent as Garrick in Lear. Old Johnson[6] far more natural in everything he attempted. Mrs. Porter[7] and your Dumesnil[8] surpassed him in passionate tragedy; Cibber and O'Brien were what Garrick could never reach, coxcombs, and men of fashion. Mrs. Clive is at least as perfect in low comedy—and yet to me, Ranger was the part that suited Garrick the best of all he ever performed. He was a poor Lothario, a ridiculous Othello, inferior to Quin in Sir John Brute and Macbeth, and to Cibber in Bayes, and a woful Lord Hastings and Lord Townley. Indeed, his Bayes was original, but not the true part: Cibber was the burlesque of a great poet, as the part was designed, but Garrick made it a garreteer. The town did not like him in Hotspur, and yet I don't know whether he did not succeed in it beyond all the rest. Sir Charles Williams and Lord Holland thought so too, and they were no bad judges. I am impatient to see the Clairon, and certainly will, as I have promised, though I have not fixed my day. But do you know you alarm me! There was a time when I was a match for Madame de Mirepoix at pharaoh, to any hour of the night, and I believe did play with her five nights in a week till three and four in the morning—but till eleven o'clock to-morrow morning—oh! that is a little too much, even at loo. Besides, I shall not go to Paris for pharaoh—if I play all night, how shall I see everything all day?

Lady Sophia Thomas has received the *Baume de Vie*, for which she gives you a thousand thanks, and I ten thousand.

We are extremely amused with the wonderful histories of

[6] Benjamin Johnson; d. 1742.

[7] Mary Porter; she retired from the stage in 1743, and died in 1765.

[8] Marie Françoise Dumesnil (1711–1803).

your hyena in the Gevaudan[9]; but our fox-hunters despise you: it is exactly the enchanted monster of old romances. If I had known its history a few months ago, I believe it would have appeared in the *Castle of Otranto*,—the success of which has, at last, brought me to own it, though the wildness of it made me terribly afraid; but it was comfortable to have it please so much, before any mortal suspected the author: indeed, it met with too much honour far, for at first it was universally believed to be Mr. Gray's. As all the first impression is sold, I am hurrying out another, with a new preface, which I will send you.

There is not so much delicacy of wit as in M. de Choiseul's speech to the Clairon, but I think the story I am going to tell you in return will divert you as much: there was a vast assembly at Marlborough House, and a throng in the doorway. My Lady Talbot said, 'Bless me! I think this is like the *Straits* of Thermopylæ!' My Lady Northumberland replied, 'I don't know what *Street* that is, but I wish I could get my —— through.' I hope you admire the contrast. Adieu! my dear Lord!

Yours ever.

1016. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, March 26, 1765.

I don't remember the day when I was reduced to complain, in winter and Parliament-tide, of having nothing to say. Yet it is this kind of nothing that has occasioned my long silence. There has not been an event, from a debate to a wedding, capable of making a paragraph. Such calms often forerun storms: the worst fits of the gout befall those who are not subject to little fevers.

Our eyes have been lately turned to very serious danger;

[9] An unusually large wolf, which caused a panic in Gevaudan (a district of Lower Languedoc). It was killed in October 1765.

the King has been extremely ill, with a fever, violent cough, and a humour fallen on his breast. He was blooded four times, recovered enough to take the air, but caught new cold, and was cupped last Friday. However, he has been out in his chaise every day since, and we trust the danger is over; though I doubt he is not quite well. You will shudder at the idea of such a long minority at such a time, and not wonder if all parties were equally alarmed. The Duke of Cumberland's state is less precarious, as his fate more certain, and verging fast to a conclusion; yet he has ordered his equipages for Newmarket, and persists in going thither if he is alive; he seems indifferent both where he dies, and when.

This is absolutely the whole of my public gazette. Nor have I anything private to tell you. I can only talk over an affair in which I can give you no satisfaction, that of Mr. Whithed's legacy. Poor Mr. Chute has been in bed with the gout a month to-morrow and has suffered martyrdom. If he was well I do not see what he could do. The parson Thistlethwaite is the most impracticable of all brutes, and adheres as obstinately to every tittle and subtlety of the law, as if it was the Bible, and with as little shame. I am pushing your brother to war with him, and nothing that such impotent endeavours as mine can do, shall be wanting.

We have got the renowned Schouvaloff[1] here; he does not answer my expectation, whatever he did the late Czarina's—that is, he is large, and not handsome. We expect Lord Buckingham every hour, who has been at the Hague some time, where he hovers on the wings of a husband, not of a lover. Perhaps you wonder more at my being still here: I have now fixed the first of June for

LETTER 1016.—[1] Count Schoualoff, favourite and supposed husband of the Czarina Elizabeth. He was a most worthy man, and though he enjoyed absolute power for twelve years, did not do an injury or make an enemy. *Walpole.*

my journey to Paris, for having advanced so far towards the spring, I cannot resign lilac-tide and the month of May at Strawberry Hill. I do not propose passing Paris, nor shall break a spear against the wild beast[2] in the Gevaudan, which the French seem as much afraid of as if the soul of Mr. Pitt had transmigrated into a hyena. The peasants believe it to be a sorcerer, and one of them swears that it said to him as it leaped a river, 'N'est-ce pas assez bien sauter pour un homme de quatre-vingt ans?'—Pray set this against our ghost in Cock Lane; then cast up the two accounts, and tell me how much this age is enlightened! How little Sir Isaac Newton thought that in little more than thirty years he should be less talked of than a second Dragon of Wantley!

What part does Wilkes take at Rome? Does he condescend, like Lord Bolingbroke, to be first minister to the Pretender? or does he give the Pope the lie, and tell him that the Jesuits deserved to be annihilated? or will he, like Bonneval and Riperda[3], turn Mussulman at last? Lord Temple is a *caput mortuum* since Churchill died and Wilkes was banished. But this state of inaction cannot last; England must sail into another latitude, before it ceases to produce extraordinary head-pieces. I could comment at large on this text, but I may as well dismiss you, as write revelations instead of a letter. Good night!

[2] Prodigious was the noise made about that beast, which was believed to be really some famished or mad wolves. At last, in the following summer, a very large one was killed by a peasant and carried to Versailles, where I saw it in the Queen's antechamber, and the peasant who killed it, as if it had been a public enemy! *Walpole.*

[3] Claude Alexandre (1670–1745), Comte de Bonneval, and Jean Guillaume (d. 1747), Baron de Ripperda. The former took refuge in Turkey to avoid imprisonment, and entered the Turkish army; the latter, after a brief career as virtual Prime Minister of Philip V of Spain, was disgraced and imprisoned, but, escaping from Spain, occupied for some years an important post at the court of the Sultan of Morocco.

1017. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, April 5, 1765.

I sent you two letters t'other day from your kin, and might as well have writ then as now, for I have nothing new to tell you. Mr. Chute has quitted his bed to-day, the first time for above five weeks, but is still swathed like a mummy. He was near relapsing, for old Mildmay[1], whose lungs, and memory, and tongue, will never wear out, talked to him t'other night from eight till half an hour after ten, on the Poor Bill; but he has been more comfortable with Lord Dacre and me this evening.

I have read the *Siege of Calais*, and dislike it extremely, though there are fine lines, but the conduct is woful. The outrageous applause it has received at Paris was certainly political, and intended to spur up their spirit and animosity against us, their good, merciful, and forgiving allies. They will have no occasion for this ardour; they may smite one cheek, and we shall turn t'other.

Though I have little to say, it is worth while to write, only to tell you two *bons mots* of Quin to that turn-coat hypocritic infidel, Bishop Warburton. That saucy priest was haranguing at Bath in behalf of prerogative: Quin said, 'Pray, my Lord, spare me; you are not acquainted with my principles: I am a republican; and perhaps I even think that the execution of Charles the First might be justified.'—'Ay!' said Warburton, 'by what law?' Quin replied, 'By all the laws he had left them.' The Bishop would have got off upon judgements, and bade the player remember that all the regicides came to violent ends—a lie, but no matter. 'I would not advise your Lordship,' said Quin,

Letter 1017.—[1] Probably Carew Hervey Mildmay, of Shawford House, Hampshire.

'to make use of that inference; for, if I am not mistaken, that was the case of the twelve apostles.' There was great wit *ad hominem* in the latter reply, but I think the former equal to anything I ever heard. It is the sum of the whole controversy couched in eight monosyllables, and comprehends at once the King's guilt and the justice of punishing it. The more one examines it, the finer it proves. One can say nothing after it: so good night!

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

1018. To the Earl of Hertford.

Strawberry Hill, Easter Sunday, April 7, 1765.

Your first wish will be to know how the King does: he came to Richmond last Monday for a week; but appeared suddenly and unexpected at his levee at St. James's last Wednesday; this was managed to prevent a crowd. Next day he was at the Drawing-room, and at chapel on Good Friday. They say, he looks pale; but it is the fashion to call him very well:—I wish it may be true. The Duke of Cumberland is actually set out for Newmarket to-day, he too is called much better; but it is often as true of the health of princes as of their prisons, that there is little distance between each and their graves. There has been a fire at Gunnersbury[1], which burned four rooms: her servants announced it to Princess Amalie with that wise precaution of 'Madam, don't be frightened!——' accordingly, she was terrified. When they told her the truth, she said, 'I am very glad; I had concluded my brother was dead.' —So much for royalties!

Lord March and George Selwyn are arrived, after being windbound for nine days at Calais. George is so charmed

Letter 1018.—[1] Princess Amelia's country house.

with my Lady Hertford, that I believe it was she detained him at Paris, not Lord March. I am full as much transported with Schouvaloff; I never saw so amiable a man! so much good breeding, humility, and modesty, with sense and dignity! an air of melancholy, without anything abject. Monsieur de Caraman is agreeable too, informed and intelligent; he supped at your brother's t'other night, after being at Mrs. Anne Pitt's. As the first curiosity of foreigners is to see Mr. Pitt, and as that curiosity is one of the most difficult points in the world to satisfy, he asked me if Mr. Pitt was like his sister? I told him, 'Qu'ils se ressemblaient comme deux gouttes de *feu*.'

The Parliament is adjourned till after the holidays, and the trial[2]. There have been two very long days in our own House, on a complaint from Newfoundland merchants on French encroachments. The ministry made a woful piece of work of it the first day, and we the second. Your brother, Sir George Savile, and Barré shone; but on the second night, they popped a sudden division upon us about nothing; some went out, and some stayed in; they were 161, we but 44, and then they flung pillows upon the question, and stifled it,—and *so* the French have *not* encroached.

There has been more serious work in the Lords, upon much less important matter; a bill for regulating the poor (don't ask me how, for you know I am a perfect goose about details of business),—formed by one Gilbert[3], a member, and steward to the Duke of Bridgewater, or Lord Gower, or both,—had passed pacifically through the Commons, but Lord Egmont set fire to it in the Lords. On the second reading he opposed it again, and made a most admired

[2] Of Lord Byron.

[3] Thomas Gilbert (1720–1798), agent to Earl Gower, and M.P. for Newcastle-under-Lyme. His bill was 'for grouping parishes for poor-law purposes in large districts, such as hundreds.' (*D. N. B.*)

speech; however it passed on. But again, last Tuesday, when it was to be in the committee, such forces were mustered against the bill, that behold all the world regarded it as a pitched battle between Lord Bute and Lord Holland on one side, and the Bedfords and Grenville on the other. You may guess if it grew a day of expectation. When it arrived, Lord Bute was not present, Lord Northumberland voted *for* the bill, and Lord Holland went away. Still politicians do not give up the mystery. Lord Denbigh and Lord Pomfret, especially the latter, were the most personal against his Grace of Bedford. He and his friends, they say (for I was not there, as you will find presently), kept their temper well. At ten at night the House divided, and, to be sure, the minority was dignified; it consisted of the Dukes of York and Gloucester, the Chancellor, Chief Justice, Lord President, Privy Seal, Lord Chamberlain, Chamberlain to the Queen, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and a Secretary of State. Lord Halifax, the other Secretary, was ill. The numbers were 44 to 58. Lord Pomfret then moved to put off the bill for four months; but the cabinet rallied, and rejected the motion by a majority of one. So it is to come on again after the holidays. The Duke of Newcastle, Lord Temple, and the opposition, had once more the pleasure, which, I believe, they don't dislike, of being in a majority.

Now, for my disaster; you will laugh at it, though it was woful to me. I was to dine at Northumberland House, and went a little after hour: there I found the Countess, Lady Betty Mackenzie, Lady Strafford; my Lady Finlater[4], who was never out of Scotland before; a tall lad of fifteen, her son[5]; Lord Drogheda, and Mr. Worseley. At five,

[4] Lady Mary Murray (d. 1795), daughter of first Duke of Atholl; m. (1749) James Ogilvy, sixth Earl of Findlater and Seafield.

[5] James Ogilvy (1750-1811), Lord Deskford; succeeded his father as seventh Earl of Findlater and Seafield in 1770.

arrived Mr. Mitchell[6], who said the Lords had begun to read the Poor Bill, which would take at least two hours, and perhaps would debate it afterwards. We concluded dinner would be called for, it not being very precedented for ladies to wait for gentlemen:—no such thing. Six o'clock came,—seven o'clock came,—our coaches came,—well! we sent them away, and excuses were we were engaged. Still the Countess's heart did not relent, nor uttered a syllable of apology. We wore out the wind and the weather, the opera and the play, Mrs. Cornelys's and Almack's, and every topic that would do in a formal circle. We hinted, represented—in vain. The clock struck eight: my Lady, at last, said she would go and order dinner; but it was a good half-hour before it appeared. We then sat down to a table for fourteen covers: but instead of substantials, there was nothing but a profusion of plates striped red, green, and yellow, gilt plate, blacks and uniforms! My Lady Finlater, who had never seen these embroidered dinners, nor dined after three, was famished. The first course stayed as long as possible, in hopes of the Lords: so did the second. The dessert at last arrived, and the middle dish was actually set on when Lord Finlater and Mr. Mackay[7] arrived!—would you believe it?—the dessert was remanded, and the whole first course brought back again!—Stay, I have not done:—just as this second first course had done its duty, Lord Northumberland, Lord Strafford, and Mackenzie came in, and the whole began a third time! Then the second course and the dessert! I thought we should have dropped from our chairs with fatigue and fumes! When the clock struck eleven, we were asked to return to the drawing-room, and drink tea and coffee, but I said I was engaged to supper,

[6] Andrew Mitchell, M.P. for Elgin Burghs, and English minister at Berlin.

[7] Probably John Ross Mackye, M.P. for Kirkcudbright, and Treasurer of the Ordnance.

and came home to bed. My dear Lord, think of four hours and a half in a circle of mixed company, and three great dinners, one after another, without interruption;—no, it exceeded our day at Lord Archer's! Mrs. Armiger[8], and Mrs. Southwell[9], Lady Gower's niece, are dead, and old Dr. Young, the poet. Good night!

1019. To the Rev. William Mason.

Sir, Arlington Street, April 17, 1765.

The unexpected and obliging favour of your letter I own gave me great satisfaction; I published the *Castle of Otranto* with the utmost diffidence and doubt of its success. Yet though it has been received much more favourably than I could flatter myself it would be, I must say your approbation is of another sort than general opinion. The first run for or against a new work is what, I am sorry to say, ought not much to flatter or discourage an author. Accordingly, self-love hitherto had not blinded me: I will not answer now but it may get a little hold on me. Your praise is so likely to make me vain, that I oblige myself to recollect all the circumstances that can abate it, such as, the fear I had of producing it at all (for it is not everybody that may in this country play the fool with impunity);—the hurry in which it was composed, and its being begun without any plan at all; for though in the short course of its progress, I did conceive some views, it was so far from being sketched out with any design at all, that it was actually commenced one evening, from the very imperfect recollection of a dream with which I had waked

[8] Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Henry Bunbury, third Baronet, and wife of General Armiger.

[9] Hon. Catherine Watson, daughter of Viscount Sondes, eldest son of first Earl of Rockingham (whom he predeceased) by Lady Catherine Tufton, daughter of sixth Earl of Thanet, and sister of the Dowager Countess Gower; m. Edward Southwell.

in the morning. It was begun and finished in less than two months, and then I showed it to Mr. Gray, who encouraged me to print it. This is the true history of it; and I cannot but be happy, Sir, that he and you have been pleased with it, yet it is as true, if you will give me leave to say so, that I think your friend judged rightly in pronouncing part of the dialogue too modern. I had the same idea of it, and I could, but such a trifle does not deserve it, point out other defects, besides some to which most probably I am not insensible. You must forgive me, if your commendation has already drawn me in to talk too much of a thing of my own; but I am vain of its pleasing *you*, Sir, and what would have fully comforted me if I had miscarried with most readers, is not likely to make me think worse of their judgement when confirmed by your taste. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient
and obliged humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. It is not my interest to recommend it, but in justice to what I owe to your amusement, I must advise you to read the *Lettres du Marquis de Roselle*, if you have not yet seen them. They are written by the wife of Monsieur Beaumont, who has got so much credit by defending the family of Calas[1]. I do not recommend the boasted *Siege of Calais* to you, though it contains some good lines, but the conduct is woful.

1020. To the Earl of Hertford.

Arlington Street, April 18, 1765.

LADY HOLLAND carries this, which enables me to write a little more explicitly than I have been able to do lately.

LETTER 1019.—[1] Jean Calas, a Calvinist, executed on a false charge of murder. His children were seized and placed in Roman Catholic institutions.

The King has been in the utmost danger; the humour in his face having fallen upon his breast. He now appears constantly; yet, I fear, his life is very precarious, and that there is even apprehension of a consumption. After many difficulties from different quarters, a Regency Bill is determined; the King named it first to the ministers, who said they intended to mention it to him as soon as he was well: yet they are not thought to be fond of it. The King is to come to the House on Tuesday, and recommend the provision to the Parliament. Yet, if what is whispered proves true, that the nomination of the Regent is to be reserved to the King's will, it is likely to cause great uneasiness. If the ministers propose such a clause, it is strong evidence of their own instability, and, I should think, would not save them, at least, some of them. The world expects changes soon, though not a thorough alteration; yet, if any takes place shortly, I should think it would be a material one than not. The enmity between Lord Bute and Mr. Grenville is not denied on either side. There is a notion, and I am inclined to think not ill founded, that the former and Mr. Pitt are treating. It is certain that the last has expressed wishes that the opposition may lie still for the remainder of the session. This, at least, puts an end to the question on your brother, of which I am glad, for the present. The common town talk is, that Lord Northumberland does not care to return to Ireland,—that you are to succeed him there, Lord Rochford you, and that Sandwich is to go to Spain. My belief is, that there will be no change, except, perhaps, a single one for Lord Northumberland, unless there are capital removals indeed.

The Chancellor, Grenville, the Bedfords, and the two Secretaries, are one body; at least, they pass for such: yet it is very lately, if one of them has dropped his prudent management with Lord Bute. There seems an unwilling-

ness to discard the Bedfords, though their Graces themselves keep little terms of civility to Lord Bute, none to the Princess (Dowager). Lord Gower is a better courtier, and Rigby would do anything to save his place.

This is the present state, which every day may alter: even to-morrow is a day of expectation, as the last struggle of the Poor Bill. If the Bedfords carry it, either by force or sufferance (though Lord Bute has constantly denied being the author of the opposition to it), I shall less expect any great change soon. In those less important, I shall not wonder to find the Duke of Richmond come upon the scene, perhaps for Ireland, though he is not talked of.

Your brother is out of town, not troubling himself, though the time seems so critical. I am not so philosophic; as I almost wish for anything that may put an end to my being concerned in the *mêlée*—for any end to a most gloomy prospect for the country, alas! I see it not.

Lord Byron's trial lasted two days, and he was acquitted totally by four Lords, Beaulieu, Falmouth, Despenser, and Orford, and found guilty of manslaughter by one hundred and twenty. The Dukes of York and Gloucester were present in their places. The prisoner behaved with great decorum, and seemed thoroughly shocked and mortified. Indeed, the bitterness of the world against him has been great, and the stories they have revived or invented to load him, very grievous. The Chancellor behaved with his usual, or, rather greater vulgarness and blunders. Lord Pomfret kept away decently, from the similitude of his own story[1].

I have been to wait on Messrs. Choiseul[2] and De Lauragais[3], as you desired, but have not seen them yet. The former is lodged with my Lord Pembroke, and the

LETTER 1020. — [1] Lord Pomfret killed Captain Grey in a duel in 1752.

[2] Probably Renault César Louis (1735–1791), Comte de Choiseul, son of the Duc de Praslin, whom he succeeded in 1785.

[3] Louis Léon Félicité (1733–1824), Comte de Lauraguais, Duc de Brancas.

George Walpole, 3rd Earl of Orford
from a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.

Guerchys are in terrible apprehensions of his exhibiting some scene.

The Duke of Cumberland bore the journey to Newmarket extremely well, but has been lethargic since; yet they have found out that Daffy's Elixir agrees with, and does him good. Prince Frederick is very bad. There is no private news at all. As I shall not deliver this till the day after to-morrow, I shall be able to give you an account of the fate of the Poor Bill.

The medals that came for me from Geneva, I forgot to mention to you, and to beg you to be troubled with them till I see you. I had desired Lord Stanhope to send them; and will beg you too, if any bill is sent, to pay it for me, and I will repay it you. I say nothing of my journey, which the unsettled state of affairs makes it impossible for me to fix. I long for every reason upon earth to be with you.

April 20th, Saturday.

The Poor Bill is put off till Monday; is then to be amended, and then dropped: a confession of weakness, in a set of people not famous for being moderate! I was assured, last night, that Ireland had been twice offered to you, and that it hung on their insisting upon giving you a secretary, either Wood or Bunbury. I replied very truly that I knew nothing of it, that you had never mentioned it to me, and I believed not even to your brother. The answer was, 'Oh! his particular friends are always the last that know anything about him.' Princess Amalie loves this topic, and is for ever teasing us about your mystery. I defend myself by pleading that I have desired you never to tell me anything till it was in the *Gazette*.

They say there is to be a new alliance in the house of Montagu; that Lord Hinchinbrook[4] is to marry the sole

[4] John Montagu (1743–1814), Viscount Hinchinbrooke, eldest son of fourth Earl of Sandwich, whom he succeeded in 1792; m. (1766), as his

remaining daughter of Lord Halifax; that her fortune is to be divided into three shares, of which each father is to take one, and the third is to be the provision for the victims. I don't think this the most unlikely part of the story. Adieu! my dear Lord.

1021. To Sir David Dalrymple.

Strawberry Hill, April 21, 1765.

Sir,

Except the mass of Conway papers, on which I have not yet had time to enter seriously, I am sorry I have nothing at present that would answer your purpose. Lately, indeed, I have had little leisure to attend to literary pursuits. I have been much out of order with a violent cold and cough for great part of the winter, and the distractions of this country, which reach even those who mean the least to profit by their country, have not left even me, who hate politics, without some share in them. Yet as what one does not love, cannot engross one entirely, I have amused myself a little with writing. Our friend Lord Finlater will perhaps show you the fruit of that trifling, though I had not the confidence to trouble you with such a strange thing as a miraculous story, of which I fear the greatest merit is the novelty.

I have lately perused with much pleasure a collection of old ballads, to which I see, Sir, you have contributed with your usual benevolence. Continue this kindness to the public, and smile as I do, when the pains you take for them are misunderstood or perverted. I would not omit my notes in your case. Will they, who wanted common sense when they read your first edition, enjoy an ampler portion

first wife, Lady Elizabeth Montagu (d. 1768), only surviving daughter of second Earl of Halifax.

Letter 1021.—Incomplete in C.; collated with original in possession of Messrs. H. Sotheran & Co., 140 Strand, W.C.

of it on the publication of the second? Authors must content themselves with hoping that two or three intelligent persons in an age will understand the merit of their writings; and though those authors are bound in good breeding to suppose that the public in general is enlightened, they who are in the secret know how few of that public they have any reason to wish should read their works. I beg pardon of my masters the public, and am confident, Sir, you will not betray me: but let me beg you not to defraud the few that deserve your information, in compliment to those who are not capable of receiving it. Do as I do about my small house here. Everybody that comes to see it or me, are so good as to wonder that I don't make this or that alteration. I never haggle with them, but always say I intend it. They are satisfied with the attention and themselves, and I remain with the enjoyment of my house as I like it. Adieu! dear Sir.

I am your much obliged
and obedient humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. As I think of making Lord Hertford a visit at Paris this summer, I should be happy if you would honour me with any commission thither. Perhaps there I could easily find any prints of Nanteuil that you may still want.

1022. To the Earl of Hertford.

Arlington Street, May 5, 1765.

THE plot thickens; at least, it does not clear up. I don't know how to tell you in the compass of a letter, what is matter for a history, and it is the more difficult, as we are but just in the middle.

During the recess, the King acquainted the ministry that

he would have a Bill of Regency, and told them the particulars of his intention. The town gives Lord Holland the honour of the measure; certain it is, the ministry, who are not the court, did not taste some of the items: such as the Regent to be *in petto*, the Princes[1] to be omitted, and four secret nominations to which the Princes *might* be applied. However, thinking it was better to lose their share of future power than their present places, the ministers gave a gulp and swallowed the whole potion; still it lay so heavy at their stomachs, that they brought up part of it again, and obtained the Queen's name to be placed as one that might be Regent. Mankind laughed, and proclaimed their Wisdoms bit. Upon this, their Wisdoms beat up for opponents, and set fire to the old stubble of the Princess and Lord Bute. Everybody took the alarm; and such uneasiness was raised, that after the King had notified the bill to both Houses, a new message was sent, and instead of four secret nominations, the five Princes were named, with power to the crown of supplying their places if they died off.

Last Tuesday the bill was read a second time in the Lords. Lord Lyttelton opposed an unknown Regent, Lord Temple the whole bill, seconded by Lord Shelburne. The first division came on the commitment of the whole bill. The Duke of Newcastle and almost all the opposition were with the majority, for his Grace could not decently oppose so great a likeness of his own child, the former bill[2], and so they were one hundred and twenty. Lord Temple, Lord Shelburne, the Duke of Grafton, and six more, composed the minority; the slenderness of which so enraged Lord Temple, though he had declared himself of no party, and

LETTER 1022.—[1] The King's uncle and brothers.

[2] The bill which was passed on the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, in 1751.

connected with no party, that he and the Duke of Bolton came no more to the House. Next day Lord Lyttelton moved an address to the King, to name the person he would recommend for Regent. In the midst of this debate, the Duke of Richmond started two questions; whether the Queen was naturalized, and if not, whether capable of being Regent? and he added a third much more puzzling; who are the royal family? Lord Denbigh answered flippantly, all who are prayed for: the Duke of Bedford, more significantly, those *only* who are in the order of succession—*a direct exclusion of the Princess*; for the Queen is named in the bill. The Duke of Richmond moved to consult the judges; Lord Mansfield fought this off, declared he had his opinion, but would not tell it—and stayed away next day! They then proceeded on Lord Lyttelton's motion, which was rejected by eighty-nine to thirty-one; after which, the Duke of Newcastle came no more; and Grafton, Rockingham, and many others, went to Newmarket; for that rage is so strong, that I cease to wonder at the gentleman who was going out to hunt as the battle of Edgehill began.

The third day was a scene of folly and confusion, for when Lord Mansfield is absent,

> Lost is the nation's sense, nor can be found.

The Duke of Richmond moved an amendment, that the persons capable of the Regency should be the Queen, the Princess Dowager, and all the descendants of the late King usually resident in England. Lord Halifax endeavoured to jockey this, by a previous amendment of *now* for *usually*. The Duke persisted with great firmness and cleverness; Lord Halifax, with as much peevishness and absurdity; in truth, he made a woful figure. The Duke of Bedford supported t'other Duke against the Secretary, but would not yield to name the Princess, though the Chancellor declared

her of the royal family. This droll personage is exactly what Woodward[3] would be, if there was such a farce as Trappolin[4] Chancellor. You will want a key to all this, but who has a key to chaos? After puzzling on for two hours how to adjust these motions, while the spectators stood laughing around, Lord Folkestone[5] rose, and said, 'Why not say *now and usually*?' They adopted this amendment at once, and then rejected the Duke of Richmond's motion, but ordered the judges to attend next day on the question of naturalization.

Now comes the marvellous transaction, and I defy Mr. Hume, all historian as he is, to parallel it. The judges had decided for the Queen's capability, when Lord Halifax rose, by the King's permission, desired to have the bill recommitted, and then moved the Duke of Richmond's own words, with the single omission of the Princess Dowager's name, and thus she alone is rendered incapable of the Regency—and stigmatized by Act of Parliament! The astonishment of the world is not to be described[6]. Lord Bute's friends are thunderstruck. The Duke of Bedford almost danced about the House for joy. Comments there are, various; and some palliate it, by saying it was done at the Princess's desire; but the most inquisitive say, the King was taken by surprise, that Lord Halifax proposed the amendment to him, and hurried with it to the House of Lords, before it could be recalled; and they even surmise that he did not observe to the King the omission of his mother's name. Be that as it may, open war seems to be declared between the court and the

[3] Henry Woodward (1717–1777), comedian. He was excellent as Harlequin.

[4] Hero of an Italian tragi-comedy called *Trappolin creduto Principe*, adapted for the English stage as *Duke and no Duke*.

[5] William Bouverie (1725–1776), second Viscount Folkestone; cr. Earl of Radnor, 1765.

[6] For the explanation of this transaction, see letter to Mann of May 14, 1765.

administration, and men are gazing to see which side will be victorious.

To-morrow the bill comes to us, and Mr. Pitt, too, violent against the whole bill, unless this wonderful event has altered his tone. For my part I shall not be surprised, if he affects to be in astonishment at missing 'a great and most respectable name[7]!' This is the sum total—but what a sum total! It is the worst of *North Britons* published by Act of Parliament!

I took the liberty, in my last, of telling you what I heard about your going to Ireland. It was from one you know very well, and one I thought well informed, or I should not have mentioned it. Positive as the information was, I find nothing to confirm it. On the contrary, Lord Harcourt seems the most probable, if anything is probable at this strange juncture. You will scarce believe me when I tell you, what I know is true, that the Bedfords pressed strongly for Lord Weymouth—yes, for Lord Weymouth. Is anything extraordinary in them?

Will it be presuming too much upon your friendship and indulgence, if I hint another point to you, which, I own, seems to me right to mention to you? You know how eagerly the ministry have laboured to deprive Mr. Thomas Walpole of the French commerce of tobacco. His correspondent sends him word, that you was so persuaded it was taken away, that you had recommended another person. You know enough, my dear Lord, of the little connection I have with that part of my family, though we do visit again; and therefore will, I hope, be convinced, that it is for your sake that I principally mention it. If Mr. Walpole loses this vast branch of trade, he and Sir Joshua Vanneck[8]

[7] Pitt's remark when, on coming into power in 1757, he noticed the absence of Lord Anson's name from the proposed Board of Admiralty.

[8] Sir Joshua Vanneck, first Baronet, d. 1777.

must shut up shop. Judge the noise that would make in the City! Mr. Walpole's alliance with the Cavendishes (for I will say nothing of our family) would interest them deeply in his cause, and I think you would be sorry to have them think you instrumental to his ruin. Your brother knows of my writing to you and giving you this information, and we are both solicitous that your name should not appear in this transaction. This letter goes to you by a private hand, or I would not have spoken so plainly throughout. Whenever you please to recall your positive order, that I should always tell you whatever I hear that relates to you, I shall willingly forbear, for I am sensible this is not the most agreeable province of friendship; yet, as it is certainly due when demanded, I don't consider myself, but sacrifice the more agreeable task of pleasing you, to that of serving you, that I may show myself

Yours most sincerely,
H. W.

1023. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 11, 1765.

Mr. Stanley, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, has done me the honour of desiring a letter of recommendation to you, as he is going to pass the summer in Italy. His character and abilities must be too well known to you to make my interest in your friendship necessary, even if he should wish for greater share in your acquaintance than your constant attention and good nature direct you to offer to your countrymen in general: yet it is so flattering to me to seem to contribute to your connection, that when I beg you to exceed your common civilities on his account, I am determined to please myself with thinking that you do it on mine.

1024. To the Earl of Hertford.

Arlington Street, Sunday, May 12, 1765.

The clouds and mists that I raised by my last letter will not be dispersed by this; nor will the Bill of Regency, as long as it has a day's breath left (and it has but one to come), cease, I suppose, to produce extraordinary events. For agreeable events, it has not produced one to any set or side, except in gratifying malice; every other passion has received, or probably will receive, a box on the ear.

In my last I left the Princess Dowager in the mire. The next incident was of a negative kind. Mr. Pitt, who, if he had been wise, would have come to help her out, chose to wait to see if she was to be left there, and gave himself a terrible fit of the gout. As nobody was ready *to read his part to the audience* (though, I assure you, we do not want a genius or two who think themselves born to dictate), the first day in our House did not last two minutes. The next, which was Tuesday, we rallied our understandings (mine, indeed, did not go beyond being quiet, when the administration had done for us what we could not do for ourselves), and combated the bill till nine at night. Barré, who will very soon be our first orator, especially as some are a little *afraid* to dispute with him, attacked it admirably, and your brother ridiculed the House of Lords delightfully, who, he said, *had deliberated without concluding, and concluded without deliberating.* However, we broke up without a division.

Can you devise what happened next? A buzz spread itself, that the Tories would move to reinstate the Princess. You will perhaps be so absurd as to think with me, that when the administration had excluded her, it was our business to pay her a compliment. Alas! that was my opinion, but I was soon given to understand that Patriots

must be men of virtue, must be Pharisees, and not countenance naughty women: and that when the Duchess of Bedford had thrown the first stone, we had nothing to do but continue pelting. Unluckily I was not convinced; I could neither see the morality nor prudence of branding the King's mother upon no other authority than public fame: yet, willing to get something when I could not get all, I endeavoured to obtain that we should stay away. Even this was warmly contested with me, and, though I persuaded several, particularly the two oldest Cavendishes [1], the Townshends [2], and your nephew Fitzroy, whom I trust you will thank me for saving, I could not convince Lord John, who, I am sorry to say, is the most obstinate, conceited young man I ever saw; George Onslow, and that old simpleton the Duke of Newcastle, who had the impudence to talk to me of *character*, and that we should be ruined with the public, if we did not divide against the Princess. You will be impatient, and wonder I do not name your brother. You know how much he respects virtue and honour, even in their names; Lord John, who, I really believe, respects them too, has got cunning enough to see their empire over your brother, and had fascinated him to agree to this outrageous, provoking, and most unjustifiable of all acts. Still Mr. Conway was so good as to yield to my earnest and vehement entreaties, and it was at last agreed to propose the name of the Queen; and when we did not carry it, as we did not expect to do, to retire before the question came on the Princess. But even this measure was not strictly observed. We divided 67 for the

Letter 1024.—[1] Lord George and Lord Frederick Cavendish.

[2] Probably Thomas Townshend, sen., M.P. for Cambridge University, and his son and nephew—Thomas Townshend, M.P. for Whitchurch (afterwards Viscount Sydney), and Charles Townshend, M.P. for Great Yarmouth (afterwards Lord Bayning), known as 'Spanish Charles' to distinguish him from his cousin. He had been secretary to Sir Benjamin Keene when the latter was Ambassador at Madrid.

nomination of the Queen, against 157. Then Morton[3] moved to reinstate the Princess. Martin, her treasurer, made a most indiscreet and offensive speech in her behalf; said she had been stigmatized by the House of Lords, and had lived long enough in this country to know the hearts and falsehood of those who had professed the most to her. Grenville vows publicly he will never forgive this, and was not more discreet, declaring, though he agreed to the restoration of her name, that he thought the omission would have been universally *acceptable*. George Onslow and all the Cavendishes, gained over by Lord John, and the most attached of the Newcastle band, opposed the motion; but your brother, Sir William Meredith, and I, and others, came away, which reduced the numbers so much, that there was no division. But now to unfold all this black scene; it comes out as I had guessed, and very plainly told them, that the Bedfords had stirred up our fools to do what they did not dare to do themselves. Old Newcastle had even told me, that unless we opposed the Princess, the Duke of Bedford would not. It was sedulously given out, that Forrester, the latter Duke's lawyer, would speak against her; and after the question had passed, he told our people, that we had given up the game when it was in our hands, for there had been many more noes than ayes. It was very true, many did not wish well enough to the Princess to roar for her; and many will say *no* when the question is put, who will vote *ay* if it comes to a division, and of this I do not doubt but the Bedfords had taken care—well! duped by these gross arts, the Cavendishes and Pelhams determined to divide the next day on the report. I did not learn this mad resolution till four o'clock, when it was too late, and your brother in the House, and the report actually made;

[3] John Morton (d. 1780), M.P. for Abingdon, Chief Justice of Chester, and Deputy High Steward of the University of Oxford.

so I turned back and came away, learning afterwards, to my great mortification, that he had voted with them. If anything could comfort me, it would be, that even so early as last night, and only this happened on Friday night, it was generally allowed how much I had been in the right, and foretold exactly all that had happened. They had vaunted to me how strong they should be. I had replied, 'When you were but 76 on the most inoffensive question, do you think you will be half that number on the most personal and indecent that can be devised?' Accordingly, they were but 37 to 167; and to show how much the Bedfords were at the bottom of all, Rigby, Forrester, and Lord Charles Spencer went up into the Speaker's chamber, and would not vote for the Princess! At first I was not quite so well treated. Sir William Meredith, who, by the way, voted in the second question against his opinion, told me Onslow had said that he, Sir William, your brother, and Lord Townshend, had stayed away from conscience, but all the others from interest. I replied, 'Then I am included in the latter predicament: but you may tell Mr. Onslow that he will take a place before I shall, and that I had rather be suspected of being mercenary, than stand up in my place and call God to witness that I meant nothing personal, when I was doing the most personal thing in the world.'—I beg your pardon, my dear Lord, for talking so much about myself, but the detail was necessary and important to you; who I wish should see that I can act with a little common sense, and will not be governed by all the frenzy of party.

The rest of the bill was contested inch by inch, and by division on division, till eleven at night, after our wise leaders had whittled down the minority to twenty-four. Charles Townshend, they say, surpassed all he had ever done, in a wrangle with Onslow, and was so lucky as to

have Barré absent, who has long lain in wait for him. When they told me how well Charles had spoken *on himself*, I replied, 'That is conformable to what I always thought of his parts, that he speaks best on what he understands the least.'

We have done with the bill, and to-morrow our correction goes to the Lords. It will be a day of wonderful expectation, to see in what manner they will swallow their vomit. The Duke of Bedford, it is conjectured, will stay away:—but what will that scape-goose, Lord Halifax, do, who is already convicted of having told the King a most notorious lie, that if the Princess was not given up by the Lords, she would be unanimously excluded by the Commons? The Duke of Bedford, who had broke the ground, is little less blamable; but Sandwich, who was present, has, with his usual address, contrived not to be talked of, since the first hour.

When the bill shall be passed, the eyes of mankind will turn to see what will be the consequence. The Princess, and Lord Bute, and the Scotch, do not affect to conceal their indignation. If Lord Halifax is even reprieved, the King is more enslaved to a cabal than ever his grandfather was: yet how replace them? Newcastle and the most desirable of the opposition have rendered themselves more obnoxious than ever, and even seem, or must seem to Lord Bute, in league with those he wishes to remove. The want of a proper person for Chancellor of the Exchequer is another difficulty, though I think easily removable by clapping a tied wig on Ellis, Barrington, or any other block, and calling it George Grenville. One remedy is obvious, and at which, after such insults and provocations, were I Lord Bute, I should not stick; I would deliver myself up, bound hand and foot, to Mr. Pitt, rather than not punish such traitors and wretches, who murmur, submit,

affront, and swallow in the most ignominious manner,—'Oh! il faudra qu'il y vienne,'—as Léonor says in the *Marquis de Roselle*,—'il y viendra.' For myself, I have another little comfort, which is seeing that when the ministry encourage the opposition, they do but lessen our numbers.

You may be easy about this letter, for Monsieur de Guerchy sends it for me by a private hand, as I did the last. I wish, by some such conveyance, you would tell me a little of your mind on all this embroil, and whether you approve or disapprove my conduct. After the liberties you have permitted me to take with you, my dear Lord, and without them, as you know my openness, and how much I am accustomed to hear of my faults, I think you cannot hesitate. Indeed, I trust, I have done, or tried to do, just what you would have wished. Could I, who have at least some experience and knowledge of the world, have directed, our party had not been in the contemptible and ridiculous situation it is. Had I had more weight, things still more agreeable to you had happened. Now, I could almost despair; but I have still perseverance, and some resources left. Whenever I can get to you, I will unfold a great deal; but in this critical situation, I cannot trust what I can leave to no management but my own.

Your brother would have writ, if I had not: he is gone to Park Place to-day, with his usual phlegm, but returns to-morrow. What would I give you were here yourself; perhaps you do not thank me for the wish.

Do not wonder if, except thanking you for D'Alembert's book [4], I say not a word of anything but politics. I have not had a single other thought these three weeks. Though in all the bloom of my passion, lilac-tide, I have not been

[4] A pamphlet *Sur la Destruction des Jésuites en France, par un auteur désintéressé* (D'Alembert), published at Geneva in 1765.

at Strawberry this fortnight. I saw things arrived at the point I wished, and to which I had singularly contributed to bring them, as you shall know hereafter, and then I saw all my work kicked down by two or three frantic boys, and I see what I most dread likely to happen, unless I can prevent it,—but I have said enough for you to understand me. I think we agree. However, this is for no ear or breast but your own. Remember Monsieur de Nivernois[5], and take care of the letters you receive. Adieu!

1025. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, May 14, 1765.

You must be surprised at my silence: it has been of longer duration than I ever practised with regard to you, my dear Sir, except in the most inactive months of summer. It commenced indeed from want of matter—it has continued from incessant occupation. For some time I had nothing to tell you, but the trial of Lord Byron, a solemn scene for a worthless man, but whose former faults had given handle to ill-nature to represent him as guilty of an event, which truly it had been very difficult for him to avoid. He escaped with life; and recovered some portion of honour, if that can comfort him, after the publicity made of his character, and the misfortune of killing an amiable man, but one not blameless in the late instance.

This whole history has, however, been totally swallowed up and forgotten for some weeks in a memorable discussion, in which, though the generality of the world has been much more indifferent to it than I could possibly have expected, the political agents and spectators have been deeply interested; and which, if it should not suddenly produce the consequences that ought naturally to attend it, may give

[5] The private letters of Nivernais were published by D'Éon.

birth to very serious events sooner or later. It has occupied me so much, that for above a month I have totally neglected every other avocation. The detail I could not give under many voluminous pages: I will endeavour to sketch out enough of the great lines to give you some insight into the present strange situation of affairs; and as I mean to send this by a private hand to Paris, though it may retard its journey, I shall speak to you more openly than I have chosen to do for these two or three years, more from attention to your interest than to my own, which I have plainly not considered, and of which you know I have never been very careful.

My Lady Denbigh[1] told me, at the very beginning of this winter, that when Monsieur Chavigny[2] was minister here from France several years ago, he said to her, 'I have observed, that when the warmest sessions have been expected in Parliament, they have proved the most inactive; and then when all was thought to be over, somebody has cried out, "Voilà un lièvre!" Another has replied, "Il n'y a point de lièvre"; and at last everybody has run to see if there was a hare or not.' This I have known to be a very just remark, twice at least in my memory; formerly, on the Marriage Act, and the Bill of Regency in 1751; and now it tallies to the occasion, as if drawn from it.

The King's late illness, and the precariousness of his health, naturally pointed to a provision for a Regency; but many secret causes seemed to impede the necessary steps. The propriety of the Queen being Regent was combated by the jealousy such a declaration might give the Princess; and the known and almost avowed hatred between Lord Bute and the present ministry, made both sides averse to

LETTER 1025.—[1] Isabella de Jonghe, a Dutchwoman. *Walpole.*
[2] Chevalier Théodore de Chavigny (d. 1771), French minister in London in 1732.

the measure. *They* hoped to secure their power if the King should die without such a provision; and *he* could not wish to declare a Council of Regency, which would either confirm his enemies in their station or oblige him to remove them immediately, to which the irresolution of his nature, and the difficulty of supplying their places, did not incline him; for the Scotch he did not dare to bring more forward. The Tories are too contemptible to be raised, and the opposition seem more hostile to him than to the ministers. The measure was, however, so pressed upon him that he yielded, and the King himself notified his intention to the Cabinet Council, of which the five chieftains were in strict union, that is, the Chancellor [3], the Duke of Bedford, Grenville, and the two Secretaries [4]. Judge of their surprise, in this situation of things, when they learned that the Regent was to be reserved, *in petto*, to the King's secret nomination; that *any one* of the royal family might be the person; and that the King's four brothers and uncle were to be left out of the Council, but with a civil intimation that four of the five might be admitted by the four nominations which the King had reserved to himself, as his grandfather had done. Nothing could have been devised less palatable to the Princes, to the ministers, or to the people. From the first band, however, there were heard few murmurs except from the Duke of Cumberland, who determined in person to oppose the bill. The people, who have little affection for any one person concerned, waited both for the event and its consequences with much indifference; and though egged on a little by some of the opposition, and more by the administration, have taken little or no part in the affair. But the ministers have not been so neutral. Their first step was, to be disgusted; their next, to swallow their disgusts,

[3] Lord Northington. *Walpole.*
[4] The Earls of Sandwich and Halifax. *Walpole.*

and keep their places. Then they grumbled, and prevailed to have the Queen's name inserted, though merely as one that might be Regent. Then came the bill itself in the House of Lords. Then Lord Lyttelton moved to address the King to name the person he would recommend for Regent; but the motion was rejected by a great majority, after Lord Temple and eight more lords had divided against the whole bill (after which Lord Temple attended it no more). I should have told you, that after the bill had been read the first time, the King gave up the four secret nominations, and recommended the five Princes, reserving only a power of filling up their places, if any of them should die, by a secret Act. On this the Duke of Cumberland went to Newmarket.

On the second reading, a doubt was started whether the Princess Dowager is of the royal family. The Chancellor, who had been of the contrary opinion in Council, declared she was; Lord Mansfield, who had in Council agreed with the Chancellor, would not tell his opinion in the House, and absented himself. In this uncertainty, the Duke of Richmond proposed to insert the name of the Princess in the bill; but the motion was rejected. The very next day, to the astonishment of mankind, Lord Halifax [5], by the King's order, as was understood, moved the specific words of the Duke of Richmond (which, I should have mentioned, restrained the persons capable of being Regent to the Princess and the descendants of the late King, resident in England), singly

[5] Lord Halifax, and some said Lord Sandwich too, went suddenly to the Queen's house, and taking the King by surprise, told him that the House of Commons would certainly exclude the Princess Dowager from the bill, which would be such a disgrace, that his Majesty had better propose himself to omit her name. He consented; and Lord Halifax drove as fast as possible to the House of Lords, where very few were yet assembled, and made the motion, whispering, that it was by his Majesty's command, and then immediately moved to adjourn the House, before any of the Princess's and Lord Bute's friends were arrived. *Walpole.*

omitting the Princess of Wales—and it passed. The consternation of the Princess's and Lord Bute's friends soon informed the world how little they approved, or had been acquainted with, a stroke that stigmatized the King's mother by Act of Parliament! The truth I believe is, that the Duke of Bedford and the two Secretaries had surprised the King into an acquiescence with this most indecent and outrageous measure, and had not given him time to consider, communicate, or retract it.

From the Lords then came the bill to us. In the meantime Mr. Pitt, who has not once honoured us with his presence this session, and who was announced as a determined opposer of the whole bill, was opportunely seized with a fit of the gout—and probably waits the event of this amazing confusion. Men of common sense concluded, that when so popular a point was gained, the bill would run its course without interruption: but my friends[6], who are not exquisite in distinguishing between little objects and great, and who did not see, what every mortal else saw, the disunion between the court and the administration, and transported at being delivered from their apprehensions of being checked or traversed by Mr. Pitt, who will not connect with them, went on haggling about, and squabbling for or against every trifle in the bill, and succeeding in none. Those very impediments, like a turnstile that hinders you, but does not stop you, gave time to the court to rally their spirits and assume their indignation; the consequence of which was, that the Tories actually moved to reinstate the name of the Princess. Nor were the ministers idle; but by every gross art and encouragement plied the opposition to reject the motion, giving them room to expect their support. The Duke of Cumberland's resentment, the Duke of Newcastle's folly,

[6] The opposition. *Walpole.*

and the violence of some of the young men, joined in this senseless and provoking insult: but the greater part, from unwillingness to make themselves desperate, from more temper, or from more experience, or from a sensible desire of widening and profiting of so unexpected a breach, refused to concur in this frenzy; accordingly the motion passed, with slight opposition and no division—yet the next day, on the report, the Duke of Bedford's friends openly, and Grenville more covertly, drew the senseless zealots into a division, which at last proved but 39 to 169: the Duke of Bedford's friends retiring rather than vote *for* the Princess.

Still the great difficulty remained, to make the Lords eat their words,—but it proved no difficulty at all. Sandwich moved to agree to our amendment, and Bedford and Halifax sat silent, the latter making the most abject and contemptible figure one can conceive!

Well! I have contrived to crowd this transaction, so fruitful of events and revolutions, into one sheet of paper. You will be curious to know the consequences; and so am I; yet I much question whether any material will follow. If they do not, the opposition may thank themselves. Lord Bute may affect to be satisfied with having set aside a mark, that will remain indelible; and the mean part the ministers have acted, may make him think he can nowhere find tools who will submit to greater indignities. If he doubts the King's life, he may fear to show his resentment. Yet the affront is so glaring, while at least Lord Halifax remains unpunished, that one can scarce conceive no vengeance being exercised. Still it remains to see if Mr. Pitt will not once more be sent for. His terms may be high, and yet surely it is worth while to grant any! But I will reason no farther,—remember this letter is for no eye but your own.

Mr. Stanley, who has negotiated so much at Paris, where he is in the highest vogue, has desired me to give him a letter to you, as he is going to Italy for the summer. I am very well acquainted with him, but have no friendship; yet I should wish you to be particularly attentive to him, and for your own sake. He has very good parts, much knowledge, and good breeding, but his manner is not agreeable. I only warn you to be upon your guard: don't talk of *me* more than is necessary, nor of politics more than you can help. In these distractions, I do not know which way he particularly leans, and you had better seem willing to be informed by him, than already instructed.

The papers tell me your nephew and Lady Lucy are married, on which I congratulate you; but I know no more of it. Indeed, as I told you in the outset, all my late ideas have been absorbed in politics—not to get deeper into them, but to spy an opportunity of retreating: it is terrible to have to do with many fools, and not with enough! Adieu!

P.S. I have been so cautious as not to mention a single word of the affair of the young Damers, and am glad I was so prudent, for I have not heard it from a soul; and I should have been very sorry the family should have thought it came from you. The eldest, at least, is returned, for I saw him t'other day. The whole to be sure will come out by degrees from the English abroad. I did not even make your compliments to my Lord and Lady, lest they should suspect you had told me. I suppose it is to conceal it, that they appear unconcerned[7].

[7] The two elder sons of Lord Milton had been in a fray with other young men at Rome, in which a coachman had accidentally been killed. *Walpole.*

1026. To the Earl of Hertford.

Arlington Street, Monday evening, May 20, 1765.

I scarce know where to begin, and I am sure not where I shall end. I had comforted myself with getting over all my difficulties: my friends opened their eyes, and were ready, nay, some of them eager, to list under Mr. Pitt; for I must tell you, that by a fatal precipitation, the King,—when his ministers went to him last Thursday, 16th, to receive his commands for his speech at the end of the session, which was to have been the day after to-morrow, the 22nd,—forbade the Parliament to be prorogued, which he said he would only have adjourned: they were thunderstruck, and asked if he intended to make any change in his administration? he replied, certainly; he could not bear it as it was. His uncle[1] was sent for, was ordered to form a new administration, and treat with Mr. Pitt. This negotiation proceeded for four days, and got wind in two. The town, more accommodating than Mr. Pitt, settled the whole list of employments. The facilities, however, were so few, that yesterday the Hero of Culloden went down in person to the Conqueror of America, at Hayes, and though tendering almost *carte blanche,—blanchissime* for the constitution, and little short of it for the whole red book of places,—brought back nothing but a flat refusal[2]. Words cannot

Letter 1026.—[1] The Duke of Cumberland.

[2] 'On the 20th, his Royal Highness went to Hayes. With much elevation, Pitt did not seem untractable. He made three principal demands: Regulation of general warrants; restitution of officers; alliances with Protestant Powers. The first article the Duke told him would be accorded; the King himself had named the second; the third would be most subject to difficulty. . . . The Duke at last said that, though not authorized, he would venture to offer him *carte blanche*. Lord Temple should have the Treasury, Lord Northumberland would take any other post. Mr. Pitt said, Lord Temple would not take the Treasury, but some other place—if any: nor would he promise that himself would take any part in the new system. The Duke of Cumber-

paint the confusion into which everything is thrown. The four ministers, I mean the Duke of Bedford, Grenville, and the two Secretaries, acquainted their master yesterday, that they adhere to one another, and shall all resign to-morrow, and, perhaps, must be recalled on Wednesday,—must have a *carte noire*, not *blanche*, and will certainly not expect any stipulations to be offered for the constitution, by no means the object of their care!

You are not likely to tell in Gath, nor publish in Ascalon, the alternative of humiliation to which the crown is reduced. But, alas! this is far from being the lightest evil to which we are at the eve of being exposed. I mentioned the mob of weavers[3] which had besieged the Parliament, and attacked the Duke of Bedford, and I thought no more of it; but on Friday, a well disciplined, and, I fear, too well conducted a multitude, repaired again to Westminster with red and black flags; the House of Lords, where not thirty were present, acted with no spirit;—examined Justice Fielding, and the magistrates, and adjourned till to-day. At seven that evening, a prodigious multitude assaulted Bedford House, and began to pull down the walls, and another party surrounded the garden, where there were but fifty men on guard, and had forced their way, if another party of Guards that had been sent for

land, before he went to Hayes, had sent for Lord Temple to town; and it was observed that from the time *that* Lord saw Mr. Pitt, the difficulties and reluctance of the latter were visibly augmented.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. ii. pp. 118–19.)

Lord Temple was on the point of becoming reconciled to his brother, George Grenville, with whom he and Pitt had quarrelled. Temple 'selected this important moment to clog Mr. Pitt's measures by openly rushing into connection with his brother George. . . . Mr. Pitt . . . in honour would not, or in prudence could not, enter upon administration by a breach with his brother-in-law, his benefactor, and popular associate, Temple. . . . Mr. Pitt, when Lord Temple and he parted, said pathetically,

Extinxti me teque, soror; populumque Patresque
Sidonios, urbemque tuam!'

(*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. iii. p. 124.)

[3] They had been irritated by the rejection of a bill for an increased duty on imported silks.

had arrived five minutes later. At last, after reading the proclamation, the gates of the court were thrown open, and sixty foot-soldiers marched out; the mob fled, but, being met by a party of horse, were much cut and trampled, but no lives lost. Lady Tavistock, and everything valuable in the house, have been sent out of town. On Saturday, all was pretty quiet; the Duchess was blooded, and everybody went to visit them. I hesitated, being afraid of an air of triumph; however, lest it should be construed the other way, I went last night at eight o'clock; in the square I found a great multitude, not of weavers, but seemingly of Sunday-passengers. At the gate guarded by grenadiers, I found so large a throng, that I had not only difficulty to make my way, though in my chariot, but was hissed and pelted; and in two minutes after, the glass of Lady Grosvenor's coach was broken, as those of Lady Cork's [4] chair were entirely demolished afterwards. I found Bedford House a perfect garrison, sustaining a siege, the court full of horse Guards, constables, and gentlemen. I told the Duke, that, however I might happen to differ with him in politics, this was a common cause, and that everybody must feel equal indignation at it. In the meantime the mob grew so riotous, that they were forced to make both horse and foot parade the square before the tumult was dispersed.

To-morrow we expect much worse. The weavers have declared they will come down to the House of Lords for redress, which they say they have been promised. A body of five hundred sailors were on the road from Portsmouth to join them, but luckily the Admiralty had notice of their intention, and stopped them. A large body of weavers

[4] Anne (d. 1785), daughter of Kelland Courtenay, of Painsford, Devonshire; m. (1764) Edmund Boyle, seventh Earl of Cork, from whom she was divorced in 1782.

are on the road from Norwich, and it is said have been joined by numbers in Essex; Guards are posted to prevent, if possible, their approaching the City. Another troop of manufacturers are coming from Manchester; and what is worst of all, there is such a general spirit of mutiny and dissatisfaction in the lower people, that I think we are in danger of a rebellion in the heart of the capital in a week. In the meantime, there is neither administration nor government. The King is out of town, and this is the crisis in which Mr. Pitt, who could stop every evil, chooses to be more unreasonable than ever.

Mr. Crawford [5], whom you have seen at the Duchess of Grafton's, carries this, or I should not venture being so explicit. Wherever the storm may break out at first, I think Lord Bute cannot escape his share of it. The Bedfords may triumph over him, the Princess, and still higher, if they are fortunate enough to avoid the present ugly appearances; and yet how the load of odium will be increased, if they return to power! One can name many in whose situation one would not be,—not one who is not situated unpleasantly.

Adieu! my dear Lord; you shall hear as often as I can find a conveyance; but these are not topics for the post! Poor Mrs. Fitzroy has lost her eldest girl. I forgot to tell you that the young Duke of Devonshire goes to court to-morrow. Yours ever.

Wednesday evening.

I am forced to send you journals rather than letters. Mr. Crawford, who was to carry this, has put off his journey till Saturday, and I choose rather to defer my dispatch than trust it to Guerchy's courier, though he

[5] John Craufurd (d. 1814), of Auchenames. He was well known in French and English society, and was a friend and correspondent of Madame du Deffand.

offered me that conveyance yesterday, but it is too serious to venture to their inspection.

Such precautions have been taken, and so many troops brought into town, that there has been no rising, though the sheriffs of London acquainted the Lords on Monday that a very formidable one was preparing for five o'clock the next morning. There was another tumult, indeed, at three o'clock yesterday, at Bedford House, but it was dispersed by reading the Riot Act. In the meantime, the revolution has turned round again. The ministers desired the King to commission Lord Granby, the Duke of Richmond, and Lord Waldegrave, to suppress the riots, which, in truth, was little short of asking for the power of the sword against himself. On this, his Majesty determined to name the Duke of Cumberland Captain-General; but the tranquillity of the rioters happily gave H. R. H. occasion to persuade the King to suspend that resolution. Thank God! From eleven o'clock yesterday, when I heard it, till nine at night, when I learned that the resolution had dropped, I think I never passed such anxious hours! nay, I heard it was done, and looked upon the civil war as commenced. During these events, the Duke was endeavouring to form a ministry, but, luckily, nobody would undertake it when Mr. Pitt had refused; so the King is reduced to the mortification, and it is extreme, of taking his old ministers again. They are insolent enough, you may believe; Grenville has treated his master in the most impertinent manner, and they are now actually digesting the terms that they mean to impose on their captive, and Lord Bute is the chief object of their rage; though I think Lord Holland will not escape, nor Lord Northumberland, whom they treat as an encourager of the rioters. Both he and my Lady went on Monday night to Bedford House, and were received with every mark of insult. The Duke

turned his back on the Earl, without speaking to him, and he was kept standing an hour exposed to all their raillery. Still I have a more extraordinary event to tell you than all I have related. Lord Temple and George Grenville were reconciled yesterday morning, by the intervention of Augustus Hervey; and, perhaps, the next thing you will hear may be that Lord Temple is sent by this ministry to Ireland, though Lord Weymouth is again much talked of for it.

The report of Norwich and Manchester weavers on the road is now doubted. If Lord Bute is banished, I suppose the Duke of Bedford will become the hero of this very mob, and every act of power which they have executed, let who will have been the adviser, will be forgotten. It will be entertaining to see Lord Temple supporting Lord Halifax on general warrants!

You have more than once seen your old master[6] reduced to surrender up his closet to a cabal—but never with such circumstances of insult, indignity, and humiliation! For our little party, it is more humble than ever. Still I prefer that state to what I dread; I mean, seeing your brother embarked in a desperate administration. It was proposed first to make him Secretary at War, then Secretary of State, but he declined both. Yet I trembled, lest he should think himself bound in honour to obey the commands of the King and Duke of Cumberland; but, to my great joy, that alarm is over, unless the triumphant faction exact more than the King can possibly suffer. It will rejoice you, however, my dear Lord, to hear that Mr. Conway is perfectly restored to the King's favour; and that if he continues in opposition, it will not be against the King, but a most abominable faction, who, having raged against the constitution and their country to pay court

[6] George II.

to Lord Bute, have even thrown off that paltry mask, and avowedly hoisted the standard of their own power. Till the King has signed their demands, one cannot look upon this scene as closed.

Friday evening.

You will think, my dear Lord, and it is natural you should, that I write my letters at once, and compose one part with my prophecies, and the other with the completion of them; but you must recollect that I understand this country pretty well,—attend closely to what passes,—have very good intelligence,—and know the characters of the actors thoroughly. A little sagacity added to such foundation easily carries one's sight a good way; but you will care for my narrative more than my reflections, so I proceed.

On Wednesday, the ministers dictated their terms; you will not expect much moderation, and, accordingly, there was not a grain: they demanded a royal promise of never consulting Lord Bute; secondly, the dismission of Mr. Mekinsy[7] from the direction of Scotland; thirdly, and lastly, for they could go no further, the crown itself—or, in their words, the immediate nomination of Lord Granby to be Captain-General. You may figure the King's indignation—for himself, for his favourite, for his uncle. In my own opinion, the proposal of grounds for taxing his Majesty himself hereafter with breaking his word, was the bitterest affront of all. He expressed his anger and astonishment, and bade them return at ten at night for his answer; but, before that, he sent the Chancellor to the junto, consenting to displace Mekinsy, refusing to promise not to consult Lord Bute, though acquiescing to his not interfering in business, but with a peremptory refusal to the article of Lord Granby. The rebels took till next morning to advise

[7] James Stuart-Mackenzie, Lord Privy Seal for Scotland.

on their answer; when they gave up the point of Lord Granby, and contented themselves with the modification on the chapter of Lord Bute. However, not to be too complimentary, they demanded Mackenzie's place for Lord Lorn, and the instant removal of Lord Holland[8]; both which have been granted. Charles Townshend is Paymaster, and Lord Weymouth Viceroy of Ireland[9]; so Lord Northumberland remains on the *pavé*, which, as there is no place vacant for him, it was not necessary to stipulate. The Duchess of Bedford, with colours flying, issued out of her garrison yesterday, and took possession of the Drawing-room. To-day their *Majesty-Graces* are gone to Woburn; but as the Duchess is a perfect Methodist against all suspicious characters, it is said, to-day, that Lord Talbot is to be added to the list of proscriptions, and now they think themselves established for ever.—Do they so?

Lord Temple declares himself the warmest friend of the present administration;—there is a mystery still to be cleared up,—and, perhaps, a little to the mortification of Bedford House.—We shall see.

The Duke of Cumberland is retired to Windsor: your brother gone to Park Place: I go to Strawberry to-morrow, lest people should not think me a great man too. I don't know whether I shall not even think it necessary to order myself a fit of the gout.

I have received your short letter of the 16th, with the memorial of the family of Brebeuf;—now my head will have a little leisure, I will examine it, and see if I can do anything in the affair. In that letter you say, you have been a month without hearing from any of your friends. I little expected to be taxed on that head: I have written you volumes almost every day; my last dates have been

[8] From the post of Paymaster-General.

[9] Lord Weymouth did not go to Ireland.

of April 11th, 20th, May 5th, 12th, and 16th. I beg you will look over them, and send me word exactly, and I beg you not to omit it, whether any of these are missing. Three of them I trusted to Guerchy, but took care they should contain nothing which it signified whether seen or not on t'other side of the water, though I did not care they should be perused on this. I had the caution not to let him have this, though; by the eagerness with which he proffered both to-day and yesterday, to send anything by his couriers, I suspected he wished to help them to better intelligence than he could give them himself. He even told me he should have another courier depart on Tuesday next; but I excused myself, on pretence of having too much to write at once, and shall send this, and a letter your brother has left me, by Mr. Crawford, though he does not set out till Sunday; but you had better wait for it from him, than from the Duc de Choiseul. Pray commend my discretion —you see I grow a consummate politician; but don't approve of it too much, lest I only send you letters as prudent as your own.

You may acquaint Lady Holland with the dismission of her Lord, if she has not heard it, he being at Kingsgate [10]. Your secretary [11] is likely to be prime minister in Ireland. Two months ago the new Viceroy himself was going to France for debt, leaving his wife and children to be maintained by her mother [12].

I will be much obliged to you, my dear Lord, if you will contrive to pay Lady Stanhope for the medals; they cost, I think, but 4*l.* 7*s.*, or thereabout—but I have lost the note.

Adieu! here ends volume the first. *Omnia mutantur, sed*

[10] Lord Holland's seat on the coast of Kent, between Margate and Broadstairs.

[11] Sir Charles Bunbury.

[12] The Dowager Duchess of Portland.

non mutamur in illis. Princess Amelia, who has a little veered round to north-west, and by Bedford, does not speak tenderly of her brother—but if some families are reconciled, others are disunited. The Keppels are at open war with the Keppels, and Lady Mary Coke weeps with one eye over Lady Betty Mackenzie, and smiles with t'other on Lady Dalkeith[13]; but the first eye is the sincerest. The Duke of Richmond, in exactly the same proportion, is divided between his sisters, Holland and Bunbury.

Thank you much for your kindness about Mr. T. Walpole —I have not had a moment's time to see him, but will do full justice to your goodness.

Yours ever,
H. W.

Pray remember the dates of my letters—you will be strangely puzzled for a clew, if one of them has miscarried. Sir Charles Bunbury is not to be Secretary for Ireland, but Thurlow[14] the lawyer: they are to stay five years without returning. Lord Lorn has declined, and Lord Frederic Campbell is to be Lord Privy Seal for Scotland. Lord Waldegrave, they say, Chamberlain to the Queen.

1027. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, May 25, 1765, sent by way of Paris.

My last I think was of the 16th. Since that we have had events of almost every sort. A whole administration dismissed, taken again, suspended, confirmed; an insurrection; and we have been at the eve of a civil war. Many

[13] Charles Townshend, Lady Dalkeith's husband, had been appointed Paymaster of the Forces, while Mr. Mackenzie had lost his place.

[14] Edward Thurlow (d. 1806), cr. Baron Thurlow, of Ashfield, Suffolk, 1778; Solicitor-General, 1770–71; Attorney-General, 1771–78; Lord Chancellor, 1778–92 (except from April–Dec. 1783). He was never Chief Secretary for Ireland.

thousand weavers rose, on a bill for their relief being thrown out of the House of Lords by the Duke of Bedford. For four days they were suffered to march about the town with colours displayed, petitioning the King, surrounding the House of Lords, mobbing and wounding the Duke of Bedford, and at last besieging his house, which, with his family, was narrowly saved from destruction. At last it grew a regular siege and blockade; but by garrisoning it with horse and foot literally, and calling in several regiments, the tumult is appeased. Lord Bute rashly taking advantage of this unpopularity of his enemies, advised the King to notify to his ministers that he intended to dismiss them,—and by this step, no succedaneum being prepared, reduced his Majesty to the alternative of laying his crown at the foot of Mr. Pitt, or of the Duke of Bedford; and as it proved at last, of both. The Duke of Cumberland was sent for, and was sent to Mr. Pitt, from whom, though offering almost *carte blanche*, he received a peremptory refusal. The next measure was to form a ministry from the opposition. Willing were they, but timid. Without Mr. Pitt nobody would engage. The King was forced to desire his old ministers to stay where they were. They, who had rallied their very dejected courage, demanded terms, and hard ones indeed—*promise* of never consulting Lord Bute, dismission of his brother, and the appointment of Lord Granby to be Captain-General—so soon did those tools of prerogative talk to their exalted sovereign in the language of the Parliament to Charles I.

The King, rather than resign his sceptre on the first summons, determined to name his uncle Captain-General. Thus the commanders at least were ready on each side; but the ministers, who by the treaty of Paris showed how little military glory was the object of their ambition, have contented themselves with seizing St. James's without

bloodshed. They gave up their general, upon condition Mr. Mackenzie and Lord Holland were sacrificed to them, and, tacitly, Lord Northumberland[1], whose government they bestow on Lord Weymouth without furnishing another place to the Earl, as was intended for him. All this is granted. Still there are inexplicable riddles. In the height of negotiation, Lord Temple was reconciled to his brother George, and declares himself a fast friend to the late and present ministry. What part Mr. Pitt will act is not yet known—probably not a hostile one; but here are fine seeds of division and animosity sown!

I have thus in six words told you the matter of volumes. You must analyse them yourself, unless you have patience to wait till the consequences are the comment. Don't you recollect very similar passages in the time of Mr. Pelham, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Granville, and Mr. Fox? But those wounds did not penetrate so deep as these! Here are all the great and opulent noble families engaged on one side or the other. Here is the King insulted and prisoner, his mother stigmatized, his uncle affronted, his favourite persecuted. It is again a scene of Bohuns, Montforts, and Plantagenets.

While I am writing, I receive yours of the 4th, containing the revolutions in the fabric and pictures of the Palace Pitti[2]. My dear Sir, make no excuse; we each write what we have to write; and if our letters remain, posterity will read the catastrophes of St. James's and the Palace Pitti with equal indifference, however differently they affect you and me now. For my part, though agitated like Ludlow[3] or my Lord Clarendon on the events of the day, I have more curiosity about Havering in the Bower, the

LETTER 1027.—[1] The Lord Northumberland's son was married to Lord Bute's daughter. *Walpole.*

[2] The palace of the Great Duke at Florence. *Walpole.*

[3] Edmund Ludlow, the regicide (d. 1692), author of *Memoirs* of his own times.

jointure house of ancient royal dowagers, than about Queen Isabella herself. Mr. Wilkes, whom you mention, will be still more interested, when he hears that his friend Lord Temple has shaken hands with his foes Halifax and Sandwich; and I don't believe that any amnesty is stipulated for the exile. Churchill, Wilkes's poet, used to wish that he was at liberty to attack Mr. Pitt and Charles Townshend,—the moment is come, but Churchill is gone! Charles Townshend has got Lord Holland's place [4]—and yet the people will again and again believe that nothing is intended but their interest!

When I recollect all I have seen and known, I seem to be as old as Methuselah: indeed I was born in politics,—but I hope not to die in them. With all my experience, these last five weeks have taught me more than any other ten years; accordingly, a retreat is the whole scope of my wishes; but not yet arrived.

Your amiable sister, Mrs. Foote, is settled in town; I saw her last night at the Opera with Lady Ailesbury. She is enchanted with Manzuoli—and you know her approbation is a test, who has heard all the great singers, learnt of all, and sings with as much taste as any of them. Adieu!

1028. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, May 26, 1765.

If one of the one hundred events, and one hundredth part of the one hundred thousand reports that have passed, and been spread in this last month, have reached your solitary hill, you must be surprised at not a single word from me during that period. The number of events is my excuse. Though mine is the pen of a pretty ready writer, I could not keep pace with the revolutions of each day, each

[4] Paymaster of the Forces. *Walpole.*

hour. I had not time to begin the narrative, much less to finish it. No, I must keep the whole to tell you at once, or to read it to you, for I think I shall write the history; which, let me tell you, Buckinger himself could not have crowded into a nut-shell.

For your part, you will be content, though the house of Montagu has not made an advantageous figure in this political warfare—yet it is crowned with victory, and laurels you know compensate for every scar. You went out of town frightened out of your senses at the giant prerogative—alack! he is grown so tame, that, as you said of our earthquake, you may stroke him. George the Third is the true successor of George the Second, and inherits all his grandfather's humiliations—indeed, they are attended with circumstances a little more cutting. The Regency Bill, not quite calculated with that intent, has produced four regents, king Bedford, king Grenville, king Halifax, and king Twitcher[1]. Lord Holland is turned out, and Stuart McKinsy. Charles Townshend is Paymaster, and Lord Bute annihilated—and all done without the help of the Whigs. You love to guess what one is going to say—now you may guess what I am not going to say. Your newspapers perhaps have given you a long roll of opposition names, who were coming into place, and so all the world thought; but the wind turned quite round, and left them on the strand, and just where they were, except in opposition, which is declared to be at an end. Enigma as all this may sound, the key would open it all to you in the twinkling of an administration. In the meantime, we have family

LETTER 1028.—[1] A name bestowed on Lord Sandwich after his treacherous conduct towards Wilkes:—'The *Beggar's Opera* being performed at Covent Garden . . . the whole audience, when Macheath says, "*That Jemmy Twitcher should peach me, I own surprises me*," burst out into an applause of application; and the nickname of *Jemmy Twitcher* stuck by the Earl so as almost to occasion the disuse of his title.' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. i. p. 249.)

reconciliations without end. The King and the Duke of Cumberland have been shut up together day and night; Lord Temple and George Grenville are sworn brothers—well, but Mr. Pitt? where is he? In the clouds, for aught I know, in one of which he may descend like the kings of Bantam, and take quiet possession of the throne again.

As a thorough-bass to these squabbles, we have had an insurrection and a siege. Bedford House, though garrisoned by horse and foot Guards, was on the point of being taken. The besieged are in their turn triumphant, and, if anybody now was to publish *Droit le Duc*[2], I do not think the House of Lords would censure his book. Indeed the regents may do what they please, and turn out whom they will; I see nothing to resist them. Lord Bute will not easily be tempted to rebel, when the last struggle has cost him so dear.

I am sorry for some of my friends, to whom I wished more fortune. For myself, I am but just where I should have been, had they succeeded. 'Tis satisfaction enough to me to be delivered from politics; which you know I have long detested. When I was tranquil enough to write Castles of Otranto in the midst of grave nonsense and foolish councils of war, I am not likely to disturb myself with the divisions of the court where I am not connected with a soul. As it has proved to be the interest of the present ministers, however contrary to their former views, to lower the crown, they will scarce be in a hurry to aggrandize it again. That will satisfy you; and I, you know, am satisfied if I have anything to laugh at—'tis a lucky age for a man who is so easily contented.

The poor Chute has had another relapse, but is out of bed again. I am thinking of my journey to France; but, as Mr. Conway has a mind I should wait for him, I don't

[2] A reference to Brecknock's *Droit le Roy*, censured by the House of Lords in Feb. 1764. See p. 21.

know whether it will take place before the autumn. I will by no means release you from your promise of making me a visit here before I go.

Poor Mr. Bentley, I doubt, is under the greatest difficulties of anybody. His poem, which he modestly delivered over to immortality, must be cut and turned; for Lord Halifax and Lord Bute cannot sit in the same canto together: then the horns and hoofs that he had bestowed on Lord Temple must be pared away, and beams of glory distributed over his whole person. 'Tis a dangerous thing to write political panegyrics or satires. It draws the unhappy bard into a thousand scrapes and contradictions. The edifices and inscriptions at Stowe should be a lesson not to erect monuments to the living. I will not place an ossuarium in my garden for my cat, before her bones are ready to be placed in it. I hold *contradictions* to be as essential to the definition of a political man, as any visible or featherless quality can be to man in general. Good night!

Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

28th.

I shall send this by the coach; so whatever comes with it is only to make bundle. Here are some lines that came into my head yesterday in the postchaise, as I was reading in the *Annual Register*[3] an account of a fountain-tree in one of the Canary Islands, which never dies, and supplies the inhabitants with water.—I don't warrant the longevity, though the hypostatic union of a fountain may eternize the tree.

> In climes adust, where rivers never flow,
> Where constant suns repel approaching snow,
> How Nature's various and inventive hand
> Can pour unheard-of moisture o'er the land!

[3] See *Ann. Reg.* 1764, p. 115.

Immortal plants she bids on rocks arise,
And from the dropping branches streams supplies.
The thirsty native sucks the falling show'r,
Nor asks for juicy fruit or blooming flow'r;
But haply doubts, when travellers maintain,
That Europe's forests melt not into rain.

1029. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, June 10, 1765. Eleven at night.

I am just come out of the garden in the most oriental of all evenings, and from breathing odours beyond those of Araby. The acacias, which the Arabians have the sense to worship, are covered with blossoms, the honeysuckles dangle from every tree in festoons, the seringas are thickets of sweets, and the new-cut hay of the field in the garden tempers the balmy gales with simple freshness, while a thousand sky-rockets launched into the air at Ranelagh or Marybone illuminate the scene, and give it an air of Haroun Alraschid's paradise—I was not quite so content by daylight: some foreigners dined here, and, though they admired our verdure, it mortified me by its brownness; we have not had a drop of rain this month to cool the tip of our daisies. My company was Lady Lyttelton, Lady Schaub, a Madame de Juliac from the Pyreneans, very handsome, not a girl, and of Lady Schaub's mould; the Comte de Caraman, nephew of Madame de Mirepoix, a Monsieur de Clausonnette, and General Schouallow, the favourite of the late Czarina—absolute favourite for a dozen years, without making an enemy. In truth, he is very amiable, humble, and modest. Had he been ambitious, he might have mounted the throne. As he was not, you may imagine they have plucked his plumes a good deal. There is a little air of melancholy about him, and, if I am not mistaken, some secret wishes for the fall of the present murderess,

which, if it were civil to suppose, I could heartily join with him in hoping for. As we have still liberty enough left to dazzle a Russian, he seems charmed with England, and perhaps liked even this place the more as belonging to the son of one that, like himself, had been prime minister. If he has no more ambition left than I have, he must taste the felicity of being a private man! What has Lord Bute gained, but the knowledge of how many ungrateful sycophants favour and power can create?

If you have received the parcel that I consigned to Richard Brown for you, you will have found an explanation of my long silence. Thank you for being alarmed for my health.

The day after to-morrow I go to Park Place for four or five days, and soon after to Goodwood. My French journey is still in suspense; Lord Hertford talks of coming over for a fortnight; perhaps I may go back with him; but I have determined nothing yet, till I see farther into the present chaos, that somehow or other I may take my leave of politics for ever; for can anything be so wearisome as politics on the account of others? Good night! shall I not see you here?

Yours ever,
H. W.

1030. To Lady Hervey.

Strawberry Hill, June 11, 1765.

I am almost as much ashamed, Madam, to plead the true cause of my faults towards your Ladyship, as to have been guilty of any neglect. It is scandalous, at my age, to have been carried backwards and forwards to balls and suppers and parties by very young people, as I was all last week. My resolutions of growing old and staid are admirable: I wake with a sober plan, and intend to pass the day with

my friends—then comes the Duke of Richmond, and hurries me down to Whitehall to dinner—then the Duchess of Grafton sends for me to loo in Upper Grosvenor Street—before I can get thither, I am begged to step to Kensington, to give Mrs. Anne Pitt my opinion about a bow window—after the loo, I am to march back to Whitehall to supper—and after that, am to walk with Miss Pelham on the terrace till two in the morning, because it is moonlight and her chair is not come. All this does not help my morning laziness; and, by the time I have breakfasted, fed my birds and my squirrels, and dressed, there is an auction ready. In short, Madam, this was my life last week, and is I think every week, with the addition of forty episodes.—Yet, ridiculous as it is, I send it your Ladyship, because I had rather you should laugh at me than be angry. I cannot offend you in intention, but I fear my sins of omission are equal to many a good Christian's. Pray forgive me. I really will begin to be between forty and fifty by the time I am fourscore: and I truly believe I shall bring my resolutions within compass; for I have not chalked out any particular business that will take me above forty years more; so that, if I do not get acquainted with the grandchildren of all the present age, I shall lead a quiet sober life yet before I die.

As Mr. Bateman's is the kingdom of flowers, I must not wish to send you any; else, Madam, I could load waggons with acacias, honeysuckles, and seringas. Madame de Juliac, who dined here yesterday, owned that the climate and odours equalled Languedoc. I fear the want of rain made the turf put her in mind of it, too. Monsieur de Caraman entered into the Gothic spirit of the place, and really seemed pleased, which was more than I expected; for, between you and me, Madam, our friends the French have seldom eyes for anything they have not been used to see all their lives. I beg

my warmest compliments to your host and Lord Ilchester. I wish your Ladyship all pleasure and health, and am, notwithstanding my idleness,

Your most faithful and devoted humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1031. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, June 26, 1765.

YOU have known your country, my dear Sir, in more perilous situations, but you never knew it in a more distracted one in time of peace than it is in at present. Nor had I ever more difficulty to describe its position to you. Times of party have their great outlines, which even such historians as Hollingshed or Smollett can seize. But a season of faction is another guess thing. It depends on personal characters, intrigues, and minute circumstances, which make little noise, and escape the eyes of the generality. The details are as much too numerous for a letter, as, when the moment is past, they become too trifling and uninteresting for history. I can only endeavour to preserve the thread, but it is impossible to develop all its windings.

After the King had been obliged to take back his old ministers, the hard terms they imposed upon him, added to their late insults, made him treat them with the greatest coldness. He not only smiled on the opposition, but bestowed every employment that fell on the Duke of Cumberland's or Lord Bute's friends. This situation was not likely to last. Accordingly, this day fortnight, the Duke of Bedford, in the name of himself and his three colleagues[1], *prescribed a month* to his Majesty, in which he *must* determine whether he would take a new administration, or keeping

LETTER 1031.—[1] George Grenville, Lord Halifax, and Lord Sandwich. *Walpole.*

his old ministers, smile on them and frown on their adversaries—a hard lesson to a prince, whom these very men had complimented with so much prerogative! He made no answer, but on the following Monday sent the Duke of Grafton to invite Mr. Pitt to court. He went, and in four audiences found such facilities to all his demands, that a change was believed infallible. This day was even marked in the general expectation as the era of a new administration. I, who am not in the list of *aspirants*, had stayed in the country till this very day, wishing for the event, but content to know it when it happened. When I arrived, at four o'clock, to my surprise I heard that Lord Temple, who was to have the Treasury, had been yesterday with the King, and declared he could not take it, giving no other reason than that *he had a delicacy which he could not mention, and which must ever remain a secret.* The extraordinariness of the declaration, after Mr. Pitt had gone so far, amazes everybody, though this is the third negotiation of individually the same sort that has been broken off thus abruptly. The mysterious words are commonly supposed to allude to Lord Temple's reconciliation with his brother; yet why he should not plead *that*, is not easily solved, unless he has connected with the Duke of Bedford too. Mr. Pitt's declarations and conduct seem not to tally with such a league. In this very transaction he has declared himself hostilely against the Duke of Bedford's people; and in an audience of the King this very morning, expressed himself still ready to come in, if Lord Temple would—but it is an intrigue which time alone can explain.

Thus you see all is afloat again. Whether a new administration can or will be formed without Mr. Pitt; whether the King must submit again to his old ministers, what new terms they will exact, or whether he will grant them, is yet uncertain. Should he bend to all they demand, it can

but aggravate the wound, not close it. Consequently no such system can be looked upon as permanent. My own opinion is, that after some more convulsions, it will end in an administration of Mr. Pitt, Lord Temple, and George Grenville, unless one or more of them should die.

You know, my dear Sir, I never expect you to answer me on these delicate subjects. I even send this by a safe conveyance to Lord Hertford at Paris, as I did a former one, which I hope you received.

How I envy you who hear nothing but the distant rumour of these unpleasant scenes! How vexatious to me to be engaged in them! When men are involved in politics from ambition, interest, or inclination, they must take the bitter with the sweet; I, who have been forced into them by principle and friendship, lament the tranquillity I have lost, and for which nothing can pay me but the restoration of it. I sigh for the moment of recovering my liberty, and fervently vow to myself never to be in a situation more in which even duty can call upon me to take a part. I could explain and justify this determination in the most ample manner; but the time is not yet come for doing it. Adieu!

1032. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, Saturday night.

I must scrawl a line to you, though with the utmost difficulty, for I am in my bed—but I see they have foolishly put it into the *Chronicle* that I am dangerously ill; and as I know you take in that paper, and are one of the very, very few, of whose tenderness and friendship I have not the smallest doubt, I give myself pain, rather than let you feel a moment's unnecessarily. It is true, I have had a terrible attack of the gout in my stomach, head, and both feet, but have truly never been in danger, any more than one must be in such

a situation. My head and stomach are perfectly well; my feet far from it. I have kept my room since this day se'nnight, and my bed these three days, but hope to get up to-morrow. You know my writing and my veracity, and that I would not deceive you. As to my person, it will not be so easy to reconnoitre it, for I question whether any of it will remain—it was easy to annihilate so airy a substance. Adieu!

Yours most truly,
H. Walpole.

1033. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Wednesday noon, July 3, 1765.

The footing part of my dance with my shocking partner the gout is almost over. I had little pain there this last night, and got, at twice, about three hours' sleep; but, whenever I waked, found my head very bad, which Mr. Graham thinks gouty too. The fever is still very high; but the same sage is of opinion, with my Lady Londonderry, that if it was a fever from death, I should die; but as it is only a fever from the gout, I shall live. I think so too, and hope that, like the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, they are so inseparable, that when one goes t'other will.

Tell Lady Ailesbury, I fear it will be long before I shall be able to compass all your terraces again. The weather is very hot, and I have the comfort of a window open all day. I have got a bushel of roses too, and a new scarlet nightingale, which does *not* sing *Nancy Dawson* from morning to night. Perhaps you think all these poor pleasures; but you are ignorant what a provocative the gout is, and what charms it can bestow on a moment's amusement! Oh, it beats all the refinements of a Roman sensualist. It has

made even my watch a darling plaything; I strike it as often as a child does. Then the disorder of my sleep diverts me when I am awake. I dreamt that I went to see Madame de Bentheim at Paris, and that she had the prettiest palace in the world, built like a pavilion, of yellow laced with blue; that I made love to her daughter, whom I called *Mademoiselle Bleue et Jaune*, and thought it very clever.

My next reverie was very serious, and lasted half an hour after I was awake; which you will perhaps think a little light-headed, and so do I. I thought Mr. Pitt had had a conference with Madame de Bentheim, and granted all her demands. I rung for Louis at six in the morning, and wanted to get up and inform myself of what had been kept so secret from me. You must know, that all these visions of Madame de Bentheim flowed from George Selwyn telling me last night, that she had carried most of her points, and was returning. What stuff I tell you! But, alas! I have nothing better to do, sitting on my bed, and wishing to forget how brightly the sun shines, when I cannot be at Strawberry.

1034. To the Countess of Suffolk.

July 3, 1765.

Your Ladyship's goodness to me on all occasions makes me flatter myself that I am not doing an impertinence in telling you I am alive, though, after what I have suffered, you may be sure there cannot be much of me left.

The gout has been a little in my stomach, much more in my head, but luckily never out of my right foot, and for twelve, thirteen, and seventeen hours together, insisting upon having its way as absolutely as my Lady Blandford. The extremity of pain seems to be over, though I some-

Letter 1034.—Collated with original in British Museum.

times think my tyrant puts in his claim to t'other foot; and surely he is, like most tyrants, mean as well as cruel, or he could never have thought the leg of a lark such a prize.

The fever, the tyrant's first minister, has been at least as vexatious as his master, and makes use of this hot day to plague me more; yet, as I was sending a servant to Twickenham, I could not help scrawling out a few lines to ask how your Ladyship does, to tell you how I am, and to lament the roses, strawberries, and banks of the river.

I know nothing, Madam, of any kings or ministers but those I have mentioned, and their administration I fervently hope will be changed soon; and for all others I shall be very indifferent. Had a great prince come to my bedside yesterday, I should have begged that the honour might last a very few minutes.

I am,
Madam,
Your Ladyship's
Most obedient humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

1035. To the Countess of Suffolk.

MADAM, Arlington Street, July 9, 1765.

Though instead of getting better, as I flattered myself I should, I have gone through two very painful and sleepless nights, yet as I give audience here in my bed to new ministers[1] and foreign ministers, I think it full as much my duty to give an account of myself to those who are so good as to wish me well. I am reduced to nothing but bones and spirits, but the latter make me bear the inconvenience of the former, though they, I mean my bones, lie

LETTER 1035.—Collated with original in British Museum.

[1] The Rockingham ministry took office on July 8.

in a heap over one another like the bits of ivory at the game of straws.

It is very melancholy, at the instant I was getting quit of politics, to be visited with the only thing that is still more plaguing. However, I believe the fit of politics going off makes me support the new-comer better. Neither of them indeed will leave me plumper, but if they will both leave me at peace, your Ladyship knows it is all I have ever desired.

The chiefs of the new ministry were to have kissed hands to-day; but Mr. Charles Townshend, who, besides not knowing either of his own minds, has his brother's minds to know too, could not determine last night. Both brothers are gone to the King to-day.

I was much concerned to hear so bad an account of your Ladyship's health. Other people would wish you a severe fit, which is a very cheap wish to them who do not feel it: I, who do, advise you to be content with it in detail.

Adieu! Madam; pray keep a little summer for me. I will give you a bushel of politics, when I come to Marble Hill, for a teacup of strawberries and cream.

Mr. Chetwynd, I suppose, is making the utmost advantage of my absence, frisking and cutting capers before Miss Hotham [2], and advising her not to throw herself away on a decrepit old man. Well, well, fifty years hence he may begin to be an old man too, and then I shall not pity him, though I own he is the best-humoured *lad* in the world now.

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[2] Lady Suffolk's great-niece.

1036. To George Montagu.

Arlington Street, July 11, 1765.

You are so good, I must write you a few lines; and you will excuse my not writing many, my posture is so uncomfortable, lying on a couch by the side of my bed, and writing on the bed. I have in this manner been what they call out of bed for two days, but I mend very slowly, and get no strength in my feet at all—however, I must have patience.

Thank you for your kind offer; but, my dear Sir, you can do me no good but what you always do me, in coming to see me. I should hope that would be before I go to France, whither I certainly go the beginning of September, if not sooner. The great and happy change—happy, I hope, for this country—is actually begun. The Duke of Bedford, George Grenville, and the two Secretaries are discarded. Lord Rockingham is First Lord of the Treasury, Dowdswell Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Duke of Grafton and Mr. Conway Secretaries of State. You need not wish me joy, for I know you do. There is a good deal more to come, and what is better, regulation of general warrants, and undoing of at least some of the mischiefs these wretches have been committing—some, indeed, is past recovery! I long to talk it all over with you; though it is hard that when I *may* write what I will, I am not able.

The poor Chute is relapsed again, and we are no comfort to one another but by messages. An offer of Ireland was sent to Lord Hertford last night *from his brother's*[1] *office.* Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

Letter 1036.—[1] Mr. Conway; see above.

1037. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, July 12, 1765.

If you knew with what difficulty and pain I write to you, you would allow, my dear Sir, that I have some zeal for your satisfaction. I have been extremely ill for these last sixteen days with the gout all over me, in head, stomach, and both feet; but as it never budged from the latter, it soon attracted all the venom from the upper parts. Oh, it is a venomous devil! I have lain upon a couch for two days, but I question whether I shall be so alert to-day, as I have had a great deal of pain in the night, and little sleep. Still, I must write to you, as it is both for your satisfaction and my own, and as this is the first moment that I have enjoyed *the liberty of the post* for these three years. We may say what we will; I may launch out, and even *you* need not be discreet, when our letters pass through *Mr. Conway's office.* He has already himself told you in form that he is your principal, and I repeat how glad of it I am for your sake, as well as for all others. I told him last night that I believed the Duke of York had obtained the promise of a red riband for you, and begged *that* promise at least of the late odious ministers might be fulfilled, and that none of our new aspirants might be thrust in before you. He readily, with most kind expressions towards you, promised me his interest.

Well! at last the four tyrants[1] are gone! undone by their own insolence, and unpitied. Their arrogance to the King, and proscriptions of everybody but their own crew, forced his Majesty to try anything rather than submit to such taskmasters. Mr. Pitt, who was ready and willing to have assumed the burthen, was disappointed by the

Letter 1037.—[1] Bedford, Sandwich, Halifax, and Grenville.

treachery of Lord Temple, who has reconciled and leagued himself with his brother George. In this distress, the Duke of Cumberland has persuaded the opposition to accept and form a ministry. Without Mr. Pitt, they were unwilling; but pressed and encouraged by Mr. Pitt, and fearing the crown should be reduced to worse shifts rather than again bend to the yoke, they have submitted, and everything promises fairer than could be expected. The Duke of Bedford, Grenville, and the two Secretaries are already dismissed, and their places filled by Lord Winchelsea, Lord Rockingham and Mr. Dowdeswell, as First Commissioners of the Admiralty, and Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Duke of Grafton and Mr. Conway. The list of *ins* and *outs* will be much more considerable by degrees, though not rapidly, nor executed with the merciless hand of late years, for the present system is composed of men as much more virtuous in that respect as in every other than their predecessors. Nobody has resigned yet but those immediately connected with the fallen, as Lord Gower, Lord Thomond[2], and Lord Weymouth, and who would not have been suffered to stay if they had desired it.

The crown of Ireland is offered to Lord Hertford. All this sets my family in an illustrious light enough: yet it does not dazzle me. My wishes and intentions are just the same as they were. Moderation, privacy, and quiet, sum up all my future views; and having seen my friends landed, my little cock-boat shall waft me to Strawberry, as soon as I am able to get into it. The gout, they tell me, is to ensure me a length of years and health, but as I fear I must now and then renew the patent at the original expense, I am not much flattered by so dear an annuity. You may judge of my sensations when I tell you I reckon the greatest

[2] Percy Windham O'Brien, Earl of Thomond, brother of Lord Egremont and of Mrs. George Grenville. *Walpole.*

miracle ever performed was that of bidding the cripple take up his bed and walk—I could as soon do the former as the latter.

Since I began to write, I hear that this morning have kissed hands, Lord Ashburnham for the Great Wardrobe, in room of Lord Despencer; Lord Besborough and Lord Grantham Postmasters, in the places of Lord Hyde and Lord Trevor; Lord Villiers[3] as Vice-Chamberlain, instead of old Will Finch, who I believe has a pension; and Lord Scarborough, who succeeds Lord Thomond in the Cofferer's office. You will say that all this is strongly tinctured with peerage—it is true, but the House of Commons will have its dole, though not yet, as folks do not like a re-election depending for six months.

The Duke of Bolton[4] the other morning—nobody knows why or wherefore, except that there is a good deal of madness in the blood—sat himself down upon the floor in his dressing-room, and shot himself through the head. What is more remarkable is, that it is the same house and same chamber in which Lord Scarborough[5] performed the same exploit. I do not believe that shooting one's self through the head is catching, or that any contagion lies in a wainscot that makes one pull a suicide-trigger, but very possibly the idea might revert and operate on the brain of a splenetic man. I am glad he had not a blue Garter but a red one, as the more plenty the sooner one gets to Florence.

This is a long epistle, in my condition. Pray, unseal and decipher your lips now; the Tower has no longer the least air of the Bastille: Halifax, Sandwich, and general warrants are sent to the devil, though I believe Sandwich

[3] Only son of the Earl of Jersey. *Walpole.*

[4] Charles Poulett, Duke of Bolton. *Walpole.*

[5] Richard Lumley, Earl of Scarborough, shot himself in 1741. *Walpole.*

will contrive to return like Belphegor, even though he should be obliged to marry his own wife[6] again, but he can never get rid of the smell of brimstone. Adieu!

1038. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, July 28, 1765.

The less one is disposed, if one has any sense, to talk of oneself to people that inquire only out of compliment, and do not listen to the answer, the more satisfaction one feels in indulging a self-complacency, by sighing to those that really sympathize with our griefs. Do not think it is pain that makes me give this low-spirited air to my letter. No, it is the prospect of what is to come, not the sensation of what is passing, that affects me. The loss of youth is melancholy enough; but to enter into old age through the gate of infirmity most disheartening. My health and spirits make me take but slight notice of the transition, and, under the persuasion of temperance being a talisman, I marched boldly on towards the descent of the hill, knowing I must fall at last, but not suspecting that I should stumble by the way. This confession explains the mortification I feel. A month's confinement to one who never kept his bed a day, is a stinging lesson, and has humbled my insolence to almost indifference. Judge, then, how little I interest myself about public events. I know nothing of them since I came hither, where I had not only the disappointment of not growing better, but a bad return in one of my feet, so that I am still wrapped up and upon a couch. It was the more unlucky as Lord Hertford is come to England for a very few days. He has offered to come to me; but as I then should see him only for some minutes, I propose being

[6] Lord Sandwich was parted from his wife, who was out of her senses. *Walpole.*

carried to town to-morrow. It will be so long before I can expect to be able to travel, that my French journey will certainly not take place so soon as I intended; and if Lord Hertford goes to Ireland, I shall still be more fluctuating; for though the Duke and Duchess of Richmond will replace them at Paris, and are as eager to have me with them, I have had so many more years heaped upon me within this month, that I have not the conscience to trouble young people, when I can no longer be as juvenile as they are. Indeed I shall think myself decrepit, till I again saunter into the garden in my slippers and without my hat in all weathers, a point I am determined to regain, if possible; for even this experience cannot make me resign my temperance and my hardiness. I am tired of the world, its politics, its pursuits, and its pleasures; but it will cost me some struggles before I submit to be tender and careful. Christ! can I ever stoop to the regimen of old age? I do not wish to dress up a withered person, nor drag it about to public places; but to sit in one's room, clothed warmly, expecting visits from folks I don't wish to see, and tended and flattered by relations impatient for one's death! let the gout do its worst as expeditiously as it can: it would be more welcome in my stomach than in my limbs. I am not made to bear a course of nonsense and advice; but must play the fool in my own way to the last, alone with all my heart, if I cannot be with the very few I wish to see: but, to depend for comfort on others, who would be no comfort to me; this surely is not a state to be preferred to death: and nobody can have truly enjoyed the advantages of youth, health, and spirits, who is content to exist without the two last, which alone bear any resemblance to the first.

You see how difficult it is to conquer my proud spirit: low and weak as I am, I think my resolution and per-

severance will get the better, and that I shall still be a gay shadow: at least, I will impose any severity upon myself, rather than humour the gout, and sink into that indulgence with which most people treat it. Bodily liberty is as dear to me as mental, and I would as soon flatter any other tyrant as the gout, my Whiggism extending as much to my health as to my principles, and being as willing to part with life, when I cannot preserve it, as your uncle Algernon when his freedom was at stake. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1039. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, July 30, 1765.

I DID not think of writing to you to-day, my dear Sir, both as I have very little to tell you, and as I am much fatigued with coming to town to-day from Strawberry Hill, where I have been these ten days, though with bad success, having had a severe return of my disorder, which I have as much superstitious aversion to name as the Romans had to pronounce the word Death. But let us talk of you, not me. Why, wherefore, or whence, the newspapers have taken it into their paper heads to recall you from Florence, I cannot tell. There never was a worse time for supposing so than when you are Mr. Conway's provincial. The instant I arrived and saw him, I named you first of all things. He stared, and had not even heard the report. However, I write, that an authentic contradiction may arrive at the same moment with the falsehood; and as I trust you have partiality enough to read my letter before the *Chronicle* (and indeed I have a title to such distinction, even as a senior gazette), the moment the paragraph perks up its ears, you may give it the lie, and I wish you could give

it to the person that invented it. Whoever he is, he will not soon be resident at Florence.

The changes go on leisurely, as I told you they would; and you must only believe in those who you see by the *Gazette* have kissed hands. The rest are like the removal of Sir Horace Mann; reported by the ambitious themselves, coined by the enemy, or invented to amuse a public impatient of daily novelty. The new opposition is as abusive as it was clamorous, rather rigorous against abuse; and having stabbed the liberty of the press in a thousand places, they now write libels upon every rag of its old clothes.

Lord Hertford's arrival brought me to town, though so little fit to be moved. He came for only a few days, to make his option between Ireland and Paris. He takes the former, not very gladly, but to accommodate his brother and his nephew Grafton. This is a great blow to my long-meditated French journey. At present I am not able to undertake it, nor shall be probably for some time; yet go I think I must. Travelling is the best medicine to my shattered frame, and will be still more sovereign to my mind, that has been harassed and worn out with politics, and for which the successful event is by no means an adequate remedy. I built no castle in that prospect, nor like the soil a jot better than the view. My heart is set on retreat, and the decency of retiring so early charms me. I feel the sort of pleasure that I suppose Christian heroes (whose satisfaction in truth I do not quite comprehend) did formerly in abstaining from their virgin brides and embracing the life of hermits. Stay, I am not going to turn anchoret. Perhaps my recess from politics is more like a divorce; it is to get rid of that scold the House of Commons.

Short as this letter is, consider it written by an invalid,

and that I have even pain in my wrist while I am writing. I am carried to bed by two servants, and have not attempted to revive my walking these six days. Adieu!

P.S. Here is Mr. Chute, who does not neglect what you so much wish. He had a conference last week with your brother Ned, and they have sent another letter to Thistlethwaite. In short, nothing will be omitted that can be done or thought of.

1040. To Miss Anne Pitt.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 9, 1765.

Though nobody can be more desirous of pleasing my Lady Bute than I am, because nobody has more regard and esteem for her, yet I must not, for the satisfaction of receiving her thanks, relinquish my chief merit, which was my zeal to obey your orders, Madam. But I will be as happy as you please, that my success has gratified so many persons for whom I have great honour and friendship. There are few points on which I can pretend to any interest; fewer on which I care to try it, and perhaps fewer still on which I desire any. The solicitation for Mr. Erskine was so reasonable, that I believe I shall rest my credit there. I am, however, Madam, as sensible to Lady Bute's kind acceptance of my service as if I deserved it better, and beg you to thank her warmly for the honour she does me. Lord Hertford shall certainly see the letter and then I will return it to you.

I mend very slowly, because my chief complaint now being weakness, it is not easy for me to recover what I had so little of before, strength. The quiet I enjoy here,

Letter 1040. — Not in C.; now printed from *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th Report, Appendix, Part III, vol. i. p. 146.

is not only the best, but my sole medicine. The relief I feel seems to come more from a cessation of politics than of the gout; and I believe if anybody could force me to take a place of business, I should immediately think that I felt a pain in my foot or my stomach; for while I live, I shall never be able to decompound the ideas of the two disorders, from which I underwent so much three weeks or a month ago. If you laugh at me, pray let it be here; I expect no soul on Sunday, and my gate shall be shut to chance customers. When one remembers an illness, one recollects too what did one good, and I can never forget, Madam, the charity and goodness you have had for me during my confinement. It has all the merit of good works, being bestowed on the most insignificant man alive, who has no desert but that of being yours.

1041. To Sir Horace Mann.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 12, 1765.

Mr. Conway, who came to dine with me here to-day with the Duke of Richmond, brought me your letter of the 27th of last month. I was a little disappointed to find you had not then received my history of the total change of administration in this country; much more vexed to hear that you have been suffering with the gout like me. I am, all the world will tell you, very ill-founded to preach on that text; but if I read lectures on chastity, and keep a whore, yet I am not a Methodist, and may therefore with propriety say, 'For God's sake don't act like a madman.' Dip your feet in cold water to prevent the gout! no, I never was quite so distracted. If it would prevent it, *à la bonne heure*; but all it can possibly do is to send it into your head or stomach, and you out of the world. The only thing I know of the gout is, that it is the only distemper

in the world that insists upon curing itself. It is a monster and a mystery, and though I have felt so much of it lately, I have not even a guess at its nature left. I have fancied it wind or a conformation of the blood, or the Lord knows what;—in short, from minding not a word of what anybody said about it, I am now grown not to mind even my own opinion. I have tried hot medicines and cold, warmth and air, humouring it, and contradicting it; water, ice, wine, brandy, fruit; and have thought by turns that all of them did me good and did me hurt. I have had half a dozen returns, and sometimes been sick with Morello cherries, and sometimes with venison pasty. It is within two days of seven weeks that I have had this fit; it is but two days that I have been without pain, put on shoes, and crawled about the house; and at the end of all this torment, contrary to the doctrine of sages and nurses, I find my spirits and my stomach worse than they were a month ago; I don't mean my appetite, but the pain in my stomach, which by rule ought not to be there, my feet never having been free, and by another equally foolish rule, that the gout cures everything else; in short, I am very peevish, a mere shadow, and as old as a relic; still I don't dip my feet in cold water!

I immediately gave your letter to read to our Secretary of State. He says that Colonel Draper has the first promise of a red riband, and I remember well that Lord Clive's was torn from him. If I could not gainsay that, I lost all temper when he told me that Mitchel[1] was upon the ranks for another. I said that would be more cruel to you than any other competitor, Mitchel being in the same walk. In short, I made Mr. Conway vow his interest to you, and what little I have shall indubitably be employed for you. The impious shall come back again if this ministry does not serve you.

LETTER 1041.—[1] Resident at Berlin. *Walpole.*

The impious will come back again, if assiduity and effrontery can effect it. Sandwich writes *North Britons*, that is, abusive libels, every day, and those gamblers call these ministers gamesters; but as the latter have not above a heel that is vulnerable, the former will hardly murder them by flinging mud. Yet pray don't think that I reckon their power immortal. *Tant s'en faut.* Norton is dismissed, and Mr. Yorke, as if he had any species of virginity left, has been hesitating above a fortnight, but has at last yielded to be Attorney-General again. Lord Hertford goes to Ireland, and the Duke of Richmond to Paris. These, I think, are all the last material changes. The Duke of Newcastle is busy in restoring clerks and tide-waiters, in offering everybody everything, and in patronizing the clergy again; not being yet cured by their behaviour[2], of loving to make bishops.

I have had a letter from Mr. Churchill who has been at Nancy: could you believe that Princess Craon, who, by the way, went to Frankfort and Prague to see the election and coronation of the King of the Romans[3], is stepped to Vienna to put the Emperor in mind of her nephew, whom she wishes to have promoted in the army! Mr. Chute and I have been computing her age, and find her to be complete ninety, for Prince Craon, in the year 1746, owned that she was then seventy-one. 'Tis surely very wholesome to be a sovereign's mistress[4]! My neighbour and friend, Lady Suffolk[5], is little short of fourscore, and except her hearing, which she lost early in her reign,

[2] The Duke of Newcastle had made nearly the whole bench of Bishops; yet, when he resigned the Treasury, there was but one of them that waited on him. *Walpole.*

[3] The Archduke Joseph, eldest son of Francis I and Maria Theresa; succeeded his father in 1765 as Emperor, and his mother in 1780 as King of Hungary; d. 1790.

[4] The Princess of Craon had been mistress to Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, father of the Emperor Francis. *Walpole.*

[5] Henrietta Hobart, Countess of Suffolk, mistress of George II. *Walpole.*

has all her senses as perfect as ever; is clean, genteel, upright; and has her eyes, teeth, and memory, in wonderful conservation, especially the last, which, unlike the aged, is as minutely retentive of what happened two years ago, as of the events of her youth.

We believe past all doubt that the Pretender's eldest son is turned Protestant[6], in earnest so; and in truth I think he could have no other reason now. What is more wonderful, and yet believed, is, that he came over and abjured in St. Martin's Church in London. Though he risked so much, what clergyman could suspect it was he? I asked if Johnson[7], Bishop of Worcester, gave him absolution? He declares he will never marry, and his reason does him honour; that he may not leave England embroiled. What a strange conclusion of the House of Stuart, to end in a Protestant and a Cardinal! I am told that the latter, when the Duke of York was at Rome, said: 'To be sure, the real King of England's situation was preferable to his brother's, but that he could not help thinking himself upon a better foot than the Duke of York.' I heard a still better *bon mot* yesterday apropos to the eldest brother. The Dowager Duchess of Aiguillon wore his picture in a bracelet, with Jesus Christ for the reverse. People could not find a reason for the connection. Madame de Rochfort[8] said, 'Why, the same motto will suit both, "Mon royaume n'est pas de ce monde."' I pity the old phantom, if they have told him of his son's apostasy!

The Roman Church totters everywhere. The Benedictines at Paris have petitioned the Parliament for leave to lay

[6] Charles Edward visited London, and declared himself a Protestant, in 1750.

[7] Johnson, Bishop of Worcester, had been a Jacobite. *Walpole.*

[8] Perhaps Marie Elisabeth, daughter of Daniel Marie Anne de Talleyrand, and wife of the Comte de Rochefort. She afterwards married the Duc de Nivernais.

aside their habit and rules, finding themselves ridiculous. The Cordeliers are ready to imitate them, but there is a little hitch; the Parliament asked shrewdly, what they proposed to do with their revenues, and I don't hear that they find *them* ridiculous; but the Parliament are not men to be stopped after they are invited. Monkery suppressed at its own desire! what miracle next?

I did not know your Duke of Parma[9], so I am only more sorry than I generally am for princes, as you tell me he was one of the best of the breed.

You received, I hope in time, my letter to contradict your recall. You must not believe a syllable you see in our papers. Their lies and blunders exceed of late even their usual ignorance. They have just bestowed a blue riband on Lord Hertford, who has had it so many years in the face of all London. Every red book, every list of Parliament, could have set them right: yet every paper has copied it. If such a tale appeared in a country gazette, one should not wonder—but to be printed in the capital!

I shall be impatient to hear that your gout is going like mine; and then I shall be impatient to make you a Knight of the Bath. At least you have a good solicitor, though I cannot whip to Vienna against a promotion, as if I were but ninety. Adieu!

1042. To George Montagu.

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 23, 1765.

As I know that when you love people, you love them, I feel for the concern that the death of Lady Bab Montagu[1] will give you. Though you have long lived out of the way of seeing her, you are not a man to forget by absence, or

[9] Philip of Bourbon, son of Philip V of Spain.

Letter 1042. —[1] An unmarried daughter of first Earl of Halifax.

all your friends would have still more reason to complain of your retirement. Your solitude prevents your filling up the places of those that are gone. In the world, new acquaintances slide into our habits, but you keep so strict a separation between your old friends and new faces, that the loss of any of the former must be more sensible to you than to most people. I heartily condole with you; and yet I must make you smile. The second Miss Jefferies was to go to a ball yesterday at Hampton Court with Lady Sophia Thomas's daughters. The news came, and your aunt Cosby said the girl must not go to it. The poor child then cried in earnest. Lady Sophia went to intercede for her, and found her grandmother at backgammon, who would hear no entreaties. Lady Sophia represented that Miss Jefferies was but a second cousin, and could not have been acquainted—'Oh, Madam, if there is no tenderness left in the world—*cinq ace*—Sir, you are to throw.'

We have a strange story come from London. Lord Fortescue was dead suddenly; there was a great mob about his house in Grosvenor Square, and a buzz that my Lady[2] had thrown up the sash and cried murder, and that he then shot himself. How true all this I don't know; at least it is not so false as if it was in the newspapers. However, these sultry summers do not suit English heads: this last month puts even the month of November's nose out of joint for self-murders. If it was not for the Queen the peerage would be extinct: she has given us another Duke[3].

My two months are up, and yet I recover my feet very slowly. I have crawled once round my garden, but it sent me to my couch for the rest of the day. This duration of

[2] Anne (d. 1812), daughter of John Campbell, of Cawdor; m. (1752) Matthew Fortescue, second Baron Fortescue. The report of his suicide was without foundation, but according to Lady Sarah Lennox (*Life*, vol. i. p. 182) he was 'stark staring mad,' and had attempted to kill his wife and children.

[3] Prince William Henry, afterwards Duke of Clarence and King as William IV.

weakness makes me very impatient, as I wish much to be at Paris before the fine season is quite gone. This will probably be the last time I shall travel *to finish my education*, and I should be glad to look once more at their gardens and villas: nay, churches and palaces are but uncomfortable sights in cold weather, and I have much more curiosity for their habitations than their company. They have scarce a man or a woman of note that one wants to see; and, for their authors, their style is grown so dull in imitation of us, they are *si philosophes, si géomètres, si moraux*, that I certainly should not cross the sea in search of *ennui*, that I can have in such perfection at home. However, the change of scene is my chief inducement, and to get out of politics. There is no going through another course of patriotism in your cousin Sandwich and George Grenville! I think of setting out by the middle of September; have I any chance of seeing you here before that? Won't you come and commission me to offer up your devotions at Notre-Dame de Livry? or 'chez nos filles de Sainte-Marie[4]?' If I don't make haste, the reformation in France will demolish half that I want to see. I tremble for the Val de Grâce[5] and St. Cyr. The devil take Luther for putting it into the heads of his methodists to pull down churches! I believe in twenty years there will not be a convent left in Europe but this at Strawberry. I wished for you to-day; Mr. Chute and Cowslade dined here; the day was divine; the sun gleamed down into the chapel in all the glory of popery; the gallery was all radiance; we drank our coffee on the bench under the great ash; the verdure was delicious; our tea in the Holbein room,

[4] The Abbey of Livry, dedicated to the Virgin, in the forest of Bondy, and the Convent of the 'Filles de la Visitation de Ste-Marie,' in the Faubourg St. Jacques, were favourite retreats of Madame de Sévigné.

[5] A Benedictine monastery originally founded in the valley of the Bièvre (Seine-et-Oise), and transferred to Paris in 1621.

by which a thousand chaises and barges passed; and I showed them my new cottage and garden over the way, which they had never seen, and with which they were enchanted. It is so retired, so modest, and yet so cheerful and trim, that I expect you to fall in love with it. I intend to bring it a handful of *treillage* and *agréments* from Paris, for being 'cross the road, and quite detached, it is to have nothing Gothic about it, nor pretend to call cousins with the mansion-house.

I know no more of the big world at London, than if I had not a relation in the ministry. To be free from pain and politics is such a relief to me, that I enjoy my little comforts and amusements here beyond expression. No mortal ever entered the gate of ambition with such transport as I took leave of them all at the threshold! Oh, if my Lord Temple knew what pleasures he could create for himself at Stowe, he would not harass a shattered carcass, and sigh to be insolent at St. James's! For my part, I say with the Bastard in *King John*, though with a little more reverence, and only as touching his ambition,

> Oh, old Sir Robert, father, on my knee,
> I give Heaven thanks I was not like to thee.

Adieu!

Yours most cordially,

Hor. Walpole.

1043. To Sir Horace Mann.

Arlington Street, Aug. 27, 1765.

I came to town last night, intending to lay your case more correctly before *our Secretary of State*[1], but he did not arrive from the country himself till ten at night, and then found himself, by an absence of three days, so besieged

Letter 1043.—[1] General Conway. *Walpole.*

with dispatches, which he sat reading during the whole supper and afterwards, that I could not slip in a paragraph. However, this morning reading that Sir Charles Howard was dead, I immediately wrote a note to Mr. Conway to advertise him of another riband vacant, and to put in a *caveat* (as he is going to dine at Claremont) against the Duke of Newcastle promising it to some head of a college at Cambridge; and to-night I shall fully unfold your pretensions; but as the post will be gone before Mr. Conway comes home, I write this to show you how good a solicitor you have. I am in the more hurry to decorate you, as I am going directly to Paris; yea, I set out on the 9th of next month: after that date, direct to me thither, addressed to Mr. Foley, my banker.

Well! after twenty-three years of designs and irresolutions, I am actually leaving England! You will ask kindly whether almost every foreign thought in those years did not point beyond Paris? Oh, yes,—but, alas! think how ill I have been; not to mention that I am older too, by twenty-three years. That space has made Alps and Apennines grow twenty times taller and more wrinkled and horrid! Oh, but you will say, you may come by sea—worse and worse—a sea voyage after the gout in one's head and stomach! I will tell you what; there is a man who has just invented what he calls *a marine belt*; you buckle it on, and walk upon the sea as you would upon a grass-plot. I never was an excellent walker, and my feet at present are piteously tender,—but I think a wave cannot hurt one,—perhaps I may step to you from Marseilles to Leghorn. This discovery, to be sure, has given an ugly shock to one of our best miracles—but I give it up with Christian patience, being convinced that the art of flying will be next reduced to practice;—oh, I shall certainly make you a visit on the first pair of wings that are to be

sold. However, I had rather have made it before your new Austrian court arrives: I have a mortal aversion to any detachment from Vienna.

There is nothing new here, except that the whole town is in an uncertainty whether my Lord —— is dead or alive, whether he has had a fit or a bullet; and yet he is but yonder in Grosvenor Square. The neighbourhood say my Lady called murder out of the window, and that immediately after, a pistol went off; the family now say that nothing at all happened, but a fit,—and yet he does not appear[2]. Thomas Graham, the apothecary, used on every occasion when you complained of any disorder, to reply with much solemnity, 'Humph! it is very extraordinary, and yet it is very common.' This curious phrase never happened to have common sense in it but on the subject of self-murder, *which is very extraordinary and yet very common.*

Adieu! Perhaps I shall write to you again before Monday se'nnight—certainly, if I can have a star to send in my letter. The next after that will be from Paris.

1044. To George Montagu.

Saturday, Aug. 31, 1765, Strawberry Hill.

I thought it would happen so, that I should not see you before I left England! Indeed, I may as well give you quite up, for every year reduces our intercourse. I am prepared, because I know it must happen, if I live, to see my friends drop off—but my mind was not turned to see them entirely separated from me while they live. This is very uncomfortable—but so are many things!—well! I will go and try to forget you all—all! God knows *the all* that I have left to forget is small enough: but the warm heart, that gave me affections, is not so easily laid aside. If I could divest myself of that, I should not, I think, find

[2] See p. 278.

much of friendship remaining. You, against whom I have no complaint, but that you satisfy yourself with loving me without any desire of seeing me, are one of the very last that I wish to preserve—but I will say no more on a subject that my heart is too full of.

I shall set out on Monday se'nnight, and force myself to believe that I am glad to go—and yet this will be my chief joy, for I promise myself little pleasure in arriving. Can you think me boy enough to be fond of a new world at my time of life? If I did not hate the world I know, I should not seek another. My greatest amusement will be in reviving old ideas. The memory of what made impressions on one's youth is ten times dearer than any new pleasure can be. I shall probably write to you often, for I am not disposed to communicate myself to anything that I have not known these thirty years. My mind is such a compound from the vast variety that I have seen, acted, pursued, that it would cost me too much pains to be intelligible to young persons, if I had a mind to open myself to them. They certainly do not desire I should. You like my gossipping *to* you, though you seldom gossip *with* me. The trifles that amuse my mind are the only points I value now. I have seen the vanity of everything serious, and the falsehood of everything that pretended to be serious. I go to see French plays and buy French china, not to know their ministers, to look into their government, or think of the interests of nations—in short, unlike most people that are growing old, I am convinced that nothing is charming but what appeared important in one's youth, which afterwards passes for follies. Oh, but those follies are sincere—if the pursuits of age are so, they are sincere alone to self-interest. Thus I think, and have no other care but not to think aloud. I would not have respectable youth think me an old fool. For the old knaves, they may suppose me one

of their number if they please; I shall not be so—but neither the one nor the other shall know what I am. I have done with them all, shall amuse myself as well as I can, and think as little as I can; a pretty hard task for an active mind!

Direct your letters to Arlington Street, whence Favre will take care to convey them to me. I leave him to manage all my affairs, and take no soul but Louis. I am glad I don't know your Mrs. Ann; her partiality would make me love her, and it is entirely incompatible with my present system to leave even a postern-door open to any feeling, which would steal in if I did not double-bolt every avenue.

If you send me any parcel to Arlington Street before Monday se'nnight I will take great care of it. Many English books I conclude are to be bought at Paris—I am sure Richardson's works are, for they have stupefied the whole French nation: I will not answer for our best authors. You may send me your list, and, if I do not find them, I can send you word, and you may convey them to me by Favre's means, who will know of messengers, &c., coming to Paris.

I have fixed no precise time for my absence. My wish is to like it enough to stay till February, which may happen, if I can support the first launching into new society. I know four or five very agreeable and sensible people there, as the Guerchys, Madame de Mirepoix, Madame de Boufflers, and Lady Mary Chabot. These intimately, besides the Duc de Nivernois, and several others that have been here. Then the Richmonds will follow me in a fortnight or three weeks, and their house will be a sort of home. I actually go into it at first, till I can suit myself with an apartment; but I shall take care to quit it before they come, for though they are in a manner my children, I do not intend to adopt the rest of my countrymen, nor,

when I quit the best company here, to live in the worst there; such are young travelling boys, and, what is still worse, old travelling boys, governors.

Adieu! remember you have defrauded me of this summer; I will be amply repaid the next; so make your arrangements accordingly. Yours ever,

H. W.

1045. To the Earl of Strafford.

My dear Lord, Arlington Street, Sept. 3, 1765.

I cannot quit a country where I leave anything that I honour so much as your Lordship and Lady Strafford, without taking a sort of leave of you. I shall set out for Paris on Monday next the 9th, and shall be happy if I can execute any commission for you there.

A journey to Paris sounds youthful and healthy. I have certainly mended much this last week, though with no pretensions to a recovery of youth. Half the view of my journey is to re-establish my health—the other half to wash my hands of politics, which I have long determined to do whenever a change should happen. I would not abandon my friends while they were martyrs; but, now they have gained their crown of glory, they are well able to shift for themselves; and it was no part of my compact to go to that heaven, St. James's, with them. Unless I dislike Paris very much, I shall stay some time; but I make no declarations, lest I should be soon tired of it, and come back again. At first, I must like it, for Lady Mary Coke will be there, as if by assignation. The Countesses of Carlisle and Berkeley, too, I hear, will set up their staves there for some time; but as my heart is faithful to Lady Mary, they would not charm me if they were forty times more disposed to it.

The Emperor[1] is dead—but so are all the Maximilians

Letter 1045.—[1] Francis I of Austria.

and Leopolds his predecessors, and with no more influence on the present state of things. The Empress Dowager Queen will still be master—unless she marries an Irishman, as I wish with all my soul she may.

The Duke[2] and Duchess of Richmond will follow me in about a fortnight: Lord and Lady George Lennox go with them; and Sir Charles Bunbury and Lady Sarah are to be at Paris, too, for some time: so the English court there will be very juvenile and blooming. This set is rather younger than the dowagers with whom I pass so much of my summers and autumns; but this is to be my last sally into the world; and when I return, I intend to be as sober as my cat, and purr quietly in my own chimney corner.

Adieu, my dear Lord! May every happiness attend you both, and may I pass some agreeable days next summer with you at Wentworth Castle!

Your most devoted and faithful servant,

Hor. Walpole.

1046. To Lady Hervey.

Arlington Street, Sept. 3, 1765.

The trouble your Ladyship has given yourself so immediately, makes me, as I always am, ashamed of putting you to any. There is no persuading you to oblige moderately. Do you know, Madam, that I shall tremble to deliver the letters you have been so good as to send me? If you have said half so much of me, as you are so partial as to think of me, I shall be undone. Limited as I know myself, and hampered in bad French, how shall I keep up to any character at all? Madame d'Aiguillon and Madame Geoffrin[1]

[2] Appointed embassador to Paris. *Walpole.*

Letter 1046. —[1] Marie Thérèse Geoffrin, *née* Rodet (1699–1777), widow of a rich manufacturer. She presided over a *salon* for many years.

will never believe that I am the true messenger, but will conclude that I have picked Mr. Walpole's portmanteau's pocket. I wish only to present myself to them as one devoted to your Ladyship; that character I am sure I can support in any language, and it is the one to which they would pay the most regard.—Well! I don't care, Madam—it is your reputation that is at stake more than mine: and, if they find me a simpleton that don't know how to express myself, it will all fall upon you at last. If your Ladyship will risk that, I will, if you please, thank you for a letter to Madame d'Egmont, too: I long to know your friends, though at the hazard of their knowing yours. Would I were a *jolly* old man, to match, at least, in that respect, your *jolly* old woman[2]!—But, alas! I am nothing but a poor worn-out rag, and fear, when I come to Paris, that I shall be forced to pretend that I have had the gout in my understanding. My spirits, such as they are, will not bear translating; and I don't know whether I shall not find it the wisest part I can take to fling myself into geometry, or commerce, or agriculture, which the French now esteem, don't understand, and think we do. They took George Selwyn for a poet, and a judge of planting and dancing: why may I not pass for a learned man and a philosopher? If the worst comes to the worst, I will admire *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison*; and declare I have not a friend in the world that is not like my Lord Edward Bomston[3], though I never knew a character like it in my days, and hope I never shall; nor do I think Rousseau need to have gone so far out of his way to paint a disagreeable Englishman.

If you think, Madam, this sally is not very favourable to the country I am going to, recollect, that all I object to them

[2] The Duchesse d'Aiguillon. *Walpole.*

[3] A character in the *Nouvelle Héloïse.*

is their quitting their own agreeable style, to take up the worst of ours. Heaven knows, we are unpleasing enough! but, in the first place, they don't understand us; and, in the next, if they did, so much the worse for them. What have they gained by leaving Molière, Boileau, Corneille, Racine, La Rochefoucault, Crébillon, Marivaux, Voltaire, &c.? No nation can be another nation. We have been clumsily copying them for these hundred years, and are not we grown wonderfully like them? Come, Madam, you like what I like of them; I am going thither, and you have no aversion to going thither—but own the truth; had not we both rather go thither fourscore years ago? Had you rather be acquainted with the charming Madame Scarron, or the canting Madame de Maintenon? with Louis XIV when the Montespan governed him, or when Père le Tellier? I am very glad when folks go to heaven, though it is after another body's fashion; but I wish to converse with them when they are themselves. I abominate a conqueror; but I do not think he makes the world much compensation, by cutting the throats of his Protestant subjects to atone for the massacres caused by his ambition.

The result of all this dissertation, Madam—for I don't know how to call it a letter—is, that I shall look for Paris in the midst of Paris, and shall think more of the French that have been than the French that are, except of a few of your friends and mine. Those I know, I admire and honour, and I am sure I will trust to your Ladyship's taste for the others; and if they had no other merit, I can but like those that will talk to me of you. They will find more sentiment in me on that chapter, than they can miss parts; and I flatter myself that the one will atone for the other.

I am, Madam, your Ladyship's

Most obliged and most obedient humble servant,

Hor. Walpole.

1047. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Strawberry Hill, Sept. 5, 1765.

You cannot think how agreeable your letter was to me, and how luckily it was timed. I thought you in Cheshire, and did not know how to direct; I now sit down to answer it instantly.

I have been extremely ill indeed with the gout all over, in head, stomach, both feet, both wrists, and both shoulders. I kept my bed a fortnight in the most sultry part of this summer, and for nine weeks could not say I was recovered. Though I am still weak and very soon tired with the least walk, I am in other respects quite well. However, to promote my entire re-establishment, I shall set out for Paris next Monday. Thus your letter came luckily. To hear you talk of going thither, too, made it most agreeable. Why should you not advance your journey? Why defer it till the winter is coming on? It would make me quite happy to visit churches and convents with you; but they are not comfortable in cold weather. Do, I beseech you, follow me as soon as possible. The thought of your being there at the same time makes me much more pleased with my journey; you will not, I hope, like it the less; and, if our meeting there should tempt you to stay longer, it will make me still more happy.

If, in the meantime, I can be of any use to you, I shall be glad, either in taking a lodging for you, or anything else. Let me know, and direct to me in Arlington Street, whence my servant will convey it to me. Tell me above all things that you will set out sooner.

If I have any money left when I return, and can find a place for it, I shall be very glad to purchase the ebony cabinet you mention, and will make it a visit with you next

summer if you please—but first let us go to Paris. I don't give up my passion for ebony; but, since the destruction of the Jesuits[1], I hear one can pick up so many of their spoils, that I am impatient for the opportunity.

I must finish, as I have so much business before I set out; but I must repeat, how lucky the arrival of your letter was, how glad I was to hear of your intended journey, and how much I wish it may take place directly. I will only add that the court goes to Fontainbleau the last week in September, or first in October, and therefore it is the season in the world for seeing *all* Versailles quietly, and at one's ease. Adieu! dear Sir.

Yours most cordially,
HOR. WALPOLE.

1048. To GROSVENOR BEDFORD.

DEAR SIR, Strawberry Hill, Sept. 5, 1765.

I shall set out for Paris next Monday, but I could not go without taking a kind leave of you I would not tell you the day sooner, because I would not disturb you if you are in the country, or lame; and because, though I shall be in London for two days, I have so much to do, that you would hardly find me at home.

I have recovered very much in this last fortnight; and except when I get up, or attempt to take a walk, which very soon tires me, am now free from everything but weakness. Change of air and easy motion will, I don't doubt, soon quite restore me.

If you have any business with me, send a letter at any time to Arlington Street, and Favre, whom I leave behind, will convey it to me.

LETTER 1047.—[1] The Jesuits in France were suppressed by an edict of November 1764.

Adieu! dear Sir. I most heartily wish you health and happiness; and am ever yours,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1049. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

BIAU COUSIN, Amiens, Wednesday, Sept. 11, 1765.

I have had a very prosperous journey till just at entering this city. I escaped a Prince of Nassau at Dover, and sickness at sea, though the voyage lasted seven hours and a half. I have recovered my strength surprisingly in the time; though almost famished for want of clean victuals and comfortable tea and bread and butter. Half a mile from hence I met a coach and four with an equipage of French, and a lady in pea-green and silver, a smart hat and feather, and two *suivantes*. My reason told me it was the Archbishop's concubine; but luckily my heart whispered that it was Lady Mary Coke. I jumped out of my chaise—yes, jumped, as Mrs. Nugent said of herself, fell on my knees, and said my first *Ave Maria, gratiâ plena*. We just shot a few politics flying—heard that Madame de Mirepoix had toasted me t'other day in tea—shook hands, forgot to weep, and parted; she to the Hereditary Princess, I to this inn, where is actually resident the Duchess of Douglas[1]. We are not likely to have an intercourse, or I would declare myself a Hamilton[2].

I find this country wonderfully enriched since I saw it four-and-twenty years ago. Boulogne is grown quite a plump snug town, with a number of new houses. The worst villages are tight, and wooden shoes have disappeared. Mr. Pitt and the City of London may fancy what they will,

LETTER 1049.—[1] Margaret (d. 1774), daughter of James Douglas, of Mains; m. (1758) Archibald Douglas, first Duke of Douglas.

[2] The memorable cause between the houses of Douglas and Hamilton was then pending. *Walpole.*

but France will not come a-begging to the Mansion House this year or two. In truth, I impute this air of opulence a little to ourselves. The crumbs that fall from the chaises of the swarms of English that visit Paris must have contributed to fatten this province. It is plain I must have little to do when I turn my hand to calculating: but here is my observation. From Boulogne to Paris it will cost me near ten guineas; but then consider, I travel alone, and carry Louis most part of the way in the chaise with me. *Nous autres milords anglois* are not often so frugal. Your brother[3], last year, had ninety-nine English to dinner on the King's birthday. How many of them do you think dropped so little as ten guineas on this road? In short, there are the seeds of a calculation for you; and if you will water them with a torrent of words, they will produce such a dissertation, that you will be able to vie with George Grenville next session in plans of national economy—only be sure not to tax travelling till I come back, loaded with purchases; nor, till then, propagate my ideas. It will be time enough for me to be thrifty of the nation's money, when I have spent all my own.

Clermont, 12th.

While they are getting my dinner, I continue my journal. The Duchess of Douglas (for English are generally the most extraordinary persons that we meet with even out of England) left Amiens before me on her way home. You will not guess what she carries with her—oh! nothing that will hurt our manufactures; nor what George Grenville himself would seize. One of her servants died at Paris; she had him embalmed, and the body is tied before her chaise:—a droll way of being chief mourner.

For a French absurdity, I have observed that along the great roads they plant walnut-trees, but strip them up for

[3] Francis, Earl of Hertford, then Embassador at Paris. *Walpole.*

firing. It is like the owl that bit off the feet of mice, that they might lie still and fatten.

At the foot of this hill is an old-fashioned château belonging to the Duke of Fitz-James [4], with a *parc en quincunx* and clipped hedges. We saw him walking in his waistcoat and riband, very well powdered; a figure like Guerchy. I cannot say his seat rivals Goodwood or Euston [5]. I shall lie at Chantilly to-night, for I did not set out till ten this morning —not because I could not, as you will suspect, get up sooner—but because all the horses in the country have attended the Queen to Nancy [6]. Besides, I have a little underplot of seeing Chantilly and St. Denis in my way; which you know one could not do in the dark to-night, nor in winter, if I return then.

Hôtel de feue Madame l'Ambassadrice d'Angleterre [7],
Sept. 13, seven o'clock.

I am just arrived. My Lady Hertford is not at home, and Lady Anne [8] will not come out of her burrow: so I have just time to finish this before Madam returns; and Brian sets out to-night and will carry it. I find I shall have a great deal to say: formerly I observed nothing, and now remark everything minutely. I have already fallen in love with twenty things, and in hate with forty. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

[4] Charles (1712–1787), Duc de Fitzjames.

[5] The owners of these two seats were related to the Duc de Fitzjames.

[6] Stanislaus, King of Poland, father to the Queen of Louis XV, lived at Nancy. *Walpole.*

[7] Lord Hertford was at this time recalled, and the Duke of Richmond appointed to succeed him in the embassy at Paris. *Walpole.*

[8] Lady Anne Seymour Conway, afterwards married to the Earl of Drogheda. *Walpole.*

1050. To Lady Hervey.

Paris, Sept. 14, 1765.

I am but two days old here, Madam, and I doubt I wish I was really so, and had my life to begin, to live it here. You see how just I am, and ready to make *amende honorable* to your Ladyship. Yet I have seen very little. My Lady Hertford has cut me to pieces, and thrown me into a caldron with tailors, periwig-makers, snuff-box-wrights, milliners, &c., which really took up but little time; and I am come out quite new, with everything but youth. The journey recovered me with magic expedition. My strength, if mine could ever be called strength, is returned; and the gout going off in a minuet step. I will say nothing of my spirits, which are indecently juvenile, and not less improper for my age than for the country where I am; which, if you will give me leave to say it, has a thought too much gravity. I don't venture to laugh or talk nonsense, but in English.

Madame Geoffrin came to town but last night, and is not visible on Sundays; but I hope to deliver your Ladyship's letter and packet to-morrow. Mesdames d'Aiguillon, d'Egmont, and Chabot, and the Duc de Nivernois are all in the country. Madame de Boufflers is at l'Isle Adam, whither my Lady Hertford is gone to-night to sup, for the first time, being no longer chained down to the incivility of an ambassadress. She returns after supper; an irregularity that frightens me, who have not yet got rid of all my barbarisms. There is one, alas! I never shall get over—the dirt of this country: it is melancholy, after the purity of Strawberry! The narrowness of the streets, trees clipped to resemble brooms, and planted on pedestals of chalk, and a few other points, do not edify me. The French Opera, which I have heard to-night, disgusted me as much as ever;

and the more for being followed by the *Devin de Village*[1], which shows that they can sing without cracking the drum of one's ear. The scenes and dances are delightful: the Italian comedy charming. Then I am in love with *treillage* and fountains, and will prove it at Strawberry. Chantilly is so exactly what it was when I saw it above twenty years ago, that I recollected the very position of Monsieur le Duc's chair and the gallery. The latter gave me the first idea of mine; but, presumption apart, mine is a thousand times prettier. I gave my Lord Herbert's compliments to the statue of his friend the Constable[2]; and, waiting some time for the *concierge*, I called out 'Où est Vatel[3]?'

In short, Madam, being as tired as one can be of one's own country,—I don't say whether that is much or little,—I find myself wonderfully disposed to like this. Indeed I wish I could wash it. Madame de Guerchy is all goodness to me; but that is not new. I have already been prevented by great civilities from Madame de Bentheim and my old friend Madame de Mirepoix; but am not likely to see the latter much, who is grown a most particular favourite of the King, and seldom from him. The Dauphin is ill, and thought in a very bad way. I hope he will live, lest the theatres should be shut up. Your Ladyship knows I never trouble my head about royalties, farther than it affects my own interest. In truth, the way that princes affect my interest is not the common way.

I have not yet tapped the chapter of baubles, being desirous of making my revenues maintain me here as long as possible. It will be time enough to return to my Parliament when I want money.

Mr. Hume, that is *the Mode*, asked much about your Lady-

LETTER 1050. — [1] An opera by Rousseau.

[2] The Constable de Montmorency. *Walpole.*

[3] The *maître d'hôtel* of the Prince de Condé. See letters of Madame de Sévigné to Madame de Grignan of April 24 and April 26, 1671.

ship. I have seen Madame de Monaco [4], and think her very handsome, and extremely pleasing. The younger Madame d'Egmont, I hear, disputes the palm with her; and Madame de Brionne is not left without partisans. The nymphs of the theatres are *laides à faire peur*, which at my age is a piece of luck, like going into a shop of curiosities, and finding nothing to tempt one to throw away one's money.

There are several English here, whether I will or not. I certainly did not come for them, and shall connect with them as little as possible. The few I value I hope sometimes to hear of. Your Ladyship guesses how far that wish extends. Consider too, Madam, that one of my unworthinesses is washed and done away, by the confession I made in the beginning of my letter.

I am, Madam, your Ladyship's
Most faithful and most devoted humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

1051. To the Rev. William Cole.

DEAR SIR, Paris, Wednesday, Sept. 18, 1765.

I have this moment received your letter, and as a courier is just setting out, I had rather take the opportunity of writing to you a short letter, than defer it for a longer.

I had a very good passage, and pleasant journey, and find myself surprisingly recovered for the time. Thank you for the good news you tell me of your coming: it gives me great joy.

To the end of this week I shall be in Lord Hertford's house, so have not yet got a lodging: but when I do, you will easily find me. I have no banker, but credit on a merchant who is a private friend of Lord Hertford, conse-

[4] Catherine de Brignole (1737–1813), Princesse de Monaco. She afterwards (1798) married the Prince de Condé.

quently I cannot give you credit on him; but you shall have the use of my credit, which will be the same thing, and we can settle our accounts together. I brought about a hundred pounds with me, as I would advise you to do. Guineas you may change into louis's or French crowns at Calais and Boulogne, and even small bank-bills will be taken here. In any shape I will assist you. Be careful on the road. My portmanteau, with part of my linen, was stolen from before my chaise at noon, while I went to see Chantilly. If you stir out of your room, lock the door of it in the inn, or leave your man in it.

If you arrive near the time you propose, you will find me here, and I hope much longer.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1052. To the Countess of Suffolk.

Paris, Sept. 20, 1765.

I obey your commands, Madam, though it is to talk of myself. The journey has been of great service to me, and my strength returned sensibly in two days. Nay, though all my hours are turned topsy-turvy, I find no inconvenience, but dine at half an hour after two, and sup at ten, as easily as I did in England at my usual hours. Indeed breakfast and dinner now and then jostle one another, but I have found an excellent preservative against sitting up late, which is by not playing at whisk. They constantly tap a rubber before supper, get up in the middle of a game, finish it after a meal of three courses and a dessert, add another rubber to it, then take their knotting-bags, draw together into a little circle, and start some topic of literature or *ir*religion, and chat till it is time to go to bed—that is, till you would think it time to get up again. The women

are very good-humoured and easy; most of the men disagreeable enough. However, as everything English is in fashion, our bad French is accepted into the bargain. Many of us are received everywhere; Mr. Hume is fashion itself, although his French is almost as unintelligible as his English; Mr. Stanley is extremely liked; and, if liking them, good humour, and spirits can make anybody please, Mr. Elliot will not fail. For my own part, I receive the greatest civilities, and in general am much amused; but I could wish there was less whisk, and somewhat more cleanliness. My Lady Brown[1] and I have diverted ourselves with the idea of Lady Blandford here; I am convinced she would walk upon stilts for fear of coming near their floors, and that would rather be a droll sight.

The town is extremely empty at present, our manners having gained so much in that respect too, as to send them all into the country till winter. Their country houses would appear to me no more rural than those in Paris. Their gardens are like *desserts*, with no more verdure or shade. What trees they have are stripped up, and cut straight at top; it is quite the massacre of the innocents. Their houses in town are all white and gold and looking-glass; I never know one from another. Madame de Mirepoix's, though small, has the most variety and a little leaven of English.

You see, Madam, it will take some time to make me a perfect Frenchman. Upon the whole I am very well amused, which is all I seek besides my health. I am a little too old to be inquiring into their government or politics, not being come hither to finish my studies, but to

LETTER 1052.—[1] Frances, daughter of William Sheldon, of Beoley, Worcestershire; m. 1. Henry Fermor, of Tusmore, Oxfordshire; 2. (as his third wife) Sir George Browne, third Baronet, of Kiddington, Oxfordshire, who died in 1754. Lady Browne was a neighbour and an occasional correspondent of Horace Walpole.

forget them. One may always take one's choice here; old folks may be as young as they please, and the young as wise as they will. The former not only suits my age better, but my inclination, though the *bon ton* here is to be grave and learned.

When Miss Hotham, to whom I beg my best compliments, is so good as to acknowledge the receipt of this, I must desire her to direct to her and your Ladyship's most obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE,

thus:—

'À Mons.
'Mons. WALPOLE,
'Recommandée à Mons. Foley,
'Banquier,
'à Paris.'

P.S. The most I ask of a letter is a particular account of your Ladyship's health.

1053. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Paris, Sept. 22, 1765.

THE concern I felt at not seeing you before I left England might make me express myself warmly, but I assure you it was nothing but concern, nor was mixed with a grain of pouting. I knew some of your reasons, and guessed others. The latter grieve me heartily; but I advise you to do as I do: when I meet with ingratitude, I take a short leave both of it and its host. Formerly I used to look out for indemnification somewhere else; but having lived long enough to learn that the reparation generally proved a second evil of the same sort, I am content now to skin over such wounds with amusements, which at least leave

no scars. It is true, amusements do not always amuse when we bid them. I find it so here; nothing strikes me; everything I do is indifferent to me. I like the people very well, and their way of life very well; but as neither were my object, I should not much care if they were any other people, or it was any other way of life. I am out of England, and my purpose is answered.

Nothing can be more obliging than the reception I meet with everywhere. It may not be more sincere (and why should it?) than our cold and bare civility; but it is better dressed, and looks natural; one asks no more. I have begun to sup in French houses, and as Lady Hertford has left Paris to-day, shall increase my intimacies. There are swarms of English here, but most of them are going, to my great satisfaction. As the greatest part are very young, they can no more be entertaining to me than I to them, and it certainly was not my countrymen that I came to live with. Suppers please me extremely; I love to rise and breakfast late, and to trifle away the day as I like. There are sights enough to answer that end, and shops you know are an endless field for me. The city appears much worse to me than I thought I remembered it. The French music as shocking as I knew it was. The French stage is fallen off, though in the only part I have seen Lequin[1] I admire him extremely. He is very ugly and ill made, and yet has an heroic dignity which Garrick wants, and great fire. The Dusmenil I have not seen yet, but shall in a day or two. It is a mortification that I cannot compare her with the Clairon, who has left the stage. Grandval[2] I saw through a whole play without suspecting it was he—alas! four-and-twenty years make strange havoc with us mortals! You cannot imagine how this struck me! The Italian comedy,

LETTER 1053.—[1] Henri Louis Lekain (1728–1778), tragedian. [2] François Charles Grandval (1710–1784).

now united with their *opéra comique*, is their most perfect diversion—but alas! Harlequin, my dear favourite Harlequin, my passion, makes me more melancholy than cheerful. Instead of laughing, I sit silently reflecting how everything loses charms when one's own youth does not lend it gilding! When we are divested of that eagerness and illusion with which our youth presents objects to us, we are but the *caput mortuum* of pleasure.

Grave as these ideas are, they do not unfit me for French company. The present tone is serious enough in conscience. Unluckily, the subjects of their conversation are duller to me than my own thoughts, which may be tinged with melancholy reflections, but I doubt from my constitution will never be insipid. The French affect philosophy, literature, and freethinking—the first never did, and never will possess me; of the two others I have long been tired. Freethinking is for one's self, surely not for society; besides, one has settled one's way of thinking, or knows it cannot be settled; and for others I do not see why there is not as much bigotry in attempting conversions from any religion as to it. I dined to-day with a dozen *savants*, and though all the servants were waiting, the conversation was much more unrestrained, even on the Old Testament, than I would suffer at my own table in England, if a single footman was present. For literature, it is very amusing when one has nothing else to do. I think it rather pedantic in society; tiresome when displayed professedly—and, besides, in this country one is sure it is only the fashion of the day. Their taste in it is worst of all: could one believe that when they read our authors, Richardson and Mr. Hume should be their favourites? The latter is treated here with perfect veneration. His *History*, so falsified in many points, so partial in as many, so very unequal in its parts, is thought the standard of writing.

In their dress and equipages they are grown very simple. We English are living upon their old gods and goddesses; I roll about in a chariot decorated with Cupids, and look like the grandfather of Adonis.

Of their parliaments and clergy I hear a good deal, and attend very little: I cannot take up any history in the middle, and was too sick of politics at home to enter into them here. In short, I have done with the world, and only live in it, rather than in a desert, like you. Few men can bear absolute retirement, and we English worst of all. We grow so humoursome, so obstinate and capricious, and so prejudiced, that it requires a fund of good nature like yours not to grow morose. Company keeps our rind from growing too coarse and rough; and though at my return I design not to mix in public, I do not intend to be quite a recluse. My absence will put it in my power to take up or drop as much as I please.

Adieu! I shall inquire about your commission of books; but having been arrived but ten days, have not yet had time. Need I say? no, I need not, that nobody can be more affectionately yours than

H. W.

Chez Monsieur Foley, Banquier, à Paris.

1054. To Sir Horace Mann.

Paris, Sept. 26, 1765.

No poor mortal was ever so glad to return to his own country, as I was to quit mine. It is true this is pretty much the sum total of my satisfaction. I am very well received here; like much some that I knew before I arrived, and some I am acquainted with since; have sights to see, and baubles to buy, two considerable occupations of my life; but I am not young enough to be enchanted with anything

new: still less of an age to form friendships, when one has proved how rarely the thing exists at all. But I am unchained from politics, and have no longer anybody's follies to answer for, or care for, but my own.

I did not receive your last till I came hither, and it was then too late, when your new Grand Duke was on the road, to mention to Mr. Conway what you hint at, an increase of character. In truth, my object for you is always of a more solid nature; I had rather your appointments were increased than your dignity. At present, too, a new solicitation might interfere with the riband, which I think would cast more lustre on you than a step of office. My interest is not great enough to obtain all I should wish for you, if it can obtain anything; and I doubt, the measure of leaving what are called *all my friends* will not add to my credit. It must have been you, and almost only you, for whom I would have asked anything. The fewer obligations I have, the less right has anybody to tax my attendance. I want to dissolve most of my connections, not to increase them, and to break off with a world, of which I am heartily tired as to anything serious.

Lady Hertford is gone, and the Duke of Richmond not come; consequently I am as *isolé* as I can wish to be. There are three or four houses whither I go when I will, but you may believe that it is not constant. Their histories are unknown to me, and uninteresting; their politics most indifferent; their fashionable literature, and more fashionable irreligion, subjects of which I am tired. I neither love to dispute nor discuss. In short, nothing interests me but a few points on which I do not care to think, much less to talk with indifferent persons. I am Methuselem on most things, and a boy on others, and one don't love to tell people that one's passions are too superannuated or too juvenile; that one is past caring for what they like, and still too

attached to some sentiments of one's own. When the *monde* returns to Paris, I shall probably be more dissipated, but I am not discontented with my present nonchalance.

Prince Beauvau[1] is at Bordeaux, and is likely to stay some time. I saw his daughter the other night at Madame de Mirepoix's, who is like what he was, but it is not delicate enough for a girl. Here is a Dr. Gatti, a disciple of Cocchi, who speaks of you with great regard, and desired me to mention him. I was pleased the other night at the Italian comedy to find I had lost so little of my Italian as to understand it better than the French scenes.

Though the fashionable turn is serious, yet it is still fashion that rules. The Count de St. Florentin[2], Secretary of State, has had his hand cut off on the bursting of his gun: they had talked of it two days and were tired. Somebody asked how he did? 'Bon!' replied one of the company, 'on n'en parle plus.' He was not out of danger, but it was an old story.

The Dauphin is in a very bad way, and not likely to live. Of English history I know not a syllable. I conclude there is nothing to know. The shooting season is begun, and we have our fashions too. I suppose of politics *on ne parle plus.* I expect some *tapage* from the residence of the Prince and Princess of Brunswick at St. James's. Her Royal Highness is of a lively imagination, and he did not leave England in a style that promised sudden cordiality.

They question me much here, why Mr. Pitt did not accept

LETTER 1054.—[1] Son of the Prince de Craon. His only child by his first wife married the Prince de Poix, son of the Comte de Noailles. His second wife was a widow, Madame de Clermont, sister of the Comte de Chabot, by whom he had no children. *Walpole.*

[2] Louis Phélypeaux (1705-1777), Comte de St. Florentin, son of the Marquis de la Vrillière; cr. Duc de la Vrillière in 1770. He became Minister for Foreign Affairs on the disgrace of Choiseul (1771). His abuse of *lettres de cachet* was flagrant, and made him the object of such universal hatred that he was dismissed shortly after the accession of Louis XVI.

the administration? Truly it would be difficult for me to explain to them what I do not understand myself! *Monsieur de Temple* is still more inexplicable. I do not give myself much trouble to inform them; and I hear with great tranquillity *que c'étoit un très bon homme que ce Milord Bath*[3]. However, I could not conceive that they knew so very little of a country which has lately been so much in vogue with them. A very sensible woman[4] knew more of the matter, when she said to me last night, 'Vous avez eu un moment bien brillant, mais vous êtes tombé!' Yes, in good truth.

Write to me, addressed to Monsieur Foley, banquier, à Paris, and tell me of your new court[5]. I hope you, like me and the vulgar, expect marvels at first from a young sovereign.—I remember, and laugh at, myself.

Adieu! This is a dull letter enough. I know no events, and you will not expect me to write Travels, like Misson[6], or to fall in love, like Polnitz[7], with all the princes and princesses of the earth. My spirits would serve if they found proper food, but I believe they will lie pretty fallow for the rest of my life. When one has a singular turn of mind, and not *liant* with a new world, one grows unintelligible but to the few cotemporaries that rest about one. My mind has taken in its quantum of feelings. I shall live upon the old stock; and, I doubt, be very insipid both to myself and others. Adieu!

Sept. 30th.

P.S. Sir James Macdonald[8] is going from hence to Florence, and has desired me to give him a recommenda-

[3] Lord Bath, at the end of his life, had been at Paris. *Walpole.*

[4] The celebrated Madame Geoffrin. *Walpole.*

[5] The Archduke Leopold, brother of the Emperor Joseph II, was Great Duke of Tuscany, and married a Princess of Spain. *Walpole.*

[6] François Maximilien Misson (d. 1722), a Protestant, who resided in England after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He wrote a *Nouveau Voyage d'Italie.*

[7] Baron Polnitz wrote accounts of several European courts. *Walpole.*

[8] Sir James Macdonald, eighth Baronet, of Slate in the Isle of Skye; d. unmarried at Rome in 1766.

tion to you. He is a particular friend of Lord Beauchamp [9], and a very extraordinary young man for variety of learning. He is rather too wise for his age, and too fond of showing it, but when he has seen more of the world, he will choose to know less.

Lord Beauchamp passed through here to-day, and stopped for only four hours. He spoke of you in raptures.

1055. To Lady Hervey.

Paris, Oct. 3, 1765.

Still I have seen neither Madame d'Egmont nor the Duchess d'Aiguillon, who are in the country; but the latter comes to Paris to-morrow. Madame Chabot I called on last night. She was not at home, but the Hôtel de Carnavalet [1] was; and I stopped on purpose to say an *Ave Maria* before it. It is a very singular building, not at all in the French style, and looks like an *ex voto* raised to her honour by some of her foreign votaries. I don't think her honoured half enough in her own country. I shall burn a little incense before your Cardinal's heart [2], Madam, *à votre intention.*

I have been with Madame Geoffrin several times, and think she has one of the best understandings I ever met, and more knowledge of the world. I may be charmed with the French, but your Ladyship must not expect that they will fall in love with me. Without affecting to lower myself, the disadvantage of speaking a language worse than any idiot one meets, is insurmountable: the silliest Frenchman is eloquent to me, and leaves me embarrassed and obscure. I could name twenty other reasons, if this one

[9] Francis Seymour Conway, eldest son of the Earl of Hertford. *Walpole.*

Letter 1055.—[1] Madame de Sévigné's residence in Paris. *Walpole.*

[2] The Cardinal de Richelieu's heart at the Sorbonne. *Walpole.*

was not sufficient. As it is, my own defects are the sole cause of my not liking Paris entirely: the constraint I am under from not being perfectly master of their language, and from being so much in the dark, as one necessarily must be, on half the subjects of their conversation, prevents my enjoying that ease for which their society is calculated. I am much amused, but not comfortable.

The Duc de Nivernois is extremely good to me; he inquired much after your Ladyship. So does Colonel Drumgold. The latter complains; but both of them, especially the Duc, seem better than when in England. I meet the Duchesse de Cossé this evening at Madame Geoffrin's. She is pretty, with a great resemblance to her father; lively and good-humoured, not genteel.

Yesterday I went through all my presentations at Versailles. 'Tis very convenient to gobble up a whole royal family in an hour's time, instead of being sacrificed one week at Leicester House, another in Grosvenor Street, a third in Cavendish Square, &c., &c., &c. *La Reine* is *le plus grand roi du monde*, and talked much to me, and would have said more if I would have let her; but I was awkward, and shrunk back into the crowd. None of the rest spoke to me. The King is still much handsomer than his pictures, and has great sweetness in his countenance, instead of that *farouche* look which they give him. The Mesdames are not beauties, and yet have something Bourbon in their faces. The Dauphiness I approve the least of all: with nothing good-humoured in her countenance, she has a look and accent that made me dread lest I should be invited to a private party at loo with her[3]. The poor Dauphin is ghastly, and perishing before one's eyes.

Fortune bestowed on me a much more curious sight than a set of princes; the wild beast of the Gevaudan, which is

[3] A reference to the Princess Amelia.

killed, and actually in the Queen's antechamber. It is a thought less than a leviathan and the Beast in the Revelations, and has not half so many wings and eyes and talons as I believe they have, or will have some time or other; this being possessed but of two eyes, four feet, and no wings at all. It is as like a wolf as a commissary in the late war, except, notwithstanding all the stories, that it has not devoured near so many persons. In short, Madam, now it is dead and come, a wolf it certainly was, and not more above the common size than Mrs. Cavendish is. It has left a dowager and four young princes.

Mr. Stanley, who I hope will trouble himself with this, has been most exceedingly kind and obliging to me. I wish that, instead of my being so much in your Ladyship's debt, you were a little in mine, and then I would beg you to thank him for me. Well, but as it is, why should not you, Madam? He will be charmed to be so paid, and you will not dislike to please him. In short, I would fain have him know my gratitude; and it is hearing it in the most agreeable way, if expressed by your Ladyship.

I am, Madam,

Your most obliged and obedient humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1056. To JOHN CHUTE.

Paris, Oct. 3, 1765.

I DON'T know where you are, nor when I am likely to hear of you. I write at random, and, as I talk, the first thing that comes into my pen.

I am, as you certainly conclude, much more amused than pleased. At a certain time of life, sights and new objects may entertain one, but new people cannot find any place in one's affection. New faces with some name or

other belonging to them catch my attention for a minute—I cannot say many preserve it. Five or six of the women that I have seen already are very sensible. The men are in general much inferior, and not even agreeable. They sent us their best, I believe, at first, the Duc de Nivernois. Their authors, who by the way are everywhere, are worse than their own writings, which I don't mean as a compliment to either. In general, the style of conversation is solemn, pedantic, and seldom animated, but by a dispute. I was expressing my aversion to disputes: Mr. Hume, who very gratefully admires the tone of Paris, having never known any other tone, said with great surprise, 'Why, what do you like, if you hate both disputes and whisk?'

What strikes me the most upon the whole is, the total difference of manners between them and us, from the greatest object to the least. There is not the smallest similitude in the twenty-four hours. It is obvious in every trifle. Servants carry their lady's train, and put her into her coach with their hat on. They walk about the streets in the rain with umbrellas to avoid putting on their hats; driving themselves in open chaises in the country without hats, in the rain too, and yet often wear them in a chariot in Paris when it does not rain. The very footmen are powdered from the break of day, and yet wait behind their master, as I saw the Duc of Praslin's do, with a red pocket-handkerchief about their necks. Versailles, like everything else, is a mixture of parade and poverty, and in every instance exhibits something most dissonant from our manners. In the colonnades, upon the staircases, nay, in the antechambers of the royal family, there are people selling all sorts of wares. While we were waiting in the Dauphin's sumptuous bedchamber, till his dressing-room door should be opened, two fellows were sweeping it, and dancing about in sabots to rub the floor.

You perceive that I have been presented. The Queen took great notice of me; none of the rest said a syllable. You are let into the King's bedchamber just as he has put on his shirt; he dresses and talks good-humouredly to a few, glares at strangers, goes to mass, to dinner, and a-hunting. The good old Queen, who is like Lady Primrose[1] in the face, and Queen Caroline in the immensity of her cap, is at her dressing-table, attended by two or three old ladies, who are languishing to be in Abraham's bosom, as the only man's bosom to whom they can hope for admittance. Thence you go to the Dauphin, for all is done in an hour. He scarce stays a minute; indeed, poor creature, he is a ghost, and cannot possibly last three months. The Dauphiness is in her bedchamber, but dressed and standing; looks cross, is not civil, and has the true Westphalian grace and accents. The four Mesdames, who are clumsy plump old wenches, with a bad likeness to their father, stand in a bedchamber in a row, with black cloaks and knotting-bags, looking good-humoured, not knowing what to say, and wriggling as if they wanted to make water. This ceremony too is very short; then you are carried to the Dauphin's three boys, who you may be sure only bow and stare. The Duke of Berry looks weak and weak-eyed: the Count de Provence is a fine boy; the Count d'Artois[2] well enough. The whole concludes with seeing the Dauphin's little girl[3] dine, who is as round and as fat as a pudding.

In the Queen's antechamber we foreigners and the foreign ministers were shown the famous beast of the Gevaudan,

Letter 1056.—[1] Anne (d. 1775), daughter of Peter Drelincourt, Dean of Armagh; m. (1740) Hugh Primrose, third Viscount Primrose, who died in 1741.

[2] Louis Auguste, Duc de Berry; Louis Stanislaus Xavier, Comte de Provence; Charles Philippe, Comte d'Artois; all of whom reigned, as Louis XVI, Louis XVIII, and Charles X respectively.

[3] Marie Adélaïde Clotilde Xavière (d. 1802); m. (1775) Charles Emmanuel, Prince of Piedmont, afterwards King of Sardinia.

just arrived, and covered with a cloth, which two chasseurs lifted up. It is an absolute wolf, but uncommonly large, and the expression of agony and fierceness remains strongly imprinted on its dead jaws.

I dined at the Duc of Praslin's with four-and-twenty ambassadors and envoys, who never go but on Tuesdays to court. He does the honours sadly, and I believe nothing else well, looking important and empty. The Duc de Choiseul's face, which is quite the reverse of gravity, does not promise much more. His wife[4] is gentle, pretty, and very agreeable. The Duchess of Praslin, jolly, red-faced, looking very vulgar, and being very attentive and civil. I saw the Duc de Richelieu in waiting, who is pale, except his nose, which is red, much wrinkled, and exactly a remnant of that age which produced General Churchill, Wilks the player[5], the Duke of Argyll, &c. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1057. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Paris, Oct. 6, 1765.

I AM glad to find you grow just, and that you do conceive at last, that I could do better than stay in England for politics. 'Tenez, mon enfant,' as the Duchesse de la Ferté[1] said to Madame Staal[2]; 'comme il n'y a que moi au monde qui aie toujours raison,' I will be very reasonable; and as you have made this concession to me, who knew I was in the right, I will not expect you to answer all my *reasonable* letters. If you send a bullying letter to the King of

[4] Louise Honorine Crozat du Châtel, Duchesse de Choiseul; d. 1801.

[5] Robert Wilks (d. 1732).

LETTER 1057.—[1] Probably Madeleine d'Angennes (d. 1714), Duchesse de la Ferté.

[2] Marguerite Jeanne Cordier de Launay (1684–1750), Baronne de Staal, Lady in Waiting of the Duchesse du Maine, and authoress of *Memoirs*, first published in 1755.

Spain[3], or to *Chose*, my neighbour here[4], I will consider them as written to myself, and subtract so much from your bill. Nay, I will accept a line from Lady Ailesbury now and then in part of payment. I shall continue to write as the wind sets in my pen; and do own my babble does not demand much reply.

For so reasonable a person as I am, I have changed my mind very often about this country. The first five days I was in violent spirits; then came a dismal cloud of whisk and literature, and I could not bear it. At present I begin, very *Englishly* indeed, to establish a right to my own way. I laugh, and talk nonsense, and make them hear me. There are two or three houses where I go quite at my ease, am never asked to touch a card, nor hold dissertations. Nay, I don't pay homage to their authors. Every woman has one or two planted in her house, and God knows how they water them. The old Président Hénault is the pagod at Madame du Deffand's[5], an old blind *débauchée* of wit,

[3] Mr. Conway was now Secretary of State for the Foreign Department. *Walpole.*

[4] The King of France, Louis XV. *Walpole.* — Negotiations were still pending with the Spanish and French courts concerning the payment of the Manilla ransom and the Canada bills, and the destruction of the fortifications of Dunkirk.

[5] Marie de Vichy Chamrond (1697–1780), Marquise du Deffand; she had been blind since 1752. Her *appartement* was in the Convent of St. Joseph in the Rue St. Dominique, where for thirty years she received the literary and aristocratic celebrities of her own and other nations. In spite of the somewhat slighting tone of Walpole's remarks in this letter, he soon became Madame du Deffand's almost daily visitor while in Paris, and one of her warmest admirers. She repaid him by a devotion which has been well described as a 'tendresse exaltée . . . dont le vrai nom échappe, tant celui d'amitié serait faible et celui d'amour dérisoire.' Walpole's regard for her, which was sincere and constant, was tempered by the fear that her excessive affection might make him ridiculous in the eyes of his friends. His subsequent visits to Paris were undertaken on her account. The correspondence between them, which began on his departure from Paris in 1766, lasted till the death of Madame du Deffand. Her letters to Horace Walpole were first published by Miss Berry in 1810. His letters to her, a number of which were returned to him during Madame du Deffand's lifetime, were largely used by Miss Berry in her notes. The original letters, with the exception of seven which are included in this edition, have been destroyed. (See *Athenaeum*, July 13, 1901.)

where I supped last night. The Président is very near deaf, and much nearer superannuated. He sits by the table: the mistress of the house, who formerly was his, inquires after every dish on the table, is told who has eaten of which, and then bawls the bill of fare of every individual into the Président's ears. In short, every mouthful is proclaimed, and so is every blunder I make against grammar. Some that I make on purpose, succeed; and one of them is to be reported to the Queen to-day by Hénault, who is her great favourite. I had been at Versailles; and having been much taken notice of by her Majesty, I said, alluding to Madame Sévigné, 'La Reine est le plus grand roi du monde.' You may judge if I am in possession by a scene that passed after supper. Sir James Macdonald[6] had been mimicking Hume: I told the women (who, besides the mistress, were the Duchess de la Valière[7], Madame de Forcalquier, and a *demoiselle*), that to be sure they would be glad to have a specimen of Mr. Pitt's manner of speaking; and that nobody mimicked him so well as Elliot[8]. They firmly believed it, teased him for an hour, and at last said he was the rudest man in the world not to oblige them. It appeared the more strange, because here everybody sings, reads their own works in public, or attempts any one thing without hesitation or capacity. Elliot speaks miserable French; which added to the diversion.

I had had my share of distress in the morning, by going through the operation of being presented to the royal family, down to the little Madame's pap-dinner, and had behaved as sillily as you will easily believe; hiding myself

[6] An elder brother of Sir A. Macdonald, the present Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer. He died at Rome the year following, leaving behind him a distinguished character for every mental accomplishment. *Walpole.*

[7] Anne Julie Françoise de Crussol (d. 1793), daughter of the Duc d'Uzès; m. (1742) Louis César de la Baume le Blanc, Duc de la Vallière.

[8] Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto. *Walpole.*

behind every mortal. The Queen called me up to her dressing-table, and seemed mightily disposed to gossip with me; but instead of enjoying my glory like Madame de Sévigné, I slunk back into the crowd after a few questions. She told Monsieur de Guerchy[9] of it afterwards, and that I had run away from her, but said she would have her revenge at Fontainbleau. So I must go thither, which I did not intend. The King, Dauphin, Dauphiness, Mesdames, and the wild beast did not say a word to me. Yes, the wild beast, he of the Gevaudan. He is killed, and actually in the Queen's *antichambre*, where he was exhibited to us with as much parade as if it was Mr. Pitt. It is an exceedingly large wolf, and, the connoisseurs say, has twelve teeth more than any wolf ever had since the days of Romulus's wet-nurse. The critics deny it to be the true beast; and I find most people think the beast's name is *legion, for there are many.* He was covered with a sheet, which two chasseurs lifted up for the foreign ministers and strangers. I dined at the Duke of Praslin's with five-and-twenty tomes of the *corps diplomatique*; and after dinner was presented, by Monsieur de Guerchy, to the Duc de Choiseul. The Duc de Praslin is as like his own letters in D'Éon's book as he can stare; that is, I believe, a very silly fellow. His wisdom is of the grave kind. His cousin, the first minister, is a little volatile being, whose countenance and manner had nothing to frighten me for my country. I saw him but for three seconds, which is as much as he allows to any one body or thing. Monsieur de Guerchy, whose goodness to me is inexpressible, took the trouble of walking everywhere with me, and carried me particularly to see the new office for state papers. I wish I could send it you. It is a large building, disposed like an hospital, with the most admirable order and method.

[9] He had been Embassador in England. *Walpole.*

Lodgings for every officer; his name and business written over his door. In the body is a perspective of seven or eight large chambers: each is painted with emblems, and wainscoted with presses with wired doors and crimson curtains. Over each press, in golden letters, the country to which the pieces relate, as Angleterre, Allemagne, &c. Each room has a large funnel of bronze with *or moulu*, like a column, to air the papers and preserve them. In short, it is as magnificent as useful.

From thence I went to see the reservoir of pictures at M. de Marigny's [10]. They are what are not disposed of in the palaces, though sometimes changed with others. This *refuse*, which fills many rooms from top to bottom, is composed of the most glorious works of Raphael, L. da Vinci, Giorgione, Titian, Guido, Correggio, &c. Many pictures, which I knew by their prints, without an idea where they existed, I found there.

The Duc de Nivernois is extremely obliging to me. I have supped at Madame de Bentheim's, who has a very fine house, and a woful husband. She is much livelier than any Frenchwoman. The liveliest man I have seen is the Duc de Duras [11]: he is shorter and plumper than Lord Halifax, but very like him in the face. I am to sup with the Dussons on Sunday. In short, all that have been in England are exceedingly disposed to repay any civilities they received there. Monsieur de Caraman wrote from the country to excuse his not coming to see me, as his wife is on the point of being brought to bed, but begged I would come to them. So I would, if I was a man-midwife: but though they are easy on such heads, I am not used to it, and cannot make a party of pleasure of a labour.

[10] Abel François Poisson (1727–1781), Marquis de Marigny; he was the brother of Madame de Pompadour, and was *Directeur Général des Bâtiments Royaux*.

[11] Emmanuel Félicité (1715–1789), Duc de Duras.

Wilkes arrived here two days ago, and announced that he was going minister to Constantinople. To-day I hear he has lowered his credentials, and talks of going to England, if he can make his peace[12]. I thought by the manner in which this was mentioned to me, that the person meant to sound me: but I made no answer; for, having given up politics in England, I certainly did not come to transact them here. He has not been to make me the first visit, which, as the last arrived, depends on him: so, never having spoken to him in my life, I have no call to seek him. I avoid all politics so much, that I had not heard one word here about Spain. I suppose my silence passes for very artful mystery, and puzzles the ministers, who keep spies on the most insignificant foreigner. It would have been lucky if I had been as watchful. At Chantilly I lost my portmanteau with half my linen; and the night before last I was robbed of a new frock, waistcoat and breeches, laced with gold, a white and silver waistcoat, black velvet breeches, a knife, and a book. These are expenses I did not expect, and by no means entering into my system of extravagance.

I am very sorry for the death of Lord Ophaly, and for his family. I knew the poor young man himself but little, but he seemed extremely good-natured. What the Duke of Richmond will do for a hôtel, I cannot conceive. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

1058. To Miss Anne Pitt.

Paris, Oct. 8, 1765.

Before I came to Paris, I flattered myself that you had some regard for me, and would not be sorry to see

[12] After his outlawry. *Walpole.*

Letter 1058.—Not in C.; now printed from *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th Report, Appendix, Part III, vol. i. p. 146.

me in England again. Was addressing me to Madame de Rochefort the way to make me return? Do not pretend to plead two or three most obliging letters to her in my favour: one has read of ancient politicians, I forget when and where they lived, who used to give letters of credit upon a neighbouring prince to those they wished to destroy, with a postscript recommending the bearer to a halter. Modern policy is better bred, and when it wants to get rid of one, sends one to Circe or Madame de Rochefort. What signifies whether one is hanged or enchanted, if one never has it in one's power to return home? Your friend, Madam, tells me you have long promised her a visit; but you was too wise to make it, and I alone am the bubble. In truth she exercises her power, this enchantress does, in a manner very different from Mesdames the witches her predecessors, for she turns all her subjects into reasonable creatures and makes them fit to converse even with her. At a little supper t'other night in her apartment at the Luxembourg, there was but one of us that had four feet. He was in the shape of an Angola cat, but as gentle, sensible, and agreeable as his mistress; you yourself, Madam, cat-hater as you are, would have stroked him. He is the Duc de Nivernois' particular friend, who has his picture on his snuff-box, and between them they have lately written some fables, which I am to see, and which I am told exhibit such a knowledge of the quadruped kind, that most people think the philosopher Rhominagrobis[1] must have had the chief paw in them.

The quarrel I have with you, Madam, for having introduced me to such pleasing company has extinguished the memory of a lesser injury. I fell in love at Chantilli with

[1] Raminagrobis or Rominagrobis, name of a cat in La Fontaine's *Fables* (bk. vii. 16; bk. xii. 5).

a *corbeille* and determined at my return to be the founder of *corbeilles* in England. The first thing I heard on my arrival at Paris was that the model of one was already gone to Mrs. Pitt. I was enraged—but if I am never to return how does this affect me? Madame de Rochefort says you have sent her a list of twenty questions about depth, quantity of earth . . . I know the whole, but will not give you a tittle of information. Should I ever escape from the magic circle in which you have placed me, what pleasure it will be to find a preposterous *corbeille* at Pitsburg[2]. Strawberry Hill shall give itself airs, and ridicule your barbarous attempts. They ask me a thousand questions about Pitsburg; I tell them it is a vile *guinguette*, that has nothing but verdure, and prospect, and a parcel of wild trees that have never been cut into any shape, and as awkward as if they had been transplanted out of Paradise: that you fancy you are making something of the house, but that you have been too long out of France not to have lost all taste: that you will not have so much as an antechamber full of cooks, chafing-dishes, and footmen in dirty nightcaps.

The Duc de Nivernois appears in much better health than when he left England. Though he is very good to me I have seen much less of him than I wish, for France is so changed that they pass near five months in the country. It is true a pastoral life appears a strange thing without green fields. I cannot yet divest myself of my northern prejudices, nor reconcile myself to landscapes built of stone and chalk.

Madame de Mirepoix, as I told her, is the most constant of women, for I found her *with a cat in her lap, drinking tea, and as obliging to me as formerly.* It is a little inconvenient

[2] Horace Walpole's name for Miss Pitt's country house at Kensington Gravel Pits.

that she is so great a favourite with the King, which leaves her but few moments to bestow on Paris. Her talents and her favour are so acknowledged, that most people think she might be Prime Minister and a Cardinal, if she pleased; and yet she is so moderate, and inattentive to making her fortune, that she every now and then gives it a wicked blow at pharaoh. Whisk has stepped in a little to save her, for you know, Madam, it takes a long time to ruin oneself by odd tricks. Her house is extremely pretty: her little cabinet and library charming. Madame de Bentheim has a very fine house opposite to the Cours de la Reine. I was a little unlucky; it was a fine moonlight thrown over the garden, river, and terraces. She ordered me to admire the view; I rubbed my eyes and those of my almanac, for I protest to you, on seeing nothing but white, I thought it was December and a scene of frost and snow.

The court is gone to Fontainbleau, whither they say I must follow it; must I? I don't love courts. Nay, I saw this t'other day in its highest point of glory; the wild beast of the Gevaudan is killed, and actually in the Queen's antechamber at Versailles, where it was exhibited to the foreign ministers and *nous autres étrangers*. It is a very large wolf to be sure, and they say has twelve teeth more than any of the species, and six less than the Czarina. The Duc de Richelieu, whose lamp is to go out in a ballet, has ordered nine operas for Fontainbleau, but I am not one of the beasts which their music would ever draw after it. To tell you the truth, Madam, if I was a maker of nations, I think I could make an agreeable one out of France and England; but I do not quite like either as they are. I shall not pick and choose the materials till I have seen a little more of this country: the plan I invite you to adjust with me some fine evening at Pitsburg, for thither I will return

if there is a talisman left on this side of the Persian tales to break Madame de Rochefort's enchantments. Oh, she is an artful sorceress, and appears so gentle and natural. There is no particular beauty and youth to frighten one and put one upon one's guard. She appears the most rational humane being upon earth, and then when one comes downstairs, there is a straw or something laid at the threshold of the Luxembourg, and one cannot stir a foot over it.

I have received since I came hither a letter from Lady Frances Erskine so full of thanks, that I was going, Madam, to send it to you, who I am sure have much better right to them. Pray tell her how much I was ashamed to receive what I deserved so little; and that I hope she has received my acknowledgements of her letter, though I could [not] have so little conscience as to accept the thanks.

Let me see, Madam, it is the beginning of October; planting is not begun; the paper-man has disappointed you, the *corbeille* was wrong and must be made over again; my Lady Bute is but little in town, my Lady Cardigan is at Blackheath, the balls for the Prince and Princess of Brunswick are taking breath, Mesdames de Seillern and Masserano are at home but twice a week, you don't live much at my Lady Harrington's and the evenings are very long; yes, you have full time to write me a very long letter; and having no news is no excuse, for you see what a volume one can pen without having a tittle to say. Why, there is no more in my letter than if my Lord Sandwich had written it, and signed it Anti-Sejanus[3]. On the contrary I pique myself on writing as many words without

[3] A series of letters signed 'Anti-Sejanus' appeared at this time in the daily papers. They were written under Sandwich's influence by James Scott, a clergyman.

meaning, as if I hoped for the favour of the City of London; and I do more than their best authors can, fill whole pages without having recourse to Billingsgate. Won't you reward such merit? Whether you do or not I shall still be yours.

Postscript. I have seen a Madame de St. Prie[4], wife of the *Intendant* of—don't you know where? She inquired extremely about you, having known you in the south of France.

1059. To Lady Hervey.

Paris, Oct. 18, 1765.

How are the mighty fallen! Yes, yes, Madam, I am as like the Duc de Richelieu as two peas; but then they are two old withered grey peas. Do you remember the fable of Cupid and Death, and what a piece of work they made with hustling their arrows together? This is just my case: Love might shoot at me, but it was with a gouty arrow. I have had a relapse in both feet, and kept my bed six days: but the fit seems to be going off; my heart can already go alone, and my feet promise themselves the mighty luxury of a cloth shoe in two or three days. Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay[1], who are here, and are, alas! to carry this, have been of great comfort to me, and have brought their delightful little daughter, who is as quick as Ariel. Mr. Ramsay could want no assistance from me: what do we both exist upon here, Madam, but your bounty and charity? When did you ever leave one of your friends in want of another? Madame Geoffrin came and sat two hours last night by my bedside: I could have sworn it had been my Lady Hervey, she was so good to me. It was

[4] Probably the Comtesse de St. Priest.

Letter 1059.—[1] Allan Ramsay the painter. *Walpole.*

with so much sense, information, instruction, and correction! The manner of the latter charms me. I never saw anybody in my days that catches one's faults and vanities and impositions so quick, that explains them to one so clearly, and convinces one so easily. I never liked to be set right before! You cannot imagine how I taste it! I make her both my confessor and director, and begin to think I shall be a reasonable creature at last, which I had never intended to be. The next time I see her, I believe I shall say, 'Oh! Common Sense, sit down: I have been thinking so and so; is not it absurd?'—for t'other sense and wisdom, I never liked them; I shall now hate them for her sake. If it was worth her while, I assure your Ladyship she might govern me like a child.

The Duc de Nivernois too is astonishingly good to me. In short, Madam, I am going downhill, but the sun sets pleasingly. Your two other friends have been in Paris; but I was confined and could not wait on them. I passed a whole evening with Lady Mary Chabot most agreeably: she charged me over and over with a thousand compliments to your Ladyship. For sights, alas! and pilgrimages, they have been cut short! I had destined the fine days of October to excursions; but you know, Madam, what it is to reckon without one's host, the gout. It makes such a coward of me, that I shall be afraid almost of entering a church. I have lost, too, the Dumenil in *Phèdre* and *Mérope*, two of her principal parts, but I hope not irrecoverably.

Thank you, Madam, for the Taliacotian extract: it diverted me much. It is true, in general I neither see nor desire to see our wretched political trash: I am sick of it up to the fountain-head. It was my principal motive for coming hither; and had long been my determination, the first moment I should be at liberty, to abandon it all. I have

acted from no views of interest; I have shown I did not; I have not disgraced myself—and I must be free. My comfort is, that, if I am blamed, it will be by *all* parties. A little peace of mind for the rest of my days is all I ask, to balance the gout.

I have writ to Madame de Guerchy about your orange-flower water; and I sent your Ladyship two little French pieces that I hope you received. The uncomfortable posture in which I write will excuse my saying any more; but it is no excuse against my trying to do anything to please one who always forgets pain when her friends are in question.

Your Ladyship's faithful humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1060. To Lady Mary Coke.

Paris, Oct. 15, 1765.

As, to be sure, Lady Mary, you have read the works of every Horace that ever writ, you may remember that one of us has said something like this:

Coelum, non podagram mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

The verse, as I quote it, is a little lame, but you must consider it has got the gout; so, alas! have I! Is it not moving to be cut off in the bud of one's curiosity, and at the entrance of a new career, that promised so bright a campaign? For I must confess all my infidelities. You are accustomed to hear and pardon them. In two days I fell in love three times; and the Lord knows how large the building of my seraglio must have been, if this wicked gout had not stepped in between me and the digging of the

LETTER 1060.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. pp. xvi–xvii.

foundations. I do not let it proceed, lest it should be taken for an hospital, especially as one or two of my passions approach nearer to the age of invalids than to that of sultanas. The affront to your sovereign charms, I own, is aggravated by my going to fish into the last age for subjects of inconstancy; but what signifies it? I always return to you; and at last you will have no competitor left but the gout, who is *si aimable*!

Your Ladyship, who only glanced at Paris, saw more of it than I have. However, before I was confined, I had the fortune to be treated with the sight of what, next to Mr. Pitt, has occasioned most alarm in France, the beast of the Gevaudan. It was in the Queen's antechamber at Versailles when I was presented to her. It has left an Andromache and four little princes. The savage dowager wanted Monsieur D'Alembert to educate her cubs, but having refused the Czarina, he could not decently undertake the charge, though there were more hopes of unteaching them their bloodthirstiness than he could entertain of the Russian progeny.

The court is at Fontainebleau; and the residence there, which was to have been shortened, is now to continue to the 18th of November, the change of air and ass's milk agreeing so well with the Dauphin, that they begin to have hopes of him. This leaves Paris a desert—but what is a desert more or less to a man lying on a couch? Indeed, I have company enough from morning to night, who have the charity to visit me. The Duc de Nivernois is inexpressibly good, and has scarce missed a day. He says he called often at your door, and regrets not having seen you. Lady Mary Chabot, Madame Geoffrin, Madame de Juliac, the old Président Hénault, and twenty others have been by my bedside; in short, though I am only related to Mr. Pitt by the gout, I find they have great respect for me.

Here are but few English now, but there is one of the most amiable I ever knew, Lord Ossory [1], whom I see often. He has a great deal of the engaging manner of his cousin Tavistock [2], is modest, manly, very sensible and well bred. Of your islanders and your politics, thank God! I know nothing at all; and I am almost afraid of asking any questions, lest I betray my ignorance—but is it true, as they say here, that Lord Temple is made Governor of the King's children, that Lord Sandwich is turned Methodist, and that Mr. Ellis has been taken up for writing treasonable papers? I don't know how to believe these things, though I have seen many as strange. Perhaps they only tell me so to amuse my confinement. My gracious Lady's pen will make any news acceptable to me. I hope it is not the contrary to her that I have retained my place in our box [3]. What use I shall make of it, the Lord knows. If I knew of any remedy for the gout, even in Japan, I should be tempted to go thither—if there is none, one's own fireside is the properest place—but how or when am I to get even thither? My little feet could not bear yet a giant's slipper. When you see Lady Suffolk, mention me to her with the respect and gratitude I feel; and when you write to Wentworth Castle, Madam, don't forget my strong attachments there. Any good account of Lady Strafford's health will always be most welcome to me. Not doubting your charity to a poor invalid, I beg your Ladyship to send your letter to Mr. Conway's office, recommandée à Monsr. Foley, Banquier. My letter, I perceive, is scarcely legible, my paper, ink, and pens are abominable, and my posture

[1] John Fitzpatrick (1745-1818), second Earl of Upper Ossory. In 1769 he married Anne Liddell, the divorced wife of the third Duke of Grafton.

[2] The Duchess of Bedford and Lord Ossory's mother were sisters.

[3] In the Opera House burnt down in 1789. According to Doran the box was No. 3 on the ground tier, and was shared by Lord Hertford, Lady Strafford, General Conway and his wife, Lady Mary Coke, and Horace Walpole.

worse, but zeal, you see, Madam, can write, though leaning on its arm.

I am your Ladyship's,
though inconstant, yet unalterable,
Humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

1061. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Paris, Oct. 16, 1765.

I AM here, in this supposed metropolis of pleasure, trist enough; hearing from nobody in England, and again confined with the gout in both feet. Yes, I caught cold, and it has returned; but as I begin to be a little acquainted with the nature of its caresses, I think the violence of its passion this time will be wasted within the fortnight. Indeed, a stick and a great shoe do not commonly compose the dress which the English come hither to learn—but I shall content myself if I can limp about enough to amuse my eyes—my ears have already had their fill, and are not at all edified. My confinement preserves me from the journey to Fontainbleau, to which I had no great appetite; but then I lose the opportunity of seeing Versailles and St. Cloud at my leisure.

I wrote to you soon after my arrival; did you receive it? All the English books you named to me are to be had here at the following prices. Shakespeare in eight volumes unbound for twenty-one livres; in larger paper for twenty-seven. Congreve in three volumes for nine livres. Swift in twelve volumes for twenty-four livres; another edition for twenty-seven. So you see I do not forget your commissions. If you have farther orders, let me know.

Wilkes is here, and has been twice to see me in my illness. He was very civil, but I cannot say entertained

me much. I saw no wit: his conversation shows how little he has lived in good company, and the chief turn of it is the grossest bawdy. He has certainly one merit, notwithstanding the bitterness of his pen, that is, he has no rancour—not even against Sandwich, of whom he talked with the utmost temper. He showed me some of his notes on Churchill's works, but they contain little more than one note on each poem to explain the subject of it.

The Dumenil is still the Dumenil, and nothing but curiosity could make me want the Clairon. Grandval is grown so fat and old, that I saw him through a whole play and did not guess him. Not one other, that you remember on the stage, remains there.

It is not a season for novelty in any way, as both the court and the world are out of town. The few that I know are almost all dispersed. The old Président Heynault made me a visit yesterday: he is extremely amiable, but has the appearance of a superannuated bacchanal—superannuated, poor soul! indeed he is! The Duc de Richelieu is a lean old resemblance of old General Churchill, and like him affects still to have his Boothbies. Alas! poor Boothbies!

I hope, by the time I am convalescent, to have the Richmonds here. One of the miseries of chronical illnesses is, that you are a prey to every fool, who, not knowing what to do with himself, brings his ennui to you, and calls it charity.

Tell me a little the intended dates of your motions, that I may know where to write at you. Commend me kindly to Mr. John, and wish me a good night, of which I have had but one these ten days.

Yours ever,

H. W.

1062. To the Countess of Suffolk.

Paris, Oct. 16, 1765.

Though I begin my letter to-day, Madam, it may not be finished and set out these four days; but serving a tyrant who does not allow me many holiday-minutes, I am forced to seize the first that offer. Even now when I am writing upon the table, he is giving me malicious pinches under it.

I was exceedingly obliged to Miss Hotham for the favour of her letter, though it did not give me so good an account of your Ladyship as I wished. I will not advise you to come to Paris, where, I assure you, one has not a nip less of the gout than at London, and where it is rather more difficult to keep one's chamber pure, water not being reckoned here one of the elements of cleanliness. If ever my Lady Blandford and I make a match, I shall insist on her coming hither for a month first, to learn patience. I need have a great stock, who have only travelled from one sick bed to another; who have seen nothing; and who hear of nothing but the braveries of Fontainbleau, where the Duc de Richelieu, whose year it is, has ordered seven new operas, besides other shows. However, if I cannot be diverted, my ruin at least is protracted, as I cannot go to a single shop.

Lady Mary Chabot has been so good as to make me a visit. She is again gone into the country till November, but charged me over and over to say a great deal for her to your Ladyship, for whom she expresses the highest regard.

Lady Brown is still in the country too, but as she loves laughing more than is fashionable here, I expect her return with great impatience. As I neither desire to change their religion or government, I am rather tired of their perpetual dissertations on those subjects.

As when I was here last, which, alas! is four-and-twenty years ago, I was much at Mrs. Hayes's, I thought it but civil to wait on her now that her situation is a little less brilliant. She was not at home, but invited me to supper next night. The moment she saw me I thought I had done very right not to neglect her, for she overwhelmed me with professions of her fondness for me and all my family. When the first torrent was over, she asked me if I was son of the Horace Walpole that had been Embassador here? I said no, he was my uncle.—Oh! then you are he I used to call *my Neddy!*—No, Madam, I believe that is my brother. —Your brother! what is my Lord Walpole?—My cousin, Madam.—Your cousin! why, then, who are you? I found that if I had omitted my visit, her memory of me could not have reproached me much.

Lord and Lady Fife[1] are expected here every day from Spa; but we hear nothing certain yet of their Graces of Richmond, for whom I am a little impatient, and for Pam too, who I hope comes with them. In French houses it is impossible to meet with anything but whisk, which I am determined never to learn again. I sit by and yawn; which, however, is better than sitting at it to yawn.

I hope to be able to take the air in a few days; for though I have had very sharp pain and terrible nights, this codicil to my gout promises to be of much shorter duration than what I had in England, and has kept entirely to my feet. My diet sounds like an English farmer's, being nothing but beef and pudding—in truth the beef is *bouilli*, and the pudding bread. This last night has been the first in which I have got a wink of sleep before six in the morning—but skeletons can live very well without eating

Letter 1062.—[1] James Duff (1729-1809), second Earl Fife, and (apparently) his mother, Jean Grant (d. 1788), Countess Fife.

or sleeping—nay, they can laugh too, when they meet with a jolly mortal of this world.

Mr. Chetwynd, I conclude, is dancing at country balls and horse-races. It is charming to be so young; but I don't envy one whose youth is so good-humoured and good-natured. When he gallops post to town, or swims his horse through a mill-pond in November, pray make my compliments to him, and to Lady Blandford and Lady Denbigh. The joys of the gout do not put one's old friends out of one's head, even at this distance.

I am your Ladyship's
Most obedient
Humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

1063. To Sir Horace Mann.

Paris, Oct. 16, 1765.

I AM stocked with your letters, my dear Sir, and have nothing to say in answer. Two packets have been sent back to me from England, dated before a third, that I received here and answered. I am impatient to know that you have got it, for the Chevalier de Lorenzi[1] has put it into my head, though in truth his own is none of the clearest, that it should have been franked to Genoa, there being a rupture somewhere between postmasters of different territories. I shall take care to be better informed before this departs.

If you have received mine, as I hope, you will have seen that I had left England before I knew of your schemes, and consequently when it was too late to assist them. If the deposit of solicitation for you that I left before I set out

LETTER 1063.—[1] Brother of Comte Lorenzi, the French Minister at Florence. *Walpole.*

has no weight, my word from hence will certainly have none, where they do not like I should be; nor truly can I with much grace ask favours when I will grant none. You have been an exception, because I neither know how to refuse you, or to resist attempting to serve you; but having burst from all political connections, my wish is, not to be drawn back by any ties. If there is any regard left for me, you will be served, because nothing could be more strongly pressed on my side. I shall be sorry, but shall not wonder, if I am forgotten.

Your new court will, I hope, amuse you, and not ruin you. A friend, as it is called, but, as I think, the worst of foes, has stepped in to save me from ruin here. In short, I caught cold ten days after my arrival, have had a relapse, and am laid up with the gout in both feet. It is vexatious enough, besides the pain, which is no flea-bite. It prevents my seeing both things and people, except in my own room, which is seldom the place where I wish to see them. *Basta!* This world was made for Cæsar! that is, the healthy and the bustling. Unpleasant as it is to be ill anywhere but at home, the rooted aversion I have taken to politics and the House of Commons will brave even the gout, which shall not carry me back. When I do return, which at soonest I think will be in February, I shall still wear the gout's livery, and live retired from all other connections. What little I learn here, when the scene opens, shall be transmitted to you, but I have made few arrangements of curiosity.

Adieu! my dear Sir. The life of a bedchamber in a *hôtel garni*, and in a foreign country, and when the court is at Fontainbleau, can furnish little matter for a letter. The Dauphin is said to mend with the change of air and ass's milk, and the journey, which was to have been shortened, is again protracted to the 18th of next month.

1064. To Thomas Brand.

Paris, Oct. 19, 1765.

Don't think I have forgot your commissions: I mentioned them to old Mariette[1] this evening, who says he has got one of them, but never could meet with the other, and that it will be impossible for me to find either at Paris. You know, I suppose, that he would as soon part with an eye as with anything in his own collection.

You may, if you please, suppose me extremely diverted here. Oh, exceedingly. In the first place, I have seen nothing; in the second, I have been confined this fortnight with a return of the gout in both feet; and in the third, I have not laughed since my Lady Hertford went away. I assure you, you may come hither very safely, and be in no danger from mirth. Laughing is as much out of fashion as *pantins* or *bilboquets*. Good folks, they have no time to laugh. There is God and the King to be pulled down first; and men and women, one and all, are devoutly employed in the demolition. They think me quite profane, for having any belief left. But this is not my only crime: I have told them, and am undone by it, that they have taken from us to admire the two dullest things we had, whisk and Richardson—it is very true, and they want nothing but George Grenville to make their conversations, or rather dissertations, the most tiresome upon earth. For Lord Lyttelton, if he would come hither, and turn freethinker once more, he would be reckoned the most agreeable man in France—next to Mr. Hume, who is the only thing in the world that they believe implicitly; which they must do, for I defy them to understand any language that he speaks.

Letter 1064.—[1] Pierre Jean Mariette (1694–1774), a collector of engravings.

If I could divest myself of my wicked and *unphilosophic* bent to laughing, I should do very well. They are very civil and obliging to me, and several of the women are very agreeable, and some of the men. The Duc de Nivernois has been beyond measure kind to me, and scarce missed a day without coming to see me during my confinement. The Guerchys are, as usual, all friendship. I had given entirely into supping, as I do not love rising early, and still less meat breakfasts. The misfortune is that in several houses they dine, and in others sup.

You will think it odd that I should want to laugh, when Wilkes, Sterne, and Foote are here; but the first does not make me laugh, the second never could, and for the third, I choose to pay five shillings when I have a mind he should divert me. Besides, I certainly did not come in search of English: and yet the man I have liked the best in Paris is an Englishman, Lord Ossory, who is one of the most sensible young men I ever saw, with a great deal of Lord Tavistock in his manner.

The joys of Fontainbleau I miss by my illness—*Pazienza*! If the gout deprived me of nothing better than a court!

The papers say the Duke of Dorset is dead: what has he done for Lord George[2]? You cannot be so unconscionable as not to answer me. I don't ask who is to have his riband; nor how many bushels of fruit the Duke of Newcastle's dessert for the Hereditary Prince contained, nor how often he kissed him for the sake of 'the dear house of Brunswick.'—No, keep your politics to yourselves; I want to know none of them:—when I do, and authentically, I will write to my Lady —— or Charles Townshend.

Mrs. Pitt's friend, Madame de Rochefort, is one of my principal attachments, and very agreeable indeed. Madame de Mirepoix another. For my admiration, Madame de

[2] His son, Lord George Sackville.

Monaco—but I believe you don't doubt my Lord Hertford's taste in sensualities. March's passion, the Maréchale d'Estrées [3], is affected, cross, and not at all handsome. The princes of the blood are pretty much retired, do not go to Portsmouth and Salisbury once a week, nor furnish every other paragraph to the newspapers. Their campaigns are confined to killing boars and stags, two or three hundred in a year. Adieu! Mr. Foley is my banker; or it is still more sure if you send your letter to Mr. Conway's office.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

1065. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Paris, Oct. 28, 1765.

Mr. Hume [1] sends me word from Fontainbleau, that your brother, some time in the spring of 1764, transmitted to the English ministry 'a pretty exact and very authentic account of the French finances'; these are his words: and 'that it will be easily found among his Lordship's dispatches of that period.' To the other question I have received no answer: I suppose he has not yet been able to inform himself.

This goes by an English coachman of Count Lauragais, sent over to buy more horses; therefore I shall write a little ministerially, and, perhaps, surprise you, if you are not already apprised of things in the light I see them.

The Dauphin will probably hold out very few days. His death, that is, the near prospect of it, fills *the philosophers* with the greatest joy, as it was feared he would endeavour

[3] Adélaïde Félicité Brulart, daughter of the Marquis de Sillery; m. (1744), as his second wife, Louis Charles César le Tellier, Maréchal d'Estrées.

Letter 1065. — [1] The celebrated David Hume was Secretary of Embassy to the Earl of Hertford during his residence at Paris. *Walpole.*

the restoration of the Jesuits. You will think the sentiments of *the philosophers* very odd *state news*—but do you know who *the philosophers* are, or what the term means here? In the first place, it comprehends almost everybody; and in the next, means men who, avowing war against popery, aim, many of them, at a subversion of all religion, and still many more, at the destruction of regal power. How do you know this? you will say; you, who have been but six weeks in France, three of which you have been confined to your chamber? True: but in the first period I went everywhere, and heard nothing else; in the latter, I have been extremely visited, and have had long and explicit conversations with many, who think as I tell you, and with a few of the other side, who are no less persuaded that there are such intentions. In particular, I had two officers here t'other night, neither of them young, whom I had difficulty to keep from a serious quarrel, and who, in the heat of the dispute, informed me of much more than I could have learnt with great pains.

As a proof that my ideas are not quite visions, I send you a most curious paper[2]; such as I believe no *magistrate* would have pronounced in the time of Charles I. I should not like to have it known to come from me, nor any part of the intelligence I send you: with regard to which, if you think it necessary to communicate it to particular persons, I desire my name may be suppressed. I tell it you for *your* satisfaction and information, but would not have anybody else think that I do anything here but amuse myself: my amusements indeed are triste enough, and consist wholly in trying to get well; but my recovery moves very slowly. I have not yet had anything but cloth shoes on, live sometimes a whole day on warm water, and am never tolerably well till twelve or one o'clock.

[2] This paper does not appear. *Walpole.*

I have had another letter from Sir Horace Mann, who has much at heart his riband and increase of character. Consequently you know, as I love him so much, I must have them at heart too. Count Lorenzi is recalled, because here they think it necessary to send a Frenchman of higher rank to the new grand ducal court. I wish Sir Horace could be raised on this occasion. For his riband, his promise is so old and so positive that it is quite a hardship.

Pray put the colonies in good humour: I see they are violently disposed to the new administration. I have not time to say more, nor more to say if I had time; so good night! Let me know if you receive this, and how soon: it goes the day after to-morrow. Various reports say the Duke of Richmond comes this week. I sent you a letter by Monsieur de Guerchy. Dusson, I hear, goes ambassador to Poland. Tell Lady Ailesbury that I have five or six little parcels, though not above one for her, of laces and ribands, which Lady Cecilia left with me; but how to convey them the Lord knows.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

1066. To Sir Horace Mann.

Paris, Nov. 2, 1765.

You cannot be more distressed than I am at your not receiving my letters. This is the third I have written since I came hither. The first of them was dated on the 30th of September. Then the Chevalier de Lorenzi told me there was some dispute between the French and Italian postmasters, and offered to convey one for me to his brother. I gave him one on the 19th of October, and had no doubt but you would receive that. I now scarce know what

to do, unless Mr. Foley will engage to find some safer way. It embarrasses me the more, while I fear the miscarriage of my letters, I can scarce even give you hints of what I do not care to explain at all by writing. Had you received my others, I think you would have understood me. The sum of what I have said in them, and all I can say in this, is, that, but to serve *you*, nothing could have made me solicit at all, and you are much deceived if you think my interest worth a farthing. I pressed the affair of your riband with all the vehemence I could before I left England; I have renewed my application since I came hither; and even three days ago, on receiving your last letter but one, I wrote in behalf of an increase of character for you. I own it was not pleasant to do, nor do I flatter myself that any regard will be paid to my suit. In short, I have left what are called my friends, have done with them, have refused to return to their Parliament—can I reasonably ask or expect favours from them?

I had long determined before the change happened, for very good reasons, to withdraw from party and politics the moment I should find an opportunity. Chance and *my friends* gave it me; I seized it; and though I was their slave while they were out of place, I will not be so now they are in, nor will be ordered to come and go just as they want me. Think then, my dear Sir, on what interest you build when you call on mine! And do allow me some merit when you are the single exception to the resolution I had taken of asking no more favours of this administration[1] than I did of the last. I think I shall

LETTER 1066.—[1] Mr. Walpole had a good opinion of Lord Rockingham as an honest man, but thought him very unfit for First Minister; and, therefore, as he paid no court to him, had not much hopes of the red riband for Sir Horace Mann, which could not be obtained without Lord Rockingham's consent; but General Conway (with whom and the Duke of Richmond he only preserved any connection) did obtain it. *Walpole.*

write once more on what you tell me of Viviani[2]; more to satisfy you and my own conscience, than from forming any views of success. You must look on me for the future as a man who has totally done with the world, but for my amusement. I know it, my dear Sir, I know it; I laugh at it; I divert myself with it; it does not make me cross. I find all men are like all men; and how can one be angry with everybody? I used to quarrel with those that deceived me; I now only grow very civil to them; know what they are worth; don't trust them, nor care about them, but in common things behave to them as I used to do. One man is ungrateful because he is a rogue; another, because he is a man of virtue: very well—the effect is the very same: if he is the first, perhaps he is agreeable; if the second, probably disagreeable. Why seek out two others, when, perhaps, another rogue will not please me so much, and another piece of uprightness will be as unpleasant?

This is my system, and I go on pretty much as I did. My spirits are as good as ever; I wish my health was so. Since I came hither I have had a relapse, and another fit of the gout for a month. I now limp abroad again, but my eyes have lost many a sight, and all the fine weather. The only thing that provokes me, is to be told that the gout cures every other distemper. I never had any other distemper; and I am sure it takes a long time to cure itself—*à la charge de revenir.* When I return to England, which will be in February or March, according as the weather is fine or not, I shall concentre my few remaining joys in Strawberry, and still be happy enough if I recover my limbs. I wish you had a Strawberry, that you might look down on *grandeurs*, and mortifications of *grandeurs*

[2] The Marquis Viviani, Spanish Chargé d'Affaires at Florence, had been raised by his Government to the rank of Envoy. Mann, who was anxious to obtain the same rank, quoted this as a precedent in his favour.

with the same indifference that I do. When men have paid court to kings and ministers for years, Count Lorenzi shows you what their reward is. The world talks of serving them *faithfully*—for what or why? What do I owe to any human creature more than he owes to me? What entitles him to my *fidelity*? Can those foolish words *king* and *subject* make him better than me, or me worse than him? He pays me, and I do his business—is there any other relation between him and me? In all probability he is more foolish, ignorant, vain, and selfish than I am: do those qualities entitle him to my esteem or respect, much more to any duty from me? And can the frowns of such a strutting phantom mortify one? If he deprives me of my employment without any reason, he deserves my hatred; if he refuses me what I have just pretensions to, he is insensible to merit, and, consequently, worthless himself. I should be glad to see if that would mortify me! A king is established for my convenience, that is for the convenience of everybody; his power and his riches are his wages. His ministers are placed about him, because this mighty thing is a helpless poor mortal, like other mortals, and cannot do a thousandth part of its own business. His ministers have under-officers for exactly the same reasons. What a respectable fabric! Laugh at them, my dear Sir, or pity them, if they try to do as much as they can; but, as that is seldom the case, never be mortified if they disappoint you. The *Nousvoullone*[3] ladies may be vexed if they do not dine with a princess they never saw before. It would be a comfort to me, who think the kingdom of one's own room sufficient dignity for any reasonable man. I wish my philosophy, such as it is, may have any

[3] The Great Duchess had made a distinction between the old and new nobility, by a declaration, which beginning *Nous voulons*, the latter were nicknamed the *Nousvoullone Ladies. Walpole.*

weight with you. I doubt it is the only service I can do for you, but it will be a great one if it has effect: it will tranquillize your mind; and I know nothing else worth seeking. Adieu!

1067. To Miss Anne Pitt.

Paris, November 4, 1765.

Pray, Madam, what signifies being very happy, if one is very unhappy? You have sent me to the most charming people in the world, and then I am confined to my room, and then I limp abroad, and then I have the gout in my eyes, and then I get better, and then you tell me I must not sup with the very people you had bid me sup with! For my goddesses and passions and amours, Lord bless me, I can give them up. I like a cold chicken as well as ambrosia, and a reasonable woman of forty better than an immortal beauty of fifty-three; but I am not so patient under your tyrannical goodness. The night before last I went to the Luxembourg, and to be sure if I had conquered America in Germany[1], I could not have been received with more attention. There was the *tabouret* ready for my feet, and the supper brought into the dressing-room that I might not catch cold by going into the *salle*. Do you know that I did not dare to touch a morsel? You might as well have made me Governor of Barataria; I saw Dr. Ann Pitt and *her dread wand* before my eyes, and lest she should whisk away the dishes from the rest of the company, I did not so much as tuck my napkin under my chin. Is this obedience or not, Madam? I hope it is, for I am sure it is not virtue: I was as wickedly disposed as possible, and only resisted, as saints themselves do when

Letter 1067.—Not in C.; now printed from *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th Report, Appendix, Part III, vol. i. p. 148.

[1] Alluding to the French awe of Pitt.

they do resist, from fear. Mine, however, is very cordial and voluntary obedience, and founded on gratitude for what is past, not on interested views for what is to come. You have been good to me beyond measure, and how much soever I admire Madame de Rochefort, she will not easily shake the attachment and esteem I brought over with me. Your situation, Madam, is truly melancholy; one never wants a comfortable house more, than when one wants to be out of doors in November. Let me preach in my turn and advise you not to catch your death. You are not above a thought more herculean than I am. Planting is not—but very likely my sermon will come too late—I hope it is only a cold in your head. Keep yourself warm; don't rake nor let my Lady Bute keep you up late at supper, nor go to see if every tree you have planted with so much care and taste, is alive; indeed they will not make great shoots before April; but I fear they will be quite in leaf before Madame de Rochefort drinks tea under their shade. She does not seem to think very seriously of a journey to England; the Duc de Nivernois talks of it more in earnest. In general, the *Anglomanie* has had its day, and will very soon be gathered to its ancestors, departed fashions. They know nothing new of us: I tell them in vain of George Grenville's epigrams, and endeavoured t'other day to translate one of them, but was interrupted before I had been above an hour and a half about it. Then their mistakes about us are endless; they take Wilkes and Lord Sandwich for the same person; and I found out that a lady who had commended Rigby for three-quarters of an hour, and talked of the genteelness and slimness of his person, had meant Beauclerc[2] all the time.

[2] Topham Beauclerk (1739–1780), son of Lord Sidney Beauclerk (fifth son of first Duke of St. Albans), well known to readers of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. Johnson's admiration for Beauclerk was by no means shared by Horace Walpole.

My knowledge of my own country is not much more recent than theirs. Nobody tells me a word of news. I am reduced to believe in the *Chronicle*, and I suppose shall return with a total set of false ideas, and without knowing at all whose turn it is to be virtuous. This would preserve me from meddling with fables, if the gout did not. My partiality to dogs, cats, birds is naturally so great, that I do not love to have them made to talk and act like human creatures; but it would be too cruel to pervert their own characters, and give them false ones for us too. I might draw an old monkey[3] acting patriotism, while the old monkey might be dressing itself again in a lion's skin and making bishops. You see, Madam, how little the distance I am at fits me for writing fables; and the gout has destroyed the very slender talent I had for writing anything else. One makes little better figure hobbling up Parnassus, than upon crutches at Paphos; nor do the many precedents for both reassure me. I want to hide myself in my own chimney-corner and be forgotten, but by the very few whom I myself remember with pleasure. The part I am acting here seems little suited to what I feel within, and though I snuff the candle to try to make it burn a little briskly, it does but make it waste the faster. My greatest ambition is not to grow cross, which is a spiteful way of communicating the misfortunes of age and illness to other people. It would be unpardonable in me, who have no dignity, and who have been humoured and caressed, as if I had. Among others I should be very ungrateful not to mention Lady Mary Chabot and Madame de Bentheim: the first is all good nature, and I will add of the latter, that I have not seen three Frenchwomen so lively; they have forgot their natural character or do not perceive that they have lost it.

[3] The Duke of Newcastle.

I wish, Madam, I could send you anything new, but whatever appears relates to the clergy and the Parliament, in which I believe you do not much interest yourself. The warmth increases every day, and the poor clergy are overwhelmed with satires. If they don't take my Lady Huntingdon and a body of Methodists into pay, I doubt they will be routed. Voltaire is the idol of the Parliamentarians, though his own system in the *Dictionnaire Philosophique* is so much more foolish and absurd than anything he has ever ridiculed; but nonsense is always excused by its own party. You have sent me, Madam, to the only society in the world where I believe such prejudices have little weight; therefore when you are worn out as I was, with madness and extravagance, come to the Luxemburgh; you will not hear the Jesuits or Lord Temple named.

1068. To Sir Horace Mann.

Paris, Nov. 13, 1765.

I RECEIVE your letter by Lord Cowper's courier this instant, and had another yesterday. I have certainly received all you have written to me, and am glad to find you begin to get mine. This is the fourth from Paris. I wish, without farther discussions, that you would conceive how very little interest I have, because I fear you will feel it at last; and the disappointment will be the greater. I have written again in your favour, which is more than I promised; but, when I tell you that I have not had a single word of answer to all I have said from hence about you, sure you will be convinced, my dear Sir, that my credit is poor indeed. As to myself, I am most indifferent about it: I am concerned for you, who have not, I see, weaned yourself from attachment to courts and honours, which appear to me the emptiest of bubbles.

Falsehood, interest, and ingratitude, the attendants of friendship, are familiar to me; as I told you in my last, they do not put me out of humour, and I wish I could impart to you some of my apathy. When health and life are to go so soon, what signifies whether honours and friendships precede or accompany them?

15th.

If your Earl[1] acted from reason, I should think him in the right not to go to England yet. The indecency of his stay while his father was still alive, and so pressing to see him, can only be palliated by remaining, which would look as if it was the strength of his attachment that had detained him, and not disrespect; but it is no business of mine.

You will have heard of the death of the Duke of Cumberland, which has awakened much anxiety in England, and given a glimpse of changes. The King has assured the present ministers that this event shall make no alteration, and you may be sure they are desirous of believing so. The opinions of the opposition are divided, of whom some think the rivet that held them together is gone; others that it will strengthen them, as some who hated only the Duke will now be ready to accede. I am of neither opinion: a forced connection between a nephew and uncle who had so long hated one another was no real cement: they met in a centre of hatred to the late ministers; while that subsists, the Duke's life or death was indifferent. On the other hand, if any are disposed to take on now, I should think they were ready to do so before: political hatred is

LETTER 1068.—[1] The third Earl Cowper, who had gone to travel in his father's life, fell in love at Florence with a married lady, and could not be prevailed on by the most earnest entreaties of his dying father to come to England. He continued there for many years after the death of his father and the extinction of his own passion: married an English young gentlewoman there, and in the year 1781 sent his children by her to England without coming himself. *Walpole.*

not so predominant in these times as political interest. It may, upon the whole, give an opening to some broader system, from the very circumstance, and, perhaps, from that alone, that it occasions such an arrangement to be talked of; but I imagine that the groundwork will remain pretty much as it is.

There seems to be a rot among princes; the Emperor, Don Philip[2], and the Duke are dead: Prince Frederick, our King's youngest brother, is in the last stage of a consumption; and here we every moment expect the Dauphin's death. He received extreme unction two days ago; the *prières des quarante heures* have been mumbled over; for here they still die in ceremony, though few pretend to more than acting that farce; few to so much as that. He himself is to be pitied, and they say expressed his sense of his fate; to die at thirty-six, Dauphin of France, 'sans avoir joui, ni fait de bien à personne'—if he would have felt the last, he is a real loss.

15th, at night.

I am just come from the Duke of Richmond's, whose audience had been postponed on the Dauphin's danger. He has received a courier this evening, that appoints him to be at Fontainebleau the day after to-morrow, the Dauphin being what is called better. We thought him dead, for all post-horses are stopped, and nobody suffered to come from Fontainebleau, as the court may want to remove at a minute's warning. Paris in the meantime is a solitude, and trist; but gay enough for me, who but just began to go about again. The English, who are here in droves, do not take these royal deaths much to heart; the Duke of Beaufort made a ball two nights ago in the hotel where I lodge, at which we were no fewer than forty-eight. I was forced to go in my own defence, and to stay as late

[2] The Duke of Parma.

as I could, as I had no chance of getting a wink of sleep but by being worn out: my plan succeeded. In truth, as I stay here only to avoid being in England, it is pretty indifferent to me how I pass my time. When I have broken from politics, and shown that I have, I shall return to my own *château*, and quiet.

Colonel Barré arrived last night, but had sent a refusal before him to England of the place of Irish Vice-Treasurer. I dined where he did to-day, and thought he was not quite so determined as he had imagined. I never was in a room with him before; his style is vulgar; but that did not surprise me. Wilkes is here too; in the same tone and with less parts. One likes to see men that posterity will wish to have seen: bate that curiosity, and they are commonly not just the men you would wish to see much. Wilkes's day is over; Barré's, I think, to come.

How I wish, my dear Sir, that your new court may enliven your life, and not be the cause of any mortification in it! That it may be is the case of courts, that fill up the succession of time, and add nothing to ennoble it. When one thinks over the number of courts that are, and have been, of how many intrigues and vexations they have been the source, and how little they deserve, or have deserved, past, present, or future esteem, can one help lumping them together, and then dropping the thought of them with contempt? I consider the multitudes to whom they are important, as so many old Brantômes, who admired and recorded every proud lord and every lewd lady to whom he had bowed in the guard-room. Laugh at them, and you will be happy.

P.S. I trouble you to forward the enclosed to Hamilton [3] and direct it.

[3] Resident at Naples. *Walpole.*

My Lady Orford has lost another husband[4]. Will she try a third? or will a third trust her?

The King, who had promised it, has confirmed the assurance of the Garter to Lord Albemarle[5], on the Duke's death. It is a handsome compliment to his uncle's memory. There will be some struggle for the other two ribands. I don't care about them: I am only interested about the red for you.

1069. To Lady Mary Coke.

Paris, Nov. 17, 1765.

Your heart, Lady Mary, is too feeling for a world in which ingratitude and death reign. I am heartily sorry for your loss of Lady Yarmouth; she was a very valuable woman; but you must not give way to all the friendship you are capable of. By some means or other, it will embitter your whole life; and though it is very insipid to be indifferent, the vexations consequential of attachments are much too dearly bought by any satisfaction they produce. Perhaps if death was the only dissolvent of connections, one would run the risk, because esteem is mixed with grief; the sensation has a kind of sweetness in it, but it is so seldom that friendship is mutual, that it rarely awaits the trial of a total separation; and who would be more concerned for another, than that person would be for you? If I was younger, I certainly should not preach this doctrine to you, Madam, but I know your worth, I do not know that of many more, and I am sorry to see you so often miserable; not one in a hundred deserves such sincerity as yours. I am got again a little into the world,

[4] Sewallis Shirley, second husband of Lady Orford. *Walpole.*

[5] George Keppel, third Earl of Albemarle, one of the Lords of the Bedchamber, and favourite of William, Duke of Cumberland. *Walpole.*

Letter 1069.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. pp. xviii–xix.

and during my illness received great marks of kindness and attention from several persons. But you must not believe, Madam, the ridiculous stories which have been propagated in England—I suppose to laugh at me. The circle of my acquaintance here is narrow, and lies amongst the most reasonable people I could find, who treat me with great goodness and compassion, but who are too sensible, and I hope think me so, to commend my person or admire me, as I hear has been reported. I speak their language too ill even to give way to my natural spirits, and though I trust I shall find them again at my return, I flatter myself that you will not perceive me become a coxcomb, nor in love with myself at eight and forty, and after five months of gout. I hope to be good-humoured to the last, but it will be a little hard if my cheerfulness is taken for vanity. I dare not now, after what I have heard, joke on my passions, lest these should pass for pretensions, nor admire Madame de la Vallière's eyes, lest some *kind* body or other should talk of mine. You know me, Lady Mary, and I hope will acquit me of any follies of self-love. I have many others, and am willing to retain them, but on that head, indeed, I have not been guilty. Paris is still a desert. The Dauphin, who received the last sacraments two or three days ago, languishes on. However, he has mended so much, that they have appointed the Duke of Richmond's audience to-day, and he is accordingly gone to Fontainebleau. I question whether the Duchess's will not be prevented for some time, as the Dauphin cannot last many days. Other French news I have none; and full as little of English. Nobody will ever tell me the Duke of Dorset's will, or whether the Duke of Cumberland made one: but everybody says, 'I tell you no news, because I conclude you have it from better hands.' I would be content to know what has turned things round so, that

my Lady Bolinbroke is in disgrace at Bedford House, and my Lord in favour there. These may be old stories in London, but would be very new to me. You see I am humble in my curiosity! You will soon see the Duke of Beaufort from hence, will find him improved in his person, good-natured and civil. I am glad to find, Madam, that Lady Brown is a friend of yours: she is uncommonly good-humoured and agreeably cheerful. Lord and Lady Fife find her a great resource. Though I have been here now above two months, I have seen few of the beauties and none of the Princes of the blood. Above five weeks I was confined, or at least an invalid: the Dauphin's illness has locked up everybody at Fontainebleau. However, as I think this will be my last expedition across the sea, I endeavour and intend to see as much as I can. This is no very difficult task, as variety certainly does not compose the life of the French. They live by the clock, by the almanac, and by custom. I think I could with great truth write travels to Paris, that would totally contradict all ideas received of the French in England. I like many of the people, and with great reason; am reconciled to several things that displeased me at first; but there wants that singularity which, however unreasonable, makes every English character a novelty. Though the country and the people are so new to me, I find it more difficult to say anything new in my letters from hence than ever I did in England. When I find that the case, it is time, you will allow, to finish. *Je ne m'ennuie pas, mais je vous ennuierois*—in short, as the French don't love laughing, I will reserve my spirits till we meet in our box at the Opera. I tumble down ten times in the day, and am sensible that I ought to grow old; but, I don't know how, I still flatter myself that I shall live to be foolish again. Not in public, where I intend to observe all the decorum

and dignity of the gout; but I doubt my friends will not find that my wrinkles are very serious. Wrinkles, I assure you, there are, new ones too; and if there were not, I would paint them sooner than lie under the calumny of being charming. This does not imply, Lady Mary, that I give up the least tittle of my claim to your heart; on the contrary, I pretend that you (and you only) should see my stick (if I am forced to return with one) in the light of a crook, for in spite of Madame de la Valière, &c., I am still and ever will be

Your Pastor fido,
Hor. Walpole.

1070. To Thomas Gray.

Paris, Nov. 19, 1765.

You are very kind to inquire so particularly after my gout. I wish I may not be too circumstantial in my answer: but you have tapped a dangerous topic; I can talk gout by the hour. It is my great mortification, and has disappointed all the hopes that I had built on temperance and hardiness. I have resisted like a hermit, and exposed myself to all weathers and seasons like a smuggler: and in vain. I have, however, still so much of the obstinacy of both professions left, that I think I shall continue, and cannot obey you in keeping myself warm. I have gone through my second fit under one blanket, and already go about in a silk waistcoat with my bosom unbuttoned. In short, I am as prejudiced to my regimen, though so ineffectual, as I could have been to all I expected from it. The truth is, I am almost as willing to have the gout as to be liable to catch cold; and must run up stairs and down, in and out of doors, when I will, or I cannot have the least satisfaction. This will convince you how readily

I comply with another of your precepts, walking as soon as I am able.—For receipts, you may trust me for making use of none: I would not see a physician at the worst, but have quacked myself as boldly as quacks treat others. I laughed at your idea of quality-receipts, it came so apropos. There is not a man or woman here that is not a perfect old nurse, and who does not talk gruel and anatomy with equal fluency and ignorance. One instance shall serve: Madame de Bouzols, Marshal Berwick's daughter, assured me there was nothing so good for the gout, as to preserve the parings of my nails in a bottle close stopped. When I try any illustrious nostrum, I shall give the preference to this.

So much for the gout! I told you what was coming. As to the ministry, I know and care very little about them. I told you and told them long ago, that if ever a change happened I would bid adieu to politics for ever. Do me the justice to allow that I have not altered with the times. I was so impatient to put this resolution in execution, that I hurried out of England before I was sufficiently recovered. I shall not run the same hazard again in haste; but will stay here till I am perfectly well, and the season of warm weather coming on or arrived; though the charms of Paris have not the least attraction for me, nor would keep me an hour on their own account. For the city itself, I cannot conceive where my eyes were: it is the ugliest beastly town in the universe. I have not seen a mouthful of verdure out of it, nor have they anything green but their *treillage* and window-shutters. Trees cut into fire-shovels, and stuck into pedestals of chalk, compose their country. Their boasted knowledge of society is reduced to talking of their suppers, and every malady they have about them, or know of. The Dauphin is at the point of death; every morning the physicians frame an account of him; and

happy is he or she who can produce a copy of this lie, called a *bulletin*. The night before last, one of these was produced at supper where I was; it was read, and said he had had *une évacuation fétide*. I beg your pardon, though you are not at supper. The old lady of the house (who, by the way, is quite blind, was the Regent's mistress for a fortnight, and is very agreeable) called out, 'Oh, they have forgot to mention that he threw down his chamber-pot, and was forced to change his bed.' There were present several women of the first rank; as Madame de la Valière, whom you remember Duchesse de Vaujour, and who is still miraculously pretty, though fifty-three; a very handsome Madame de Forcalquier, and others—nor was this conversation at all particular to that evening.

Their gaiety is not greater than their delicacy—but I will not expatiate. In short, they are another people from what they were. They may be growing wise, but the intermediate passage is dullness. Several of the women are agreeable, and some of the men; but the latter are in general vain and ignorant. The *savans*—I beg their pardons, the *philosophes*—are insupportable, superficial, overbearing, and fanatic: they preach incessantly, and their avowed doctrine is atheism; you would not believe how openly—don't wonder, therefore, if I should return a Jesuit. Voltaire himself does not satisfy them. One of their lady devotees said of him, 'Il est bigot, c'est un déiste.'

I am as little pleased with their taste in trifles. Crébillon is entirely out of fashion, and Marivaux a proverb: *marivauder* and *marivaudage* are established terms for being prolix and tiresome. I thought that we were fallen, but they are ten times lower.

Notwithstanding all I have said, I have found two or three societies that please me; am amused with the novelty of the whole, and should be sorry not to have come. The

Dumenil is, if possible, superior to what you remember. I am sorry not to see the Clairon; but several persons whose judgements seem the soundest prefer the former. Préville is admirable in low comedy. The mixture of Italian comedy and comic operas, prettily written, and set to Italian music, at the same theatre, is charming, and gets the better both of their operas and French comedy; the latter of which is seldom full, with all its merit. *Petits-maîtres* are obsolete, like our Lords Foppington—*tout le monde est philosophe*—When I grow very sick of this last nonsense, I go and compose myself at the Chartreuse, where I am almost tempted to prefer Le Sœur to every painter I know. Yet what new old treasures are come to light, routed out of the Louvre, and thrown into new lumber-rooms at Versailles!—But I have not room to tell you what I have seen! I will keep this and other chapters for Strawberry. Adieu! and thank you.

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

Old Mariette has shown me a print by Diepenbecke[1] of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle at dinner with their family. You would oblige me, if you would look into all their Graces' folios, and see if it is not a frontispiece to some one of them[2]. Then he has such a Petitot of Madame

Letter 1070.—[1] Abraham Diepenbecke (d. 1675), a Flemish painter, and a pupil of Rubens.

[2] 'The print you ask after is the frontispiece to *Nature's Pictures drawn by Fancy's pencil*. But lest there should be any mistake, I must tell you, the family are not at dinner, but sitting round a rousing fire and telling stories. The room is just such a one as we lived in at Rheims: I mean as to the glazing and ceiling. The chimney is supported by Cariatides: over the mantelpiece the arms of the family. The Duke and Duchess are crowned with laurel. A servant stands behind him, holding a hat and feather. Another is shutting a window. Diepenbecke delin. and (I think) S. Clouwe sculps. It is a very pretty and curious print, and I thank you for the sight of it. If it ever was a picture, what a picture to have!' (Gray to Walpole, Dec. 13, 1765.)

d'Olonne[3]! The Pompadour offered him fifty louis for it—alack, so would I!

1071. To Grosvenor Bedford.

Dear Sir, Paris, Nov. 20, 1765.

I should hope you was convinced that you need not at any time wait for business, to write to me. I am always happy to hear of you, and glad to receive your letters.

I caught cold after I had been here a fortnight, and the gout returned in both feet, and in one of my eyes, with what gave me still more uneasiness, constant sickness at my stomach, so that I almost loathed every kind of food, and could bear no sort above two days together. Thank God! after six weeks all is over, my sickness is gone and my appetite returned. My feet continued long swelled, and my legs swelled so much every night, that I feared that weakness would remain, but it is gone too, and I have nothing to complain of now, but weakness. I wish you got as easily quit of this horrid distemper. My gout leaves no traces at all, though so severe while it stays.

I will beg you to keep the money till my return, which will be when the severity of the winter is over; but I am grown a great coward, and dare not venture travelling in bad weather, nor risk being laid up on the road. I am not less afraid of the House of Commons, when I am persuaded long attendance would bring back the gout, of which I own my dread is extreme. The same apprehension will prevent my going more southward. I shall be very glad to be in my own house again. Adieu, dear Sir, and believe me ever

Most cordially and affectionately yours,

Horace Walpole.

[3] Catherine Henriette d'Angennes (d. 1714), Comtesse d'Olonne. This miniature afterwards came into Horace Walpole's possession.

1072. To Lady Hervey.

Paris, Nov. 21, 1765.

Madame Geoffrin has given me a parcel for your Ladyship with two knotting-bags, which I will send by the first opportunity that seems safe: but I hear of nothing but difficulties; and shall, I believe, be saved from ruin myself, from not being able to convey any purchases into England. Thus I shall have made an almost fruitless journey to France, if I can neither fling away my money, nor preserve my health. At present, indeed, the gout is gone. I have had my house swept, and made as clean as I could—no very easy matter in this country; but I live in dread of seven worse spirits entering in. The terror I am under of a new fit has kept me from almost seeing anything. The damps and fogs are full as great and frequent here as in London; but there is a little frost to-day, and I shall begin my devotions to-morrow. It is not being fashionable to visit churches; but I am *de la vieille cour*; and I beg your Ladyship to believe that I have no youthful pretensions. The Duchess of Richmond tells me that they have made twenty foolish stories about me in England, and say that my person is admired here. I cannot help what is said without foundation; but the French have neither lost their eyes, nor I my senses. A skeleton I was born—skeleton I am—and death will have no trouble in making me one. I have not made any alteration in my dress, and certainly did not study it in England. Had I had any such ridiculous thoughts, the gout is too sincere a monitor to leave one under any such error. Pray, Madam, tell Lord and Lady Holland what I say; they have heard these idle tales; and they know so many of my follies, that I should be sorry they believed more of me than are true. If all arose from Madame Geoffrin calling me in joke *le*

nouveau Richelieu, I give it under my hand that I resemble him in nothing but wrinkles.

Your Ladyship is much in the right to forbear reading politics. I never look at the political letters that come hither in the *Chronicles*. I was sick to death of them before I set out; and perhaps should not have stirred from home, if I had not been sick of them and all they relate to. If anybody could write ballads and epigrams, *à la bonne heure*! But dull personal abuse in prose is tiresome indeed. A serious invective against a pickpocket, or written by a pickpocket, who has so little to do as to read?

The Dauphin continues languishing to his exit, and keeps everybody at Fontainbleau. There is a little bustle now about the Parliament of Bretagne; but you may believe, Madam, that when I was tired of the squabbles at London, I did not propose to interest myself in quarrels at Hull or Liverpool. Indeed, if the *Duc de Chaulnes*[1] commanded at Rennes, or *Pomenars*[2] was sent to prison, I might have a little curiosity. You wrong me in thinking I quoted a text from my Saint[3] ludicrously. On the contrary, I am so true a bigot, that, if she could have talked nonsense, I should, like any other bigot, believe she was inspired. The season, and the emptiness of Paris, prevent anything new from appearing. All I can send your Ladyship is a very pretty *logogriphe*, made by the old blind Madame du Deffand, whom perhaps you know—certainly must have heard of. I sup there very often; and she gave me this last night—you must guess it.

Quoique je forme un corps, je ne suis qu'une idée;
Plus ma beauté vieillit, plus elle est décidée:

LETTER 1072.—[1] Governor of Brittany in the time of Madame de Sévigné. *Walpole.*

[2] See Madame de Sévigné's letters. *Walpole.*

[3] Madame de Sévigné. *Walpole.*

Il faut, pour me trouver, ignorer d'où je viens:
Je tiens tout de lui, qui réduit tout à rien[4].

Lady Mary Chabot inquires often after your Ladyship. Your other two friends are not yet returned to Paris; but I have had several obliging messages from the Duchesse d'Aiguillon.

It pleased me extremely, Madam, to find no mention of your own gout in your letter. I always apprehend it for you, as you try its temper to the utmost, especially by staying late in the country, which you know it hates. Lord! it has broken my spirit so, that I believe it might make me leave Strawberry at a minute's warning. It has forbid me tea, and been obeyed; and I thought that one of the most difficult points to carry with me. Do let us be well, Madam, and have no gouty notes to compare!

I am your Ladyship's most faithful, humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1073. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Paris, Nov. 21, 1765.

YOU must not be surprised when my letters arrive long after their date. I write them at my leisure, and send them when I find any Englishmen going to London, that I may not be kept in check, if they were to pass through both French and English posts.

Your letter to Madame Roland, and the books for her, will set out very securely in a day or two. My bookseller here happens to be of Rheims, and knows Madame Roland, *comme deux gouttes d'eau.* This perhaps is not a well-placed simile, but the French always use one, and when they are once established, and one knows the tune, it does not signify sixpence for the sense.

[4] The word is *Noblesse. Walpole.*

My gout and my stick have entirely left me. I totter still, it is true, but I trust shall be able to whisk about at Strawberry as well almost as ever. When that hour strikes, to be sure I shall not be very sorry. The sameness of the life here is worse than anything but English politics and the House of Commons. Indeed, I have a mind still to see more people here, more sights, and more plays, and more of the Dumenil. The Dauphin, who is not dead yet, detains the whole court at Fontainebleau, whither I dare not venture, as the situation is very damp, and the lodgings abominable. Sights too, I have scarce seen any yet; and I must satisfy my curiosity, for hither, I think, I shall never come again. No, let us sit down quietly and comfortably, and enjoy our coming old age. Oh, if you are in earnest, and will transplant yourself to Roehampton, how happy I shall be! You know, if you believe an experience of above thirty years, that you are one of the very, very few, for whom I really care a straw. You know how long I have been vexed at seeing so little of you. What has one to do, when one grows tired of the world, as we both do, but to draw nearer and nearer, and gently waste the remains of life with the friends with whom one began it! Young and happy people will have no regard for us and our old stories, and they are in the right: but we shall not tire one another; we shall laugh together, when nobody is by to laugh at us, and we may think ourselves young enough when we see nobody younger. Roehampton is a delightful spot, at once cheerful and retired. You will amble in your chaise about Richmond Park; we shall see one another as often as we like; I shall frequently peep at London, and bring you tales of it, and we shall sometimes touch a card with the Clive, and laugh our fill—for I must tell you, I desire to die when I have nobody left to laugh with me. I have never yet seen or heard anything serious, that was not ridiculous. Jesuits, Methodists,

philosophers, politicians, the hypocrite Rousseau, the scoffer Voltaire, the encyclopedists, the Humes, the Lytteltons, the Grenvilles, the atheist tyrant of Prussia, and the mountebank of history, Mr. Pitt, all are to me but impostors in their various ways. Fame or interest are their objects—and after all their parade, I think a ploughman who sows, reads his almanac, and believes the stars but so many farthing candles, created to prevent his falling into a ditch as he goes home at night, a wiser and more rational being, and I am sure an honester than any of them—Oh, I am sick of visions and systems, that shove one another aside, and come over again, like the figures in a moving picture! Rabelais brightens up to me as I see more of the world; he treated it as it deserved, laughed at it all, and (as I judge from myself) ceased to hate it; for I find hatred an unjust preference. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

1074. To Lady Hervey.

Paris, Nov. 28, 1765.

What, another letter! Yes, yes, Madam; though I must whip and spur, I must try to make my thanks keep up with your favours: for any other return, you have quite distanced me. This is to acknowledge the receipt of the Duchess d'Aiguillon—you may set what sum you please against the debt. She is delightful, and has much the most of a woman of quality of any I have seen, and more cheerfulness too; for, to show your Ladyship that I am sincere, that my head is not turned, and that I retain some of my prejudices still, I avow that gaiety, whatever it was formerly, is no longer the growth of this country; and I will own too that Paris can produce women of quality that I should not call women of fashion: I will not use so ungentle a term as vulgar; but

for their indelicacy, I could call it still worse. Yet with these faults, and the latter is an enormous one in my English eyes, many of the women are exceedingly agreeable. I cannot say so much for the men—always excepting the Duc de Nivernois. You would be entertained for a quarter of an hour with his Duchess—she is the Duke of Newcastle properly placed, that is, chattering incessantly out of devotion, and making interest against the devil that she may dispose of bishoprics in the next world.

Madame d'Egmont is expected to-day, which will run me again into arrears. I don't know how it is. Yes, I do: it is natural to impose on bounty, and I am like the rest of the world: I am going to abuse your goodness, *because* I know nobody so great. Besides being the best friend in the world, you are the best *commissionnaire* in the world, Madam: you understand from friendship to scissors. The enclosed model was trusted to me, to have two pair made as well as possible—but I really blush at my impertinence. However, all the trouble I mean to give your Ladyship is, to send your groom of the chambers to bespeak them; and a pair besides of the common size for a lady, as well made as possible, for the honour of England's steel.

The two knotting-bags from Madame Geoffrin went away by a clergyman two days ago; and I concerted all the tricks the doctor and I could think of, to elude the vigilance of the Custom House officers.

With this, I send your Ladyship the *Orpheline Léguée*[1]: its intended name was the *Anglomanie*—my only reason for sending it; for it has little merit, and had as slender success, being acted but five times. However, there is nothing else new.

The Dauphin continues in the same languishing and hopeless state, but with great coolness and firmness. Somebody

LETTER 1074.—[1] A comedy by Saurin.

gave him t'other day *The Preparation for Death*[2]; he said, 'C'est la nouvelle du jour.'

I have nothing more to say, but what I have always to say, Madam, from the beginning of my letters to the end, that I am

Your Ladyship's most obliged and most devoted humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Nov. 28, three o'clock.

Oh, Madam, Madam, Madam, what do you think I have found since I wrote my letter this morning? I am out of my wits! Never was anything like my luck; it never forsakes me! I have found Count Grammont's picture! I believe I shall see company upon it, certainly keep the day holy. I went to the Grands Augustins to see the pictures of the reception of the Knights of the Holy Ghost: they carried me into a chamber full of their portraits; I was looking for Bassompierre[3]; my *laquais de louage* opened a door, and said, 'Here are more.' One of the first that struck me was *Philibert Comte de Grammont*! It is old, not at all handsome, but has a great deal of finesse in the countenance. I shall think of nothing now but having it copied. If I had seen or done nothing else, I should be content with my journey hither.

1075. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Paris, Nov. 29, 1765.

As I answered your short letter with a very long one, I shall be shorter in answer to your long, which I received

[2] The title of a French book of devotion. *Walpole.*

[3] François (1579–1646), Maréchal de Bassompierre, a prominent personage at the court of Henry IV, and author of *Memoirs* first published in 1665.

late last night from Fontainbleau: it is not very necessary; but as Lord William Gordon[1] sets out for England on Monday, I take that opportunity.

The Duke of Richmond tells me that Choiseul has promised everything[2]. I wish it may be performed, and *speedily*, as it will give you an opportunity of opening the Parliament with great *éclat*. My opinion you know is, that this is the moment for pushing them and obtaining.

Thank you for all you say about my gout. We have had a week of very hard frost, that has done me great good, and rebraced me. The swelling of my legs is quite gone. What has done me more good, is having entirely left off tea, to which I believe the weakness of my stomach was owing, having had no sickness since. In short, I think I am cured of everything but my fears. You talk coolly of going as far as Naples, and propose my going with you. I would not go so far, if Naples was the direct road to the New Jerusalem. I have no thought or wish but to get home, and be quiet for the rest of my days, which I shall most certainly do the first moment the season will let me; and if I once get to London again, shall be scarce tempted ever to lie in an inn more. I have refused to go to Aubigné[3], though I should lie but one night on the road. You may guess what I have suffered, when I am grown so timorous about my health. However, I am again reverted to my system of water, and trying to recover my hardiness—but nothing has at all softened me towards physicians.

You see I have given you a serious answer, though I am rather disposed to smile at your proposal. Go to Italy! for what?—Oh, to quit—do you know, I think that as

LETTER 1075. —[1] Second son of third Duke of Gordon.

[2] Choiseul had agreed to settle the affair of the Canada bills.

[3] The Duke of Richmond's residence in France.

Charles Lennox
3rd Duke of Richmond
from a mezzotint by J. Watson after G. Romney.

idle a thought as the other. Pray stay where you are, and do some good to your country, or retire when you cannot—but don't put your finger in your eye and cry after the holidays and sugar-plums of Park Place. You have engaged and must go through, or be hindered. Could you tell the world the reason? Would not all men say you had found yourself incapable of what you had undertaken? I have no patience with your thinking so idly. It would be a reflection on your understanding and character, and a want of resolution unworthy of you.

My advice is, to ask for the first great government that falls, if you will not take your regiment again; to continue acting vigorously and honestly where you are. Things are never stable enough in our country to give you a prospect of a long slavery. Your defect is irresolution. When you have taken your post, act up to it; and if you are driven from it, your retirement will then be as honourable, and more satisfactory than your administration. I speak frankly, as my friendship for you directs. My way of acting (though a private instance) is agreeable to my doctrine. I determined, whenever our opposition should be over, to have done with politics; and you see I have adhered to my resolution by coming hither; and therefore you may be convinced that I speak my thoughts. I don't ask your pardon, because I should be forced to ask my own, if I did not tell you what I think the best for you. You have life and Park Place enough to come, and *you* have not had five months of gout. Make yourself independent honourably, which you may do by a government; but if you will take my advice, don't accept a ministerial place when you cease to be a minister. The former is a reward due to your profession and services; the latter is a degradation. You know the haughtiness of my spirit; I give you no advice but what I would follow.

I sent Lady Ailesbury the *Orpheline Léguée*: a poor performance; but the subject made me think she would like to see it. I am over head and ears at Count Caylus's auction, and have bought half of it for a song—but I am still in greater felicity and luck, having discovered, by mere accident, a portrait of Count Grammont, after having been in search of one these fifteen years, and assured there was no such thing. Apropos, I promised you my own: but besides that there is nobody here that excels in painting skeletons, seriously, their painters are bitter bad, and as much inferior to Reynolds and Ramsay, as Hudson to Vandyck. I had rather stay till my return. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

1076. To Sir Horace Mann.

Paris, Nov. 30, 1765.

Allelujah! Monsieur l'Envoyé! I was going to direct to you by this title; but if your credentials are not arrived, as I hope they are not, that I may be the first to notify your new dignity to you, I did not know how your new court would take it, and therefore I postpone your surprise, till you have opened my letter—if it loiters on the road like its predecessors, I shall be out of all patience. In short, my last express tells me that the King will name you Envoy in your new credentials. You must judge of the pleasure it gives me to have obtained this for you, my dear Sir, by the vexation I expressed on thinking I could not effect it. All answer, I suppose, to my solicitations was deferred till I could be told they had succeeded.

You must forget or erase most of what I had said to you lately, for when I can serve my friends I am content. Your letters had been so many, and so earnest, and I so

little expected any good from my intercession, that I was warmer than I wish I had been; and the more, as I see I was in part unjust. I doubted everybody but Mr. Conway, and did not think that he alone had power to do what I desired, and could not bear you should think I neglected what I wished so much, pleasing you. I have done it to my great satisfaction, since it is what you had so much at heart,—but remember, I don't retract my sermon. I think exactly as I did, that one is in the wrong to place one's peace of mind on courts and honours: their joys are most momentary, violently overbalanced by disappointments, and empty in possession. I shall not excuse you if you have more of these solicitudes; but I will rejoice with you over this one triumph, of which I will do you the justice to believe I am more glad than you are. You must thank Mr. Conway, by whom I obtained it, as if you owed it all to him. You know I hate to be talked of for these things, and therefore insist that my name be not mentioned to him or anybody but your brother. It will be the last favour I shall ever ask; my constant plan has been to be nobody, and for the rest of my days I shall be more nobody than ever. You must gratify me with this silence. I did not think it would be necessary, or I should have made it a condition, for I have declared so much that I would meddle with nothing, that it would contradict those declarations, and disoblige some, for whom I have refused to interest myself.

As I grow better, I am more reconciled to this country; yet I shall return home in the spring. Apprehensions of the gout make one as old as the gout itself, and cure one of all prospects. I must resign that pleasing one, so long entertained, of seeing you at Florence. Your new establishment forbids my expecting you in England. Had I consulted my own wishes I should have let you have been

cross and come home. Happily I am not so selfish. I have learnt, too, not to build on pleasures; they are not of my age. I must go and grow old, and bear *ennui*; must try to make comforts a recompense for living in a country where I do not love the people. My great spirits think all this a difficult task; but spirits themselves are useless, when one has not the same people to laugh with one as formerly. I have no joy in new acquaintance, because I can have no confidence in them. Experience and time draw a line between older persons and younger, which is never to be passed with satisfaction; and though the whole bent of my mind was formed for youth, fortunately I know the ridicule of letting it last too long, and had rather act a part unnatural to me, than a foolish one. I don't love acting a part at all—if I grow very tired of it I will return hither, and vary the scene; this country is more favourable to latter age than England, and what a foreigner does is of no consequence anywhere. Adieu! my dear Envoy! My letters lately seem very grave, but analyse them, you will find them very foolish.

December 1st.

I receive your letter of the 14th. Upon my word our correspondence marches sedately! What do they do with our letters? They are not grown more important than they used to be. Good postmasters, secretaries of state, or whoever you are, seal this letter again quickly, and send it on. You shall detain my next as long as you please. If your curiosity is not satisfied with reading the trifles I have writ to Sir Horace for four-and-twenty years, I have nothing to say: you do me too much honour, and I hope you will be repaid by four-and-twenty years more (I mean if Sir Horace and I don't meet sooner), I promise you I will continue writing to him—for your satisfaction. Well, my dear Sir, you are Envoy, and I hope will be delighted

with all these Austrian etiquettes and ceremonies—I should be sick enough of them to send back my credentials unopened. You have enjoyed all the benefits hitherto of a court life, without a court: sure the husk was preferable to the kernel.

1077. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Dear George, Paris, Dec. 2, 1765.

In return for your kind line by Mr. Beauclerk I send you a whole letter, but I was in your debt before, for making over Madame du Deffand to me, who is delicious; that is, as often as I can get her fifty years back; but she is as eager about what happens every day as I am about the last century. I sup there twice a week, and bear all her dull company for the sake of the Regent. I might go to her much oftener, but my curiosity to see everybody and everything is insatiable, especially having lost so much time by my confinement. I have been very ill a long time, and mending much longer, for every two days undo the ground I get. The fogs and damps, which, with your leave, are greater and more frequent than in England, kill me. However, it is the country in the world to be sick and grow old in. The first step towards being in fashion is to lose an eye or a tooth. Young people I conclude there are, but where they exist I don't guess: not that I complain; it is charming to totter into vogue. If I could but run about all the morning, I should be content to limp into good company in the evening. They humour me and fondle me so, and are so good-natured, and make me keep my armed-chair, and rise for nobody, and hand out nobody, and don't stare at one's being a skeleton, that I grow to like them exceedingly, and to be pleased with living here, which was far from the case at

first: but then there was no soul in Paris but philosophers, whom I wished in heaven, though they do not wish themselves so. They are so overbearing and so underbred!

Your old flame, the Queen, was exceedingly kind to me at my presentation. She has been ever since at Fontainbleau, watching her son, whose death is expected every day, though it is as much the fashion not to own it, as if he was of the immortal house of Brunswick. Madame Geoffrin is extremely what I had figured her, only with less wit and more sense than I expected. The Duchess d'Aiguillon is delightful, frank, and jolly, and handsome and good-humoured, with dignity too. There is another set in which I live much, and to my taste, but very different from all I have named, Madame de Rochfort, and the set at the Luxembourg. My newest acquaintance is Monsieur de Maurepas, with whom I am much taken, though his countenance and person are so like the late Lord Hardwicke. From the little I have seen of him, we have reason, I believe, to thank Madame de Pompadour for his disgrace. At the Marquis de Brancas' I dined with the Duke de Brissac, in his red stockings: in short, I think my winter will be very well amused, whether Mr. Garrick and Mr. Pitt act or not.

Pray tell Lord Holland, that I have sent him the few new things that I thought would entertain him for a moment, though none of them have much merit. I would have written to him, had I had anything to tell him; which, you perceive by what I have said, I had not. The affair of the Parliament of Bretagne, and the intended trial of the famous Mons. de la Chalotais[1] by *commission*, against

LETTER 1077. — [1] Louis René de Caraduec de la Chalotais (1701–1785), *Procureur-Général* of the Parliament of Rennes. La Chalotais incurred the resentment of the Duc d'Aiguillon, Governor of Brittany, who caused him, with his son and four others, to be arrested (Nov. 1765) on a false charge of conspiracy against the King. Their trial, which excited intense interest throughout France, took place first before com-

which the Parliament of Paris strongly inveighs, is the great subject in agitation; but I know little of the matter, and was too sick of our own Parliaments to interest myself about these. The Hôtel de Carnavalet sends its blessings to you. I never pass it without saying an *Ave Maria de Rabutin-Chantal, gratiâ plena*! The Abbé de Malherbe has given orders that I should see Livry whenever I please. Pray tell me which convent was that of *nos Sœurs de Sainte Marie*, where our friend used to go on the evening that Madame de Grignan set out for Provence?

My best compliments to Mr. Williams: has Lord Rockingham done anything for him yet? or has the Duke of Newcastle his old power of dispensing with promises? I sent my Lady Townshend, as long ago as by Lady Hertford, two silver knives which she desired, but cannot hear by any way that she received them. I could ask twenty other questions; but some I had better not ask, and the rest I should not care whether they were answered or not. We have swarms of English; but most of them know not Joseph, and Joseph does not desire to know them. I live with none of them but Crawford and Lord Ossory, the latter of whom I am extremely sorry is returning to England. I recommend him to Mr. Williams as one of the properest and most amiable young men I ever knew.

I beg your pardon, my dear Sir, for this idle letter; yet don't let it lie in your work-basket. When you have a quarter of an hour awake, and to spare, I wish you would bestow it on me. There are no such things as *bons mots* here to send you, and I cannot hope that you will send me your own. Next to them, I should like Charles Townshend's, but I don't desire Betty's [2].

missaries, and finally in the royal council. Though their innocence was clear, La Chalotais and his friends were exiled by Louis XV. This injustice was redressed in the next reign.

[2] Betty Neale, who kept a fruit shop in St. James' Street.

I forgot to tell you that I sometimes go to Baron d'Olbach's[3]; but I have left off his dinners, as there was no bearing the authors, and philosophers, and *savants*, of which he has a pigeon-house full. They soon turned my head with a new system of antediluvian deluges, which they have invented to prove the eternity of matter. The Baron is persuaded that Pall Mall is paved with lava or deluge stones. In short, nonsense for nonsense, I like the Jesuits better than the philosophers. Were ever two men so like in their persons, or so unlike in their dispositions, as Dr. Gem[4] and Brand? Almost the first time I ever saw Gem, he said to me, 'Sir, I am serious, I am of a very serious turn!' Yes, truly! Say a great deal for me to Lord March, and to the Rena's dog's *touffe ébouriffée*. The old Président[5] would send his compliments to you, if he remembered you or anything else.

When we three meet again at Strawberry, I think I shall be able at least to divert Mr. Williams; but till then you must keep my counsel. Madame du Deffand says I have *le feu moqueur*, and I have not hurt myself a little by laughing at whisk and Richardson, though I have steered clear of the chapter of Mr. Hume; the only Trinity now in fashion here. Apropos, I see by the papers that the Bishop of London[6] is suppressing mass-houses. When he was Bishop of Peterborough and parson of Twickenham, he suffered one under his nose. Did the Duchess of Norfolk get him translated to London? I should conclude so; and that this was the first opportunity he had of being ungrateful. Adieu! my dear Sir, yours most sincerely,

HORACE WALPOLE.

[3] Paul Thiry (1723–1798), Baron d'Holbach, a contributor to the *Encyclopédie*.

[4] An English physician resident in Paris.

[5] The Président Hénault.

[6] Thomas Terrick.

1078. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Paris, Dec. 5, 1765.

I have not above a note's worth to say; but as Lord Ossory sets out to-morrow, I just send you a line. The Dauphin, if he is still alive, which some folks doubt, is kept so only by cordials; though the Bishop of Glandève has assured the Queen, that he had God's own word for his recovery, which she still believes, whether her son is dead or not.

The remonstrance of the Parliament of Paris, on the dissolution of that of Bretagne, is very decent; they are to have an audience next week. They do not touch on Chalotais, because the accusation against him is for treason. What do you think that treason is? A correspondence with Mr. Pitt, to whom he is made to say, that 'Rennes is nearer to London than Paris.' It is now believed that the anonymous letters, supposed to be written by Chalotais, were forged by a Jesuit—those to Mr. Pitt could not have even so good an author.

The Duke of Richmond is still at Aubigné: I wonder he stays, for it is the hardest frost alive. Mr. Hume does not go to Ireland[1]; where your brother finds he would by no means be welcome. I have a notion he will stay here till your brother's return.

The Duc de Praslin, it is said, will retire at Christmas. As La Borde[2], the great banker of the court, is trying to retire too, my cousin[3], who is much connected with La Borde, suspects that Choiseul is not very firm himself.

I have supped with Monsieur de Maurepas, and another

Letter 1078.—[1] As Secretary to Lord Hertford. The Irish prejudice against the Scotch would not admit of this appointment.

[2] Jean Joseph (1724-1794), Marquis de Laborde.

[3] Hon. Thomas Walpole.

night with Marshal Richelieu: the first is extremely agreeable and *sensible*; and, I am glad, not *minister*. The other is an old piece of tawdry, worn out, but endeavouring to brush itself up; and put me in mind of Lord Chesterfield, for they laugh before they know what he has said—and are in the right, for I think they would not laugh afterwards.

I sent Lady Ailesbury the words and music of the prettiest opéra comique in the world. I wish I could send her the actors too. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Hor. Walpole.

December 9.

Lord Ossory put off his journey; which stopped this letter, and it will now go by Mr. Andrew Stuart [4].

The face of things is changed here; which I am impatient to tell you, that you may see it is truth, not system, which I pique myself on sending you. The vigour of the court has frightened the Parliaments. That of Pau has submitted. The procureurs, &c., of Rennes, who, it was said, would not plead before the new commission, were told that if they did not plead the next day they should be hanged without a trial. No bribe ever operated faster!

I heard t'other day, that some Spanish minister, I forget his name, being dead, Squillace would take his department, and Grimaldi have that of the West Indies. He is the worst that could have it, as we have no greater enemy.

The Dauphin is certainly alive, but in the most shocking way possible; his bones worn through his skin, a great

[4] Andrew Stuart (d. 1801), appointed Keeper of the Signet in Scotland in 1770. He was counsel for the Duke of Hamilton in the 'Douglas Cause,' and published in 1773 a series of *Letters to Lord Mansfield*, in which he commented strongly on Mansfield's partiality to Mr. Douglas, the Duke's opponent.

swelling behind, and so relaxed, that his intestines appear from that part; and yesterday the mortification was suspected.

I have received a long letter from Lady Ailesbury, for which I give her a thousand thanks; and would answer it directly, if I had not told you every earthly thing I know. The Duke and Duchess [5] are, I hear, at Fontainbleau: the moment they return, I will give the Duchess Lady Ailesbury's commission.

1079. To the Countess of Suffolk.

Madam, Paris, Dec. 5, 1765; but does not set out till the 11th.

Miss Hotham need not be in pain for what to say when she gives me an account of your Ladyship, which is all the trouble I thought of giving her. If she could make those accounts more favourable, I should be better pleased: but I know what an untractable brute the gout is, and the joy it takes in plaguing everybody that is connected with it. We have the sharpest frost here that ever lived; it has done me great good; and, if it has the same effect on your Ladyship, I hope you are starved to death.

Since Paris has begun to fill, in spite of Fontainbleau, I am much reconciled to it, and have seen several people I like. I am established in two or three societies, where I sup every night; though I have still resisted whisk, and am more constant to my old flame loo during its absence than I doubt I have been to my other passions. There is a young Comtesse d'Egmont [1], daughter of Marshal Richelieu, so pretty and pleasing, that, if I thought it would break anybody's heart in England, I would be in love with her.

[5] Of Richmond. *Walpole.*

Letter 1079.—Collated with original in British Museum.

[1] Sophie Jeanne Louise Armande Septimanie de Richelieu, daughter of the Maréchal Duc de Richelieu, and wife of the Comte d'Egmont.

Nay, Madam, I might be so within all rules here; I am twenty years on the right side of red-heels, which her father wears still, and he has still a wrinkle to come before he leaves them off.

The Dauphin is still alive, but kept so only by cordials. Yet the Queen and Dauphiness have no doubt of his recovery, having the Bishop of Glandève's word for it, who got a promise from a vision under its own hand and seal. The Dauphin has certainly behaved with great courage and tranquillity, but he is so touched with the tenderness and attention of his family, that he now expresses a wish to live.

If there is no talk in England of politics and parliaments, I can send your Ladyship as much as you please from hence—or if you want English themselves, I can send you about fifty head; and I assure you we shall still be well stocked. There were three card-tables full of lords, ladies, gentlemen, and gentlewomen, the other night at Lady Berkeley's, who keeps Tuesdays. Lord Berkeley is arrived, and much improved both in his person and manner. The Duke of Buccleuch is expected next week.

The house of Richmond is gone to Aubigné for a week, as the Duchess will not have her audience till the Dauphin's fate is decided. I did not dare to accompany them at this time of year after all I have suffered.

Yesterday I dined at La Borde's, the great banker of the court. Lord! Madam, how little and poor all your houses in London will look after his! In the first place, you must have a garden half as long as the Mall, and then you must have fourteen windows, each as long as t'other half, looking into it; and each window must consist of only eight panes of looking-glass. You must have a first and second antechamber, and they must have nothing in them but dirty servants. Next must be the grand cabinet, hung

with red damask, in gold frames, and covered with eight large and very bad pictures, that cost four thousand pounds—I cannot afford them you a farthing cheaper. Under these, to give an air of lightness, must be hung bas-reliefs in marble. Then there must be immense *armoires* of tortoise-shells and *or moulu*, inlaid with medals—and then you may go into the *petit cabinet*, and then into the great *salle*, and the gallery, and the billiard-room, and the eating-room; and all these must be hung with crystal lustres and looking-glass from top to bottom; and then you must stuff them fuller than they will hold with granite tables and porphyry urns, and bronzes, and statues, and vases, and the Lord or the devil knows what—but, for fear you should ruin yourself or the nation, the Duchesse de Grammont [2] must give you this, and Madame de Marsan that; and if you have anybody that has any taste to advise you, your eating-room must be hung with huge hunting-pieces in frames of all coloured golds, and at top of one of them you may have a setting-dog, who having sprung a wooden partridge, it may be flying a yard off against the wainscot. To warm and light this palace it must cost you eight and twenty thousand livres a year in wood and candles—if you cannot afford that, you must stay till my Lord Clive returns with the rest of the Indies. The mistress of this Arabian Nights' Entertainment is very pretty, and Sir Laurence la Borde [3] is so fond of her, that he sits by her at dinner, and calls her *Pug*, or *Taw*, or I forget what.

Lady Mary Chabot always charges me to mention her to your Ladyship, with particular attention. There are some to whom I could wish your Ladyship would do me the same good office; but I have been too troublesome already,

[2] Béatrix de Choiseul-Stainville (1730–1794), Duchesse de Grammont, sister of the Duc de Choiseul, with whom she had great influence.

[3] Probably an allusion to Sir Laurence Dundas, the rich English contractor.

and will only mention Miss Hotham, Mr. Chetwynd, Lady Blandford, and St. James's Square.

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient humble servant,

Hor. Walpole.

1080. To Miss Anne Pitt.

Paris, Dec. 25, 1765.

Nothing could have given me more pleasure than your commission, if you had left me any hopes of executing it well; but I own I do not comprehend how it is to be effected. You forbid ornaments, and tell me the room is to be hung. On these terms it is impossible to make it resemble a French room. The chimney and the panels of the doors may admit French designs: all the rest can have nothing but a bead or *baguette*. This is not only my idea, Madam, to which I would not trust, but Madame de Rochefort's too, to whom I carried your plan, and left it with her to consider. The proportions of your windows and doors are as un-French as possible; the former, to be like those of this country, should be much higher, and the others not near so wide. I have seen but one idea in all the houses here; the rooms are white and gold, or white; a lustre, a vast glass over the chimney, and another opposite, and generally a third over against the windows compose their rooms universally. In the bedchamber is a piece of hanging behind and on each side of the bed; the rest of the room is stark naked. Now and then there is a piece of tapestry or damask opposite to the windows; but surely there is nothing in which they so totally want imagination as in the furniture of their houses? I have seen the Hôtels

Letter 1080. — Not in C.; now printed from *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th Report, Appendix, Part III, pp. 150–1.

de Soubise, de Luxembourg, de Maurepas, de Brancas, and several others, especially the boasted Hôtel de Richelieu, and could not perceive any difference, but in the more or less gold, more or less baubles on the chimneys and tables; and that now and then Vanloo has sprawled goddesses over the doors, and, at other times, Boucher. There is a routine for their furniture as much as for their phrases, and an exceeding want of invention in both. As to a comfortable chamber for winter, they have no more notion of it than Queen Frédégonde had. In short, their whole system of habitation is to me absurd; yet as I shall have the more merit if I can succeed in executing your commands, Madam, there is nothing I will not try, if you will be so good as to explain your intention a little farther. May the mouldings or *baguettes* be carved? may there be any ornament to the ceiling or cornice? may the chimney be widened, without which it can never be a French chimney, which is always very low and straddling? may the corners of the doors be rounded off, without which the panels must be square too, and then they will be English doors? All these, I doubt, are necessary demands, and at last, I fear, the proportions of the windows and doors will destroy all Gallicism. However, I will neglect nothing on my part. I have consulted Madame de Surgère too, whom you know, and who is reckoned to understand these things; she wants more information; and it will be the impracticability, not our faults, if you are not pleased, Madam.

The Dauphin's death[1] has stifled all diversions, but will increase mine, by bringing more people to Paris.

His whole behaviour was good nature and good sense. It was one of the few deaths (I mean of those who die in public) void of pedantry, affectation, or bigotry. It is plain

[1] On Dec. 20, 1765.

he was not known, and consequently his discretion is plain. We were all admiration for four days—but now repose ourselves, with settling mourning, who ought to *draper*[2] their coaches, and how many guards the Dauphiness is to have. It is never necessary to conquer grief; let it alone, and in two days it will vent itself on a hat-band or a muslin ruffle. However, lest it should fix even there, I hear some people had the precaution to fortify themselves with diamond earrings and gold shoes as a preservative.

Our friend Madame de Mirepoix has made a very unfortunate campaign at Fontainbleau, and lost thirteen or fourteen hundred pounds at whisk. I am sorry for it, but with her parts, how should she play so dull a game well? The Prince de Beauvau is holding the states of Languedoc[3] very triumphantly, and I shall not see him before February.

Rousseau is here, protected by *the Temple*[4], but is going to England. Considering the mischief he has done at Geneva, may not he hope to be protected by *the Temple*[5] in England too?

I am glad, Madam, that you only think you have the gout, for then I am sure you have not. It is by no means an ache in one's fancy. If you should have it, come away directly to Paris, where it is treated with the utmost respect and indulgence. Nobody laughs at one's stick; on the contrary, they give one the warmest place, and a great chair, and advise a thousand remedies, all infallible, and equally fit to cure a smoking chimney. In—about seven or eight weeks you will be quite well, and sup and sit up till two in the morning—except the nights that you go to the Luxembourg, where they keep good hours.

[2] i. e. to have them covered with black cloth, as a sign of mourning.

[3] He was Governor of Languedoc.

[4] The Prince de Conti, who protected Rousseau, lived in the Temple.

[5] Lord Temple.

Wednesday night, late.

I am just come, Madam, from the Luxembourg; the Duc de Nivernois has pronounced your plan impracticable; and we can find no way of making your room look French, but by sending it a box of rouge. However, I keep your plan till further orders. Monsieur de Nivernois has been reading us a dozen new fables, all prettier than one another —in short, you had better come and bespeak your mouldings yourself. You shall play but one rubber, *you shall not eat much*, and after supper we will set on your plan. It will not only be the shortest way, but I am sure the most agreeable. Adieu! Madam.

1081. To Lady Hervey.

Paris, Jan. 2, 1766.

When I came to Paris, Madam, I did not know that by New Year's Day I should find myself in Siberia; at least as cold. There have not been two good days together since the middle of October; however, I do not complain, as I am both well and well pleased, though I wish for a little of your sultry English weather, all French as I am. I have entirely left off dinners, and lead the life I always liked, of lying late in bed, and sitting up late. I am told of nothing but how contradictory this is to your Ladyship's orders; but as I shall have dull dinners and triste evenings enough when I return to England, all your kindness cannot persuade me to sacrifice my pleasures here, too. Many of my opinions are fantastic; perhaps this is one, that nothing produces gout like doing anything one dislikes. I believe the gout, like a near relation, always visits one when one has some other plague. Your Ladyship's dependence on the waters of Sunning Hill is, I hope, better founded; but in the meantime my system is full as pleasant.

Madame d'Aiguillon's goodness to me does not abate, nor Madame Geoffrin's. I have seen but little of Madame d'Egmont, who seems very good, and is universally in esteem. She is now in great affliction, having lost suddenly Monsieur Pignatelli, the minister at Parma, whom she bred up, and whom she and her family had generously destined for her grand-daughter, an immense heiress. It was very delicate and touching what Madame d'Egmont said to her daughter-in-law on this occasion:—'Vous voyez, ma chère, combien j'aime mes enfans d'adoption!' This daughter-in-law is delightfully pretty, and civil, and gay, and conversable, though not a regular beauty like Madame de Monaco.

The bitterness of the frost deters me, Madam, from all sights; I console myself with good company, and still more with being absent from bad. Negative as this satisfaction is, it is incredibly great, to live in a town like this, and to be sure every day of not meeting one face one hates! I scarce know a positive pleasure equal to it.

Your Ladyship and Lord Holland shall laugh at me as much as you please for my dread of being thought *charming*; yet I shall not deny my panic, as surely nothing is so formidable as to have one's limbs on crutches and one's understanding in leading-strings. The Prince of Conti laughed at me t'other day on the same account. I was complaining to the old blind charming Madame du Deffand, that she preferred Mr. Crawford to me: 'What,' said the Prince, 'does not she love you?' 'No, Sir,' I replied, 'she likes me no better than if she had seen me.'

Mr. Hume carries this letter and Rousseau to England. I wish the former may not repent having engaged with the latter, who contradicts and quarrels with all mankind, in order to obtain their admiration. I think both his means and his end below such a genius. If I had talents like his,

I should despise any suffrage below my own standard, and should blush to owe any part of my fame to singularities and affectations. But great parts seem like high towers erected on high mountains, the more exposed to every wind, and readier to tumble. Charles Townshend is blown round the compass; Rousseau insists that the north and south blow at the same time; and Voltaire demolishes the Bible to erect fatalism in its stead:—so compatible are the greatest abilities and greatest absurdities!

Madame d'Aiguillon gave me the enclosed letter for your Ladyship. I wish I had anything else to send you; but there are no new books, and the theatres are shut up for the Dauphin's death: who, I believe, is the greatest loss they have had since Harry IV.

I am

Your Ladyship's most faithful and obedient

Humble servant,

Hor. Walpole.

1082. To Lady Mary Coke.

Paris, Jan. 4th, 1766.

I that am used to the rapidity of events in London, Madam, am astonished at the dearth of Paris. They have no occurrencies but deaths and marriages and promotions, no revolutions, no separations, no horse races, nothing that constitutes history. For the first month after my arrival they talked of nothing but whether the Duchesse de Boufflers had the smallpox a second time or not. Then they lived nine or ten weeks upon the Dauphin's death. They eked out the mourning and ceremonies as long as they could; and Madame Geoffrin owned fairly t'other

Letter 1082.—Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. pp. xix–xx.

night that now there was nothing to talk of—how much less than nothing is there to write of! Why, though even my Lady Berkeley is here, one has not a word to say.

My life is perfectly French and I like it. I lie abed all the morning, breakfast, eat no dinner, visit after that no dinner, fix at nine for the evening, sup, drink coffee, and sit up till past two; if I meet Madame de Mirepoix, drink tea, and stay till later. Oh, it is charming; and what is more delightful, have no House of Commons; which, however, I hate less than usual for its late behaviour. It will be woful to return to English hours, and manners, and assemblies! Yet I am not ungrateful for the kind orders your Ladyship gave Lady Brown to send me back: yet if I could transport you and a very few more, and Strawberry, with all my cats and dogs, to Paris, and a mouthful of verdure, I should not care if I never returned again. The Duchess of Richmond is not at all of my mind, but very impatient to be at home; yet I do all I can to make her happy by carrying her to shops every day, and is there greater happiness? We were at the Palais Marchand on New Year's Eve: crowded and yet frozen to death. Nobody liked it but I, who, having no terrors of gravity before my eyes, amuse myself as foolishly as I please all day long. It is pleasant to be in a country where, being connected with nobody, nor having relation to anything, one is at liberty to choose sense or nonsense without being torn to pieces. Nobody has any interest to pity or blame one. As often as I find that I am too young to bear being old, I shall certainly whip over hither, vent my vagary, and return perfectly sober.

All this is upon the supposition that I am not frozen to death within this week. The weather is as cold as in Russia, and as here they sup with the doors open, I am forced to eat soup scalding hot to prevent being converted

into an icicle. The theatres are shut up since the Dauphin's death—however, I don't hear that you divert yourselves better in England. Your operas, I am told, are woful, and Almack's not a jot livelier than it was last winter. In short, I am convinced that America will soon be the scene of all amusement; they already write libels, and laugh at your Parliament. The moment a party is formed the chiefs must divert their partisans. I wonder Lord Temple does not scramble over thither; he would have more hopes than are left him in England; but I recollect that he is unluckily on the wrong side, or we should have a new obelisk at Stowe, dedicated to some patriot of Boston. I pity the ministry when George Grenville has got a new continent opened to harangue upon. I have long thought that he should have lived in Lapland, where one day lasts for six months. Rousseau set out this morning for England. As he loves to contradict a whole nation, I suppose he will write for the present opposition. Pray tell me if he becomes the fashion. As he is to live at Fulham[1], I hope his first quarrel will be with his neighbour the Bishop of London, who is an excellent subject for his ridicule.

Adieu, dear Lady Mary. You see I conceal none of my levities, but I pretend to some merit, as, let me be as fickle as I will, in one point I never alter.

Your most faithful
Humble servant,
H. W.

[1] Hume had arranged that Rousseau should board with a French gardener at Fulham. This lodging proved unsuitable, and Rousseau took a house belonging to a Mr. Davenport, at Wootton in Derbyshire.

1083. To Sir Horace Mann.

Paris, Jan. 5, 1766.

The post, my dear Sir, is as vexatious as possible, and denies me favours that even a ministry grants. I had set my heart on being the first to announce your Envoyship to you. Lord Cowper's servant, I find, used me as ill as if he was a postmaster too, slipping through Paris with Mr. Conway's letter, without calling on me, and giving me the chance of your opening mine first. Well! all this is very selfish, and I ought to be content with your having it, and knowing it anyhow.

For the riband I know not what to say, as I have not heard a syllable about it. Favours generally beget favours, for courts and fortune love faces they are used to. I will not answer in your case. It would be cheapest to me to persuade you not to care; but I see you make a sad pupil for a philosopher. I am at least so much of a philosopher, that I could never solicit a plaything for you with the same earnestness that I begged a reality. Partly you know my reasons for not caring to ask at all. Out of friendship to you, my dear Sir, I broke through all my resolutions; but without entering into them farther, ask yourself if it can be easy for me, in any light, to sue for favours, when I have even left my country, my friends, and a triumphant party, to break abruptly from all political connections? As you seemed to value the red riband, I did press for it for you with more warmth than I thought such a nonsense deserved. Consider, I was behind the scenes when my father revived that pageant; I knew it was a succedaneum to bank bills, and I was astonished when my brother[1] accepted it, even after it had fallen much below

Letter 1083.—[1] Sir Edward, second son of Sir Robert Walpole, was made Knight of the Bath after his father's death. Robert, the eldest, received

par. If I have any credit remaining in the bank, it will operate in your favour; that is, if any friend you have made abroad would renew the application, the memory of my request perhaps would second it. What think you of Tommy Pelham[2]? He used to profess much to you.

I called the ministry triumphant: they are so beyond their warmest expectation. In the House of Lords, which the opposition had chosen as the field of certain victory, the ministers were fourscore to twenty-four. In the Commons the defeat was still more disgraceful. George Grenville, who on the first day opposed the Address, was forced to retract, and it passed without a negative. On the fourth and last of that brief session, though he had managed a surprise, and though there was not a minister in the House, their re-elections not being over, he was beaten by 70 to 35; a victory without generals! In short, no disgraced ministers ever fell so low and so totally as the present.

Venal and false as Parliaments are, and no Parliament ever exceeded the present in both respects, it would not account for this total abandonment of the late ministers, if universal odium did not concur. Much good may it do the Parliament, which supported them so roundly but last year! The whole party is shrunk to the Bedford faction, for Lord Temple, who has joined his brother George, seems to have carried nothing with him but the contempt of the nation. Mr. Pitt, as Milton says of the moon, remains *in clouded majesty* aloof; is said to favour the ministry, and is certainly hostile to the opposition. This is the summary of English politics. When the House meets on the 14th, I do not

the red riband along with his father at the restitution of the Order in 1725. *Walpole.*

[2] Thomas, afterwards created Lord Pelham. *Walpole.*

imagine the ministers will be less strong than before the holidays; for the thinness of both Houses indicates how many were waiting the event; and they, good folks, will hardly resort into a beaten camp. Teased no doubt the ministers will be, for Lord Temple cannot refrain from mischief, or Sandwich from tricks; and Grenville, rather than not talk, would harangue, if there were not one man in the House on his side. To silence him would require an Algerine ministry, who would begin with cutting out his tongue.

The King's youngest brother, Prince Frederick, is dead, of a dropsy and consumption: he was a pretty and promising boy. The vacant Garters are given to the Prince of Wales, the Hereditary Prince, and Lord Albemarle. The numbers of the royal family and of foreign princes connected with them who have the Garter, will make it an extraordinary curiosity on an English breast. If you obtain the red, pray don't think of exchanging it for the blue. To be serious, let your new credentials arrive and be fixed Envoy. Mitchell, I see, has got one red riband; and Draper I suppose will have the other. On a new vacancy you may get the Duke of York to renew his application for you. As he will not probably obtain many favours, they may now and then be willing to hush him with a red riband for a friend, and he will like that you should owe it to him rather than to a private person. When you are firm in your seat of Envoy, what if you wrote to his Royal Highness, that you would not trouble him on the Envoy, but hoped to be indebted to his protection for what he had so graciously engaged to undertake. This I should think would pique him, if he sees the Bath bestowed contrary to his solicitation. Consider this advice, and act as you find it reasonable or not. You are a very boy, but I cannot help humouring you a little. Good night.

P.S. I guessed right; the papers which are just come in, say that Draper [3] has the red riband.

1084. To George Montagu.

Paris, Jan. 5, 1766.

Lady Beaulieu acts like herself, and so do you in being persuaded that nobody will feel any satisfaction that comes to you with more transport than I do. You deserve her friendship, because you are more sensible to the grace of the action than to the thing itself; of which, besides approving the sentiment, I am glad, for if my Lady Cardigan is as happy in drawing a straw [1], as *in picking straws*, you will certainly miss your green coat. Yet methinks you would make an excellent Robin Hood *reformé*, with *Little John* your brother. How you would carol Mr. Percy's old ballads under the greenwood tree! I had rather have you in any *merry Sherwood* than at Greatworth, and should delight in your picture drawn as a bold forester, in a green frock, with your rosy hue, grey locks, and comely belly. In short, the favour itself, and the manner, are so agreeable, that I shall be at least as much disappointed as you can be, if it fails. One is not ashamed to wear a feather from the hand of a friend. We both scorn to ask or accept boons: but it is pleasing to have life painted with images by the pencil of friendship. Visions, you know, have always been my pasture; and so far from growing old enough to quarrel

[3] Sir William Draper, much known by his conquest of Manilla; by his controversy with the author of the letters of Junius; and by his accusation of General Murray on the second loss of Minorca in 1782. *Walpole.*

Letter 1084.—[1] Lady Beaulieu and Lady Cardigan (who were sisters and co-heiresses) were, apparently, to draw lots to decide which of them should have power to appoint the Deputy Ranger of Rockingham Forest. Lady Beaulieu was evidently successful, as the post was early in 1766 bestowed by her upon Montagu, to whom she had intimated her intention. (See extracts from Montagu's letters to Walpole in 8th Report of *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, Part II, p. 118.)

with their emptiness, I almost think there is no wisdom comparable to that of exchanging what is called the realities of life for dreams. Old castles, old pictures, old histories, and the babble of old people, make one live back into centuries, that cannot disappoint one. One holds fast and surely what is past. The dead have exhausted their power of deceiving—one can trust Catherine of Medicis now. In short, you have opened a new landscape to my fancy; and my Lady Beaulieu will oblige me as much as you, if she puts the long bow into your hands. I don't know but the idea may produce some other *Castle of Otranto*.

The victorious arms of the present ministry in Parliament will make me protract my stay here, lest it should be thought I awaited the decision of the event—next to successful enemies, I dread triumphant friends. To be sure, Lord Temple and George Grenville are very proper to be tied to a conqueror's car, and *to drag their slow length along*; but it is too ridiculous to see Goody Newcastle exulting like old Marius in a seventh consulship. Don't tell it, but as far as I can calculate my own intention, I shall not set out before the twenty-fifth of March. That will meet your abode in London; and I shall get a day or two out of you for some chat at Strawberry on all I have seen and done here. For this reason I will anticipate nothing now; but bid you good morrow, after telling you a little story. The canton of Béarn [2] ordered all the impressions of Helvetius's *Esprit* and Voltaire's *Pucelle* to be seized. The officer of justice employed by them came into the council and said, 'Magnifiques seigneurs, après toutes les recherches possibles, on n'a pu trouver dans toute la ville que très peu de l'Esprit, et pas une Pucelle.' Adieu! Robin and John!

Yours ever,

H. Walpole.

[2] So in MS., but Walpole probably means Berne.

Jan. 9th.

I had not sent away my letter, being so disappointed of a messenger, and now receive yours of December the thirtieth. My house is most heartily at your service, and I shall write to Favre to have it ready for you. You will see by the former part of this letter, that I do not think of being in England before the end of March. All I dislike in this contract is the fear, that if I drive you out of my house, I shall drive you out of town; and as you will find, I have not a bed to offer you but my own, and Favre's, in which your servant will lie, for I have stripped Arlington Street to furnish Strawberry. In the meantime you will be comfortable in my bed, and need have no trouble about Favre, as he lodges at his wife's while I am absent. Let them know in time to have the beds aired.

I don't understand one syllable of your paragraph about Miss Talbot, Admiral Cornish, and Mr. Hampden's son[3]. I thought she was married, and I forget to whom.

1085. To John Chute.

[Jan. 8, 1766.]

It is in vain, I know, my dear Sir, to scold you, though I have such a mind to it—nay, I must. Yes, you that will not lie a night at Strawberry in autumn for fear of the gout, to stay in the country till this time, and till you caught it! I know you will tell me, it did not come till you had been two days in town. Do, and I shall have no

[3] 'I see by the papers that Admiral Cornish is to have a patent. I will be hanged if it is not to qualify Tyger Talbot's daughter one of these days, and, if it is so, I shall be glad, for she is a good lady. Sir Charles Sedley figures by the same tenure—but ware Mr. Hampden's son.' (Montagu to Walpole, *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 8th Report, Part II, p. 118.) Admiral Cornish was made a baronet in Jan. 1766.

Letter 1085.—Dated 1765 in the 4to edition of Lord Orford's *Works* (1798), vol. v. pp. 420–1, but obviously of 1766.

more pity for you than if I was your wife, and had wanted to come to town two months ago.

I am perfectly well, though to be sure Lapland is the torrid zone in comparison of Paris. We have had such a frost for this fortnight, that I went nine miles to dine in the country to-day, in a villa exactly like a greenhouse, except that there was no fire but in one room. We were four in a coach, and all our chinks stopped with furs, and yet all the glasses were frozen. We dined in a paved hall painted in fresco, with a fountain at one end; for in this country they live in perpetual opera, and persist in being young when they are old, and hot when they are frozen. At the end of the hall sat shivering three glorious macaws, a vast cockatoo, and two poor paroquets, who squalled like the children in the wood after their nursery fire! I am come home, and blowing my billets between every paragraph, yet can scarce move my fingers. However, I must be dressed presently, and go to the Comtesse de la Marche, who has appointed nine at night for my audience. It seems a little odd to us to be presented to a Princess of the blood at that hour—but I told you, there is not a tittle in which our manners resemble one another. I was presented to her father-in-law the Prince of Conti last Friday. In the middle of the levee entered a young woman, too plain I thought to be anything but his near relation. I was confirmed in my opinion, by seeing her, after he had talked to her, go round the circle and do the honours of it. I asked a gentleman near me if that was the Comtesse de la Marche[1]? He burst into a violent laughter, and then told me it was Mademoiselle Auguste, a dancer! —Now, who was in the wrong?

[1] Fortunée Marie d'Este (d. 1803), daughter of Francis, Duke of Modena; m. (1759) Louis François Joseph de Bourbon, Comte de la Marche, who succeeded his father as Prince de Conti in 1776, and from whom she was divorced in 1775.

I give you these samples of many scenes that have amused me, and which will be charming food at Strawberry. At the same time that I see all their ridicules, there is a *douceur* in the society of the women of fashion that captivates me. I like the way of life, though not lively; though the men are posts, and apt to be arrogant, and though there are twenty ingredients wanting to make the style perfect. I have totally washed my hands of their *savans* and philosophers, and do not even envy you Rousseau, who has all the *charlatanerie* of Count St. Germain[2] to make himself singular and talked of. I suppose Mrs. Montagu, my Lord Lyttelton, and a certain lady friend of mine[3], will be in raptures with him, especially as conducted by Mr. Hume. But, however I admire his parts, neither he nor any *Genius* I have known has had common sense enough to balance the impertinence of their pretensions. They hate priests, but love dearly to have an altar at their feet; for which reason it is much pleasanter to read them than to know them. Adieu! my dear Sir!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Jan. 15.

This has been writ this week, and waiting for a conveyance, and as yet has got none. Favre tells me you are recovered, but you don't tell me so yourself. I enclose a trifle that I wrote lately[4], which got about and has made enormous noise in a city where they run and cackle after an event, like a parcel of hens after an accidental husk of a grape. It has made me the fashion, and made Madame de Boufflers and the Prince of Conti very angry with me:

[2] The Comte de St. Germain (d. 1784), an adventurer who attracted great attention in France. His real name is unknown.

[3] Lady Hervey.

[4] The letter from the King of Prussia to Rousseau. *Walpole.*

the former intending to be rapt to the Temple of Fame by clinging to Rousseau's Armenian robe. I am peevish that with his parts he should be such a mountebank: but what made me more peevish was, that after receiving Wilkes with the greatest civilities, he paid court to Mr. Hume by complaining of Wilkes's visit and intrusion.

Upon the whole, I would not but have come hither; for, since I am doomed to live in England, it is some comfort to have seen that the French are ten times more contemptible than we are. I am a little ungrateful; but I cannot help seeing with my eyes, though I find other people make nothing of seeing without theirs. I have endless histories to amuse you with when we meet, which shall be at the end of March. It is much more tiresome to be fashionable than unpopular; I am used to the latter, and know how to behave under it: but I cannot stand for member of Parliament of Paris. Adieu!

1086. To Lady Hervey.

Paris, Saturday night, Jan. 11, 1766.

I have just now, Madam, received the scissors, by General Vernon, from Mr. Conway's office. Unluckily, I had not received your Ladyship's notification of them sooner, for want of a conveyance, and I wrote to my servant to inquire of yours how they had been sent; which I fear may have added a little trouble to all you had been so good as to take, and for which I give you ten thousand thanks: but your Ladyship is so exact and friendly, that it almost discourages rather than encourages me. I cannot bring myself to think that ten thousand obligations are new letters of credit.

I have seen Mrs. F——, and her husband may be as happy as he will: I cannot help pitying him. She told me

it is *coulder* here than in England; and in truth I believe so: I blow the fire between every paragraph, and am quite cut off from all sights. The agreeableness of the evenings makes me some amends. I am just going to sup at Madame d'Aiguillon's with Madame d'Egmont, and I hope Madame de Brionne, whom I have not yet seen; but she is not very well, and it is doubtful. My last new passion, and I think the strongest, is the Duchess de Choiseul. Her face is pretty, not very pretty; her person a little model. Cheerful, modest, full of attentions, with the happiest propriety of expression, and greatest quickness of reason and judgement, you would take her for the queen of an allegory: one dreads its finishing, as much as a lover, if she would admit one, would wish it should finish. In short, Madam, though *you* are the last person that will believe it, France is so agreeable, and England so much the reverse, that I don't know when I shall return. The civilities, the kindnesses, the honours I receive, are so many and so great, that I am continually forced to put myself in mind how little I am entitled to them, and how many of them I owe to your Ladyship. I shall talk you to death at my return. Shall you bear to hear me tell you a thousand times over, that Madame Geoffrin is the most rational woman in the world, and Madame d'Aiguillon the most animated and most obliging? I think you will. Your Ladyship *can* endure the panegyric of your friends. If you should grow impatient to hear them commended, you have nothing to do but to come over. The best air in the world is that where one is pleased: Sunning waters are nothing to it. The frost is so hard, it is impossible to have the gout; and though the fountain of youth is not here, the fountain of age is, which comes to just the same thing. One is never old here, or never thought so. One makes verses as if one was but seventeen—for example:—

On Madame de Forcalquier speaking English.

Soft sounds that steal from fair Forcalquier's lips,
Like bee that murmuring the jasmine sips!
Are these my native accents? None so sweet,
So gracious, yet my ravish'd ears did meet.
O power of beauty! thy enchanting look
Can melodize each note in Nature's book.
The roughest wrath of Russians, when they swear,
Pronounc'd by thee, flows soft as Indian air;
And dulcet breath, attemper'd by thine eyes,
Gives British prose o'er Tuscan verse the prize.

You must not look, Madam, for much meaning in these lines; they were intended only to run smoothly, and to be easily comprehended by the fair scholar who is learning our language. Still less must you show them: they are not calculated for the meridian of London, where you know I dread being represented as a shepherd. Pray let them think that I am wrapped up in Canada bills, and have all the pamphlets sent over about the Colonies and the Stamp Act.

I am very sorry for the accounts your Ladyship gives me of Lord Holland. He talks, I am told, of going to Naples: one would do a great deal for health, but I question if I could buy it at that expense. If Paris would answer his purpose, I should not wonder if he came hither; but to live with Italians must be woful, and would *ipso facto* make me ill. It is true I am a bad judge: I never tasted illness but the gout, which, tormenting as it is, I prefer to all other distempers: one knows the fit will end, will leave one quite well, and dispenses with the nonsense of physicians, and absurdity is more painful than pain: at least the pain of the gout never takes away my spirits, which the other does.

I have never heard from Mr. Chute this century, but am glad the gout is rather his excuse than the cause, and that

it lies only in his pen. I am in too good humour to quarrel with anybody, and consequently cannot be in haste to see England, where at least one is sure of being quarrelled with. If they vex me, I will come back hither directly: and I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that your Ladyship will not blame me.

Your most faithful humble servant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1087. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Paris, Jan. 12, 1766.

I have received your letter by General Vernon, and another, to which I have writ an answer, but was disappointed of a conveyance I expected. You shall have it with additions, by the first messenger that goes; but I cannot send it by the post, as I have spoken very freely of some persons you name, in which we agree thoroughly. These few lines are only to tell you I am not idle in writing to you.

I almost repent having come hither; for I like the way of life and many of the people so well, that I doubt I shall feel more regret at leaving Paris than I expected. It would sound vain to tell you the honours and distinctions I receive, and how much I am in fashion; yet when they come from the handsomest women in France, and the most respectable in point of character, can one help being a little proud? If I was twenty years younger, I should wish they were not quite so respectable. Madame de Brionne, whom I have never seen, and who was to have met me at supper last night at the charming Madame d'Egmont's, sent me an invitation by the latter for Wednesday next. I was engaged, and hesitated. I was told, 'Comment! savez-vous que c'est qu'elle ne feroit pas pour toute la France?' However, lest

you should dread my returning a perfect old swain, I study my wrinkles, compare myself and my limbs to every plate of larks I see, and treat my understanding with at least as little mercy. Yet, do you know, my present fame is owing to a very trifling composition, but which has made incredible noise. I was one evening at Madame Geoffrin's joking on Rousseau's affectations and contradictions, and said some things that diverted them. When I came home, I put them into a letter, and showed it next day to Helvetius and the Duc de Nivernois; who were so pleased with it, that, after telling me some faults in the language, which you may be sure there were, they encouraged me to let it be seen. As you know I willingly laugh at mountebanks, *political* or literary, let their talents be ever so great, I was not averse. The copies have spread like wildfire; *et me voici à la mode!* I expect the end of my reign at the end of the week with great composure. Here is the letter:—

Le Roi De Prusse à Monsieur Rousseau.

Mon cher Jean Jacques,

Vous avez renoncé à Genève votre patrie; vous vous êtes fait chasser de la Suisse, pays tant vanté dans vos écrits; la France vous a décrété. Venez donc chez moi; j'admire vos talens; je m'amuse de vos rêveries, qui (soit dit en passant) vous occupent trop, et trop long tems. Il faut à la fin être sage et heureux. Vous avez fait assez parler de vous par des singularités peu convenables à un véritable grand homme. Démontrez à vos ennemis que vous pouvez avoir quelquefois le sens commun: cela les fâchera, sans vous faire tort. Mes états vous offrent une retraite paisible; je vous veux du bien, et je vous en ferai, si vous le trouvez bon. Mais si vous vous obstiniez à rejeter mon secours, attendez-vous que je ne le dirai à personne. Si vous persistez à vous creuser l'esprit pour trouver de nouveaux malheurs, choisissez-les tels que vous voudrez. Je suis roi, je puis vous en procurer au gré de vos souhaits: et ce qui sûrement ne vous arrivera pas vis-

à-vis de vos ennemis, je cesserai de vous persécuter quand vous cesserez de mettre votre gloire à l'être.

Votre bon ami,
FRÉDÉRIC.

The Princesse de Ligne[1], whose mother was an Englishwoman, made a good observation to me last night. She said, 'Je suis roi, je puis vous procurer des malheurs,' was plainly the stroke of an English pen. I said, then I had certainly not well imitated the character in which I wrote. You will say I am a bold man to attack both Voltaire and Rousseau. It is true; but I shoot at their heel, at their vulnerable part.

I beg your pardon for taking up your time with these trifles. The day after to-morrow we go in cavalcade with the Duchess[2] to her audience[3]; I have got my cravat and shammy shoes. Adieu!

Yours ever,
HOR. WALPOLE.

1088. To the Rev. William Cole.

DEAR SIR, Paris, Jan. 18, 1766.

I had extreme satisfaction in receiving your letter, having been in great pain about you, and not knowing whither to direct a letter. Favre told me you had had an accident[1], did not say what it was, but that you was not come to town. He received all the letters and parcels safe, for which I give you many thanks, and a thousand more for your kindness in thinking of them when you was suffering so

LETTER 1087.—[1] Henriette Eugénie de Béthizy, daughter of the Marquis de Mezières by Eleanor Mary Theresa Oglethorpe, sister of the well-known General Oglethorpe; m. (1729) Claude Lamoral Hyacinthe, Prince de Ligne, who died in 1755.

[2] Of Richmond. *Walpole.*

[3] At Versailles as Ambassadress. *Walpole.*

LETTER 1088. —[1] Cole, who had been in France, met with an accident in disembarking at Dover.

much. It was a dreadful conclusion of your travels, but I trust will leave no consequences behind it. The weather is by no means favourable for a recovery, if it is as severe in England as at Paris. We have had two or three days of fog, rather than thaw, but the frost is set in again as sharp as ever. I persisted in going about to churches and convents till I thought I should have lost my nose and fingers. I have submitted at last to the season, and lie abed all the morning; but I hope in February and March to recover the time I have lost. I shall not return to England before the end of March, being determined not to hazard anything. I continue perfectly well, and few things could tempt me to risk five months more of gout.

I will certainly bring you some pastils, and have them better packed, if it is possible. You know how happy I should be if you would send me any other commission.

As you say nothing of the Eton living, I fear that prospect has failed you, which gives me great regret, as it would give me very sensible pleasure to have you fixed somewhere (and not far from me) to your ease and satisfaction.

I am glad the cathedral of Amiens answered your expectation. So has the Sainte Chapelle mine—you did not tell me what charming enamels I should find in the antechapel. I have seen another vast piece, and very fine, of the Constable Montmorenci, at the Maréchale Duchesse de Luxembourg's [2].

Rousseau is gone to England with Mr. Hume. You will very probably see a letter to Rousseau, in the name of the King of Prussia, writ to laugh at his affectations. It has made excessive noise here, and I believe quite

[2] Madeleine Angélique de Neufville (d. 1786), sister of the Duc de Villeroi; m. 1. Duc de Boufflers; 2. Maréchal Duc de Luxembourg, who died in 1764.

ruined the author with many of the philosophers. When I tell you I was the author, it is telling you how cheap I hold their anger. If it does not reach you, you shall see it at Strawberry, where I flatter myself I shall see you this summer, and quite well. Adieu! dear Sir.

Your ever obliged and
Faithful servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

1089. To Miss Anne Pitt.

Paris, Jan. 19, 1766.

You did me but justice, Madam, in assuring my Lady Cardigan that I should have singular pleasure in executing her commission, but she has thrown a difficulty in the way, which I must beg she would resolve before I bespeak the commodes. She would have them ornamented with *or moulu*, and sent to the Custom House. That would be the direct way to lose them, for *or moulu* is counterband and as severely seized as my Lady Holderness's gowns[1]. If I did not advertise her Ladyship of this, she would have reason to blame me. If I receive a repetition or alteration of her orders, I shall have time to execute them (which I will certainly do as well as I can possibly), as I shall not return to England before the end of March.

Your commission, Madam, is in a fair way. Mariette has undertaken to get me the design of a ceiling by the best draughtsman in Paris, and I will send it the moment

LETTER 1089.—Not in C.; now printed from *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th Report, Appendix, Part III, p. 152.

[1] 'Lady Holderness, in Mr. Grenville's administration, had occasioned the putting the laws against contraband goods into rigorous execution, having at one journey from Paris imported one hundred and fourteen gowns, which were seized. Her lord becoming afterwards Governor of the Cinque Ports, she carried on a smuggling intercourse at Walmer Castle, on the coast of Kent, for importing French clothes and furniture for herself.' (Horace Walpole's note in *Last Journals*, ed. 1859, vol. i. p. 113.)

I receive it. *Baguettes* are understood by every carpenter in England by the name of a *bead*. You may have it quite plain, or here and there broken by three carved beads, *literally*. The drawing of the ceiling will include everything necessary, down to the paper of the room. There is nothing particular in Madame de Mirepoix's house but the neatness of it. There is a little closet full of china and pictures, and a small library, but still in the universal style of this place, no part of which as far as I can conceive would adapt itself, Madam, to your room. You need not be in dread of true architecture. It appeared here for a moment as a mode, and consequently spread itself like wildfire into their snuff-boxes, china, and dress; for whether composed of gauze or marble, no fashion is meant to last longer than a lover—it is the form is considered, not the materials. Architecture consequently, which had resisted time and Vandals, grew mortal almost as soon as it had set its pedestal in Paris, and Corinthian capitals are gathered to their predecessors, *fontanges* and *pantins*; at least nothing *à la grecque* is suffered, but to adorn urns, the emblems of mortality. Their rooms were just surprised with the *soupçon* of a Doric fret; which is more than I should be if I was to see a knotting-bag hung on the arm of the equestrian statue of Henry IV, on the Pont Neuf.

Now I talk of fashions, alas! would you believe it, Madam, that I am the fashion? Not probably when you receive this letter; there is my comfort. An unlucky letter which I wrote in the name of the King of Prussia to Rousseau got about—and spread as if it was architecture. Everybody would have a copy; the next thing was, everybody would see the author. Thus was I dandled about, with my little legs and arms shaking like a *pantin*. I was hoisted to the top of the Luxembourg to a Princess of

Ligne, and then down again to the Princess of Talmond[2], who would see me, did not know what to say to me, and dismissed me with begging I would get her a lap-dog. I thought at last I should have a box quilted for me like Gulliver, be set upon the dressing-table of a Maid of Honour and fed with bonbons. However, I have almost weathered the storm, and trust, as there are forty or fifty English here, that some of them must take compassion on their poor countryman, and to relieve me, stand upon their heads in the snow for a wager. If, contrary to all precedent, I should exist in vogue a week longer, I will send you the first statue that is cast of me in *bergamotte* or *biscuite porcelaine*.

Here is the unfortunate letter.

LE ROI DE PRUSSE À MONSIEUR ROUSSEAU.

Mon cher Jean Jacques. Vous avez renoncé à Genève, votre patrie ; vous vous êtes fait chasser de la Suisse, pays tant vanté dans vos écrits ; la France vous a décrété ; venez donc chez moi ; j'admire vos talents, je m'amuse de vos rêveries qui (soit dit en passant) vous occupent trop, et trop long tems. Il faut à la fin être sage et heureux. Vous avez fait assez parler de vous par des singularités peu convenables à un véritable grand homme. Démontrez à vos ennemis que vous pouvez avoir quelquefois de sens commun. Cela les fâchera, sans vous faire tort. Mes états vous offrent une retraite paisible : je vous veux du bien et je vous en ferai, si vous le trouvez bon. Mais si vous vous obstiniez à rejeter mon secours, attendez-vous que je ne le dirai à personne. Si vous persistez à vous creuser l'esprit, pour trouver de nouveaux malheurs, choisissez-les tels que vous voudrez ; je suis Roi, je puis vous en procurer au gré de vos souhaits : et ce qui sûrement ne

[2] Marie, daughter of Count Jablonowski, who held high offices in Poland ; m. (1730) Anne Charles Frédéric de la Trémouille, Prince de Talmond. She was related to Queen Marie Leczinski, with whom she came to France. She died in 1773.

vous arrivera pas vis-à-vis de vos ennemis, je cesserai de vous persécuter, quand vous cesserez de mettre votre gloire à l'être.

My celebrity has not been my sole misfortune. This idle letter, stamped with the approbation of the *best part* of the Luxembourg, and pronounced *the fashion*, had the misfortune to give great offence *au Temple* and *aux environs*. But this part of the history I must not write, though I shall dare to divert you with it at my return, and it is not the least comic part of this lamentable history. Adieu! Madam.

1090. To Thomas Gray.

Paris, Jan. 25, 1766.

I am much indebted to you for your kind letter and advice; and though it is late to thank you for it, it is at least a stronger proof that I do not forget it. However, I am a little obstinate, as you know, on the chapter of health, and have persisted through this Siberian winter in not adding a grain to my clothes, and in going open-breasted without an under waistcoat. In short, though I like extremely to live, it must be in my own way, as long as I can: it is not youth I court, but liberty; and I think making oneself tender is issuing a *general warrant* against one's own person. I suppose I shall submit to confinement when I cannot help it; but I am indifferent enough to life not to care if it ends soon after my prison begins.

I have not delayed so long to answer your letter, from not thinking of it, or from want of matter, but from want of time. I am constantly occupied, engaged, amused, till I cannot bring a hundredth part of what I have to say into the compass of a letter. You will lose nothing by this: you know my volubility, when I am full of new

subjects; and I have at least many hours of conversation for you at my return. One does not learn a whole nation in four or five months; but, for the time, few, I believe, have seen, studied, or got so much acquainted with the French as I have.

By what I said of their religious or rather irreligious opinions, you must not conclude their people of quality atheists—at least, not the men. Happily for them, poor souls! they are not capable of going so far into thinking. They assent to a great deal, because it is the fashion, and because they don't know how to contradict. They are ashamed to defend the Roman Catholic religion, because it is quite exploded; but I am convinced they believe it in their hearts. They hate the Parliaments and the philosophers, and are rejoiced that they may still idolize royalty. At present, too, they are a little triumphant: the court has shown a little spirit, and the Parliaments much less: but as the Duc de Choiseul, who is very fluttering, unsettled, and inclined to the philosophers, has made a compromise with the Parliament of Bretagne, the Parliaments might venture out again, if, as I fancy will be the case, they are not glad to drop a cause, of which they began to be a little weary of the inconveniences.

The generality of the men, and more than the generality, are dull and empty. They have taken up gravity, thinking it was philosophy and English, and so have acquired nothing in the room of their natural levity and cheerfulness. However, as their high opinion of their own country remains, for which they can no longer assign any reason, they are contemptuous and reserved, instead of being ridiculously, consequently pardonably, impertinent. I have wondered, knowing my own countrymen, that we had attained such a superiority. I wonder no longer, and have a little more respect for English *heads* than I had.

The women do not seem of the same country: if they are less gay than they were, they are more informed, enough to make them very conversable. I know six or seven with very superior understandings; some of them with wit, or with softness, or very good sense.

Madame Geoffrin, of whom you have heard much, is an extraordinary woman, with more common sense than I almost ever met with. Great quickness in discovering characters, penetration in going to the bottom of them, and a pencil that never fails in a likeness—seldom a favourable one. She exacts and preserves, spite of her birth and their nonsensical prejudices about nobility, great court and attention. This she acquires by a thousand little arts and offices of friendship: and by a freedom and severity, which seem to be her sole end of drawing a concourse to her; for she insists on scolding those she inveigles to her. She has little taste and less knowledge, but protects artisans and authors, and courts a few people to have the credit of serving her dependents. She was bred under the famous Madame Tencin, who advised her never to refuse any man; for, said her mistress, though nine in ten should not care a farthing for you, the tenth may live to be an useful friend. She did not adopt or reject the whole plan, but fully retained the purport of the maxim. In short, she is an epitome of empire, subsisting by rewards and punishments. Her great enemy, Madame du Deffand, was for a short time mistress of the Regent, is now very old and stone-blind, but retains all her vivacity, wit, memory, judgement, passions, and agreeableness. She goes to operas, plays, suppers, and Versailles; gives suppers twice a week; has everything new read to her; makes new songs and epigrams, ay, admirably, and remembers every one that has been made these fourscore years. She corresponds with Voltaire, dictates charming letters to him, contradicts

him, is no bigot to him or anybody, and laughs both at the clergy and the philosophers. In a dispute, into which she easily falls, she is very warm, and yet scarce ever in the wrong: her judgement on every subject is as just as possible; on every point of conduct as wrong as possible: for she is all love and hatred, passionate for her friends to enthusiasm, still anxious to be loved, I don't mean by lovers, and a vehement enemy, but openly. As she can have no amusement but conversation, the least solitude and *ennui* are insupportable to her, and put her into the power of several worthless people, who eat her suppers when they can eat nobody's of higher rank; wink to one another and laugh at her; hate her because she has forty times more parts—and venture to hate her because she is not rich. She has an old friend whom I must mention, a Monsieur Pontdeveyle[1], author of the *Fat Puni*, and the *Complaisant*, and of those pretty novels, the *Comte de Cominge*, the *Siege of Calais*, and *Les Malheurs de l'Amour*. Would not you expect this old man to be very agreeable? He can be so, but seldom is: yet he has another very different and very amusing talent, the art of parody, and is unique in his kind. He composes tales to the tunes of long dances: for instance, he has adapted the Regent's *Daphnis and Chloe* to one, and made it ten times more indecent; but is so old, and sings it so well, that it is permitted in all companies. He has succeeded still better in *les caractères de la danse*, to which he has adapted words that express all the characters of love. With all this he has not the least idea of cheerfulness in conversation; seldom speaks but on grave subjects, and not often on them; is a humourist, very supercilious, and wrapt up

LETTER 1090.—[1] Antoine de Ferriol (1697–1774), Comte de Pont-de-Veyle. He wrote the two comedies, the *Fat Puni* and the *Complaisant*, but was not the author of the *Comte de Cominge*, a drama founded on Madame de Tencin's novel *Les Malheurs de l'Amour*.

in admiration of his own country, as the only judge of his merit. His air and look are cold and forbidding; but ask him to sing, or praise his works, his eyes and smiles open and brighten up. In short, I can show him to you: the self-applauding poet in Hogarth's Rake's Progress, the second print, is so like his very features and very wig, that you would know him by it, if you came hither—for he certainly will not go to you.

Madame de Mirepoix's understanding is excellent of the useful kind, and can be so when she pleases of the agreeable kind. She has read, but seldom shows it, and has perfect taste. Her manner is cold, but very civil; and she conceals even the blood of Lorraine, without ever forgetting it. Nobody in France knows the world better, and nobody is personally so well with the King. She is false, artful, and insinuating beyond measure when it is her interest, but indolent and a coward. She never had any passion but gaming, and always loses. For ever paying court, the sole produce of a life of art is to get money from the King to carry on a course of paying debts or contracting new ones, which she discharges as fast as she is able. She advertised devotion to get made *Dame du Palais* to the Queen; and the very next day this Princess of Lorraine was seen riding backwards with Madame Pompadour in the latter's coach. When the King was stabbed, and heartily frightened, the mistress took a panic too, and consulted D'Argenson, whether she had not best make off in time. He hated her, and said, By all means. Madame de Mirepoix advised her to stay. The King recovered his spirits, D'Argenson was banished, and la Maréchale inherited part of the mistress's credit.—I must interrupt my history of illustrious women with an anecdote of Monsieur de Maurepas, with whom I am much acquainted, and who has one of the few heads which approach to good ones, and

who luckily for us was disgraced, and the marine dropped, because it was his favourite object and province. He employed Pontdeveyle to make a song on the Pompadour: it was clever and bitter, and did not spare even Majesty. This was Maurepas absurd enough to sing at supper at Versailles. Banishment ensued; and lest he should ever be restored, the mistress persuaded the King that he had poisoned her predecessor Madame de Châteauroux. Maurepas is very agreeable, and exceedingly cheerful; yet I have seen a transient silent cloud when politics are talked of.

Madame de Boufflers, who was in England, is a *savante*, mistress of the Prince of Conti, and very desirous of being his wife. She is two women, the upper and the lower. I need not tell you that the lower is gallant, and still has pretensions. The upper is very sensible, too, and has a measured eloquence that is just and pleasing—but all is spoiled by an unrelaxed attention to applause. You would think she was always sitting for her picture to her biographer.

Madame de Rochfort is different from all the rest. Her understanding is just and delicate; with a finesse of wit that is the result of reflection. Her manner is soft and feminine, and though a *savante*, without any declared pretensions. She is the *decent* friend of Monsieur de Nivernois; for you must not believe a syllable of what you read in their novels. It requires the greatest curiosity, or the greatest habitude, to discover the smallest connection between the sexes here. No familiarity, but under the veil of friendship, is permitted, and Love's dictionary is as much prohibited, as at first sight one should think his ritual was. All you hear, and that pronounced with nonchalance, is, that *Monsieur un tel* has had *Madame une telle.*

The Duc de Nivernois has parts, and writes at the top of the mediocre, but, as Madame Geoffrin says, is *manqué par-*

tout; guerrier manqué, ambassadeur manqué, homme d'affaires manqué, and *auteur manqué*—no, he is not *homme de naissance manqué*. He would think freely, but has some ambition of being governor to the Dauphin, and is more afraid of his wife and daughter, who are ecclesiastical *fagots*. The former out-chatters the Duke of Newcastle; and the latter, Madame de Gisors, exhausts Mr. Pitt's eloquence in defence of the Archbishop of Paris. Monsieur de Nivernois lives in a small circle of dependent admirers, and Madame de Rochfort is high-priestess for a small salary of credit.

The Duchess of Choiseul, the only young one of these heroines, is not very pretty, but has fine eyes, and is a little model in waxwork, which not being allowed to speak for some time as incapable, has a hesitation and modesty, the latter of which the court has not cured, and the former of which is atoned for by the most interesting sound of voice, and forgotten in the most elegant turn and propriety of expression. Oh, it is the gentlest, amiable, civil little creature that ever came out of a fairy egg! so just in its phrases and thoughts, so attentive and good-natured! Everybody loves it but its husband, who prefers his own sister the Duchesse de Grammont, an Amazonian, fierce, haughty dame, who loves and hates arbitrarily, and is detested. Madame de Choiseul, passionately fond of her husband, was the martyr of this union, but at last submitted with a good grace; has gained a little credit with him, and is still believed to idolize him. But I doubt it—she takes too much pains to profess it.

I cannot finish my list without adding a much more common character—but more complete in its kind than any of the foregoing, the Maréchale de Luxembourg. She has been very handsome, very abandoned, and very mischievous. Her beauty is gone, her lovers are gone, and she thinks the devil is coming. This dejection has softened her into being

rather agreeable, for she has wit and good breeding; but you would swear, by the restlessness of her person and the horrors she cannot conceal, that she had signed the compact, and expected to be called upon in a week for the performance.

I could add many pictures, but none so remarkable. In those I send you there is not a feature bestowed gratis or exaggerated. For the beauties, of which there are a few considerable, as Mesdames de Brionne, de Monaco, et d'Egmont, they have not yet lost their characters, nor got any.

You must not attribute my intimacy with Paris to curiosity alone. An accident unlocked the doors for me. That *passe-partout* called the fashion, has made them fly open—and what do you think was that fashion?—I myself. —Yes, like Queen Eleanor in the ballad, I sunk at Charing Cross, and have risen in the Faubourg St. Germain. A *plaisanterie* on Rousseau, whose arrival here in his way to you brought me acquainted with many anecdotes conformable to the idea I had conceived of him, got about, was liked much more than it deserved, spread like wildfire, and made me the subject of conversation. Rousseau's devotees were offended. Madame de Boufflers, with a tone of sentiment, and the accents of lamenting humanity, abused me heartily, and then complained to myself with the utmost softness. I acted contrition, but had like to have spoiled all, by growing dreadfully tired of a second lecture from the Prince of Conti, who took up the ball, and made himself the hero of a history wherein he had nothing to do. I listened, did not understand half he said (nor he neither), forgot the rest, said Yes when I should have said No, yawned when I should have smiled, and was very penitent when I should have rejoiced at my pardon. Madame de Boufflers was more distressed, for he owned twenty times

more than I had said: she frowned, and made him signs; but she had wound up his clack, and there was no stopping it. The moment she grew angry, the lord of the house grew charmed, and it has been my fault if I am not at the head of a numerous sect:—but, when I left a triumphant party in England, I did not come here to be at the head of a fashion. However, I have been sent for about like an African prince, or a learned canary-bird, and was, in particular, carried by force to the Princess of Talmond, the Queen's cousin, who lives in a charitable apartment in the Luxembourg, and was sitting on a small bed hung with saints and Sobieskis, in a corner of one of those vast chambers, by two blinking tapers. I stumbled over a cat, a footstool, and a chamber-pot in my journey to her presence. She could not find a syllable to say to me, and the visit ended with her begging a lap-dog. Thank the Lord! though this is the first month, it is the last week of my reign; and I shall resign my crown with great satisfaction to a *bouillie* of chestnuts, which is just invented, and whose annals will be illustrated by so many indigestions, that Paris will not want anything else these three weeks. I will enclose the fatal letter[2] after I have finished this enormous one; to which I will only add, that nothing has interrupted my Sévigné researches but the frost. The Abbé de Malesherbes has given me full power to ransack Livry. I did not tell you, that by great accident, when I thought on nothing less, I stumbled on an original picture of the Comte de Grammont. Adieu! You are generally in London in March; I shall be there by the end of it.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[2] The letter from the King of Prussia to Rousseau. *Walpole.*— Printed in letter to Conway of Jan. 12, 1766.

1090*. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Paris, Jan. 31, 1766.

I go step by step with the British Ambassador. He has achieved the payment of the Canada bills: I have obtained leave from Madame Geoffrin for you to have a copy of her picture. His Excellence has not demolished Dunkirk, but has made great progress towards it: I have not found Mrs. St. John, but have found out that there are two—indeed I believe neither is the right. You must send me ampler instructions. There is an ancient Demoiselle St. Jean who lived with Marivaux, and is above fourscore. They tell me that if she is not the right, I shall frighten her out of her remaining senses, and that she will talk all her acquaintance out of theirs on a subject she will not comprehend. Mr. Foley knows a Mr. and Mrs. St. John, but says it cannot be they. In short, I conclude yours is some old rag of the court of St. Germain's. Describe exactly where she sits by the waters of Babylon, crying afresh for the Pretender, and I will try to find her.

Apropos, do you know that the daughter of Madame de Peyre, who inhabits the Rochers[1], is banished on the troubles of Bretagne?

I made your compliments to Madame de Bentheim. I wish you would make mine to Monsieur de Guerchy, and say I hope he received the letter of condolence that I writ to him on the Dauphin's death, and that Madame de Guerchy has received the coal-boxes from Lord Barrington. I wrote to the latter, too, and should be sorry he did not receive my letter, but I suspect that letters sent by the post

Letter 1090*.—Not in C.; reprinted from Jesse's *Memoirs of the Life and Reign of George III*, vol. i. p. 599.

[1] The former residence of Madame de Sévigné.

do not always arrive. As I am so punctual about your commissions, I trust you will be a little so about mine.

The French are full of the Duke of York's duel, which arriving when they had nothing else to talk of, has gained entire credit. We tell them it is not true, but they think us discreet. If I regretted England ever so much, I could console myself by the exact resemblances that I find here to the most agreeable of my country folks. The Prince of Conti has all the fluent eloquence of the Prince I have mentioned. The Duchess of Nivernois makes amends for the instructive prattle of the Duke of Newcastle. The Princess of Ligne is the very image of Mrs. Askew; and Monsieur de Maurepas makes one think poor dear Lord Hardwicke still alive. The Chevalier de Courte came into the room one night, and I took him for my brother Cholmondeley. Madame de Coislin, except that her eyebrows are black, is as like an old Miss Bowyer that you remember. Nothing that I ever saw anywhere was like the Duchess of Choiseul, who has more parts, reason, and agreeableness, than I ever met in such a delicate little figure. As my curiosity is very active, I have almost seen everybody; but there are still two personages here that I am very impatient to see, Count Gage and Lady Mary Powis[2], who after meeting in the Asturian mines, have met

[2] Lady Mary Herbert (not Powis). She was apparently married to Gage. Horace Walpole gives the following account of Lady Mary in a note originally written in an edition of Pope in his possession (these notes were printed in 1876 from the MS. in possession of Sir William Fraser):—'Lady Mary Herbert, sister of the last Marquis of Powis, had made a prodigious fortune in the Mississippi, and refused the Duke of Bouillon, being determined to marry nobody but a sovereign prince; but refusing to realize, lost the whole, and met Gage in the Asturian mines. Some years after, the young Pretender being at Madrid, she sent to desire to see him. He found her in a garret, so poor that she could not rise for want of clothes; he gave her his great-coat, and what money he had about him. In 1766, when I was at Paris, she and Gage were both alive at Paris; he died in May that year. She was in a lodging given to her by the Prince of Conti at the Temple, and in April of the same year recovered two annuities from the Earl of Powis, by a sentence of the House of Lords.'

again at Paris. The latter is maintained by the Prince of Conti. I shall inquire after her to-night, as I sup at the *Temple*. They are now acting a comic opera, called *Tom Jones*; I have not seen it, but it is commended. Mr. A. A. is arrived here on his way to the court of Munich; General Vernon on his way I don't know whither. I hope some of the English, who are here in plenty, will carry you over the new head-dress of the men, which is exactly in a sugar-loaf shape, and very little lower. As the mourning checks their fancy in clothes, it is broken out on the tops of their heads. Adieu! my dear Sir, I can talk to you of nothing English, for I hear nothing but of your politics, about which I do not care a straw.

Yours ever,
H. W.

1091. To Lady Hervey.

Paris, Feb. 3, 1766.

I had the honour of writing to your Ladyship on the 4th and 12th of last month, which I only mention, because the latter went by the post, which I have found is not always a safe conveyance.

I am sorry to inform you, Madam, that you will not see Madame Geoffrin this year, as she goes to Poland in May. The King[1] has invited her, promised her an apartment exactly in her own way, and that she shall see nobody but whom she chooses to see. This will not surprise you, Madam; but what I shall add, will; though I must beg your Ladyship not to mention it even to her, as it is an absolute secret here, as she does not know that I know it, and as it was trusted to me by a friend of yours. In short,

Letter 1091. — [1] Stanislaus II (Poniatowski), who, before his election to the throne, had been liberated by Madame Geoffrin from a debtors' prison in Paris.

there are thoughts of sending her with a public character, or at least with a commission from hence—a very extraordinary honour, and I think never bestowed but on the Maréchale de Guébriant. As the Dussons have been talked of, and as Madame Geoffrin has enemies, its being known might make her uneasy that it was known. I should have told it to no mortal but your Ladyship; but I could not resist giving you such a pleasure. In your answer, Madam, I need not warn you not to specify what I have told you.

My favour here continues; and favour never displeases. To me, too, it is a novelty, and I naturally love curiosities. However, I must be looking towards home, and have perhaps only been treasuring up regret. At worst I have filled my mind with a new set of ideas; some resource to a man who was heartily tired of his old ones. When I tell your Ladyship that I play at whisk, and bear even French music, you will not wonder at any change in me. Yet I am far from pretending to like everybody, or everything I see. There are some chapters on which I still fear we shall not agree; but I will do your Ladyship the justice to own, that you have never said a syllable too much in behalf of the friends to whom you was so good as to recommend me. Madame d'Egmont, whom I have mentioned but little, is one of the best women in the world, and, though not at all striking at first, gains upon one much. Colonel Gordon, with this letter, brings you, Madam, some more seeds from her. I have a box of pomatums for you from Madame de Boufflers, which shall go by the next conveyance that offers. As he waits for my parcel, I can only repeat how much I am

Your Ladyship's most obliged and faithful humble servant,

Hor. Walpole.

1092. To George Montagu.

Paris, Feb. 4, 1766.

I write on small paper, that the nothing I have to say may look like a letter. Paris, that supplies me with diversion, affords me no news. England sends me none, on which I care to talk by the post. All seems in confusion—but I have done with politics!

The marriage of your cousins[1] puts me in mind of the two owls, whom the Vizier in some eastern tale told the Sultan were treating on a match between their children, on whom they were to settle I don't know how many ruined villages. Trouble not your head about it. Our ancestors were rogues, and so will our posterity be.

Madame Roland has sent to me, by Lady Jernegan[2], to beg my works. She shall certainly have them when I return to England; but how comes she to forget that you and I are friends? or does she think that all Englishmen quarrel on party? If she does, methinks she is a good deal in the right; and it is one of the reasons why I have bid adieu to politics, that I may not be expected to love those I hate, and hate those I love.

I supped last night with the Duchess de Choiseul, and saw a magnificent robe she is to wear to-day for a great wedding between a Biron[3] and a Boufflers. It is of blue satin, embroidered all over in a mosaic, diamond-wise, with gold: in every diamond is a silver star edged with gold, and surrounded with spangles in the same way; it is trimmed with double sables, crossed with frogs and tassels

Letter 1092. — [1] Lord Hinchinbrooke and Lady Elizabeth Montagu.

[2] Mary (d. 1785), eldest daughter of Francis Plowden, of Plowden, Shropshire; m. Sir George Jerningham, fifth Baronet, of Cossey, Norfolk.

[3] Armand Louis de Gontaut (1747–1793), Duc de Lauzun, nephew of the Duc de Biron, whom he succeeded in 1788. He married Amélie, daughter and heiress of the Duc de Boufflers.

of gold; her head, neck, breast, and arms, covered with diamonds. She will be quite the fairy queen, for it is the prettiest little reasonable amiable Titania you ever saw—but Oberon[4] does not love it. He prefers a great mortal Hermione, his sister[5].

I long to hear that you are lodged in Arlington Street, and invested with your green livery: and I love Lord Beaulieu for his *cudom.* Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

1093. To Sir Horace Mann.

Paris, Feb. 9, 1766.

I CONGRATULATE the success of your labours[1] as a minister, though as an Englishman I am very indifferent about the matter. It is below such a nation as England to trouble its head whether an old mumper at Rome calls a wretched fugitive *Rè d'Inghilterra* or *Principe di Galles.* For the poor lad's followers it is important, and anything is lucky for them that prevents their going to Tyburn for him. To himself, indeed, it is cruel to be refused an empty title by an old dervish for whom he lost the reality. Rome is the only spot on earth where he can exist decently, as at least he would take the *pas* of many saints. To call him Prince of Wales, and refuse him the kingship, is an absurdity worthy of an Irish patriarch. *Here* they assign many reasons for the refusal, as the jealousy of those fools the Roman nobility; apprehensions that the English would not go to Rome; as if they had never gone there in the father's time! tenderness to the Catholics in England, who are actually disturbed there by the Bishop of London, which

[4] The Duc de Choiseul.
[5] The Duchesse de Grammont.

LETTER 1093.—[1] This relates to Sir Horace Mann's having, by order of his court, interposed to prevent the Pope from acknowledging the eldest son of the late Chevalier de St. George as King of England. *Walpole.*

they were not in the old Pretender's time, who was acknowledged; other fears, from the rashness and drunkenness of the young man's character; doubts on his faith, the best reason of all; and suspicions (the worst reason of all) that we have bribed the congregation of cardinals. I should be very indignant at the latter reason; but the rapacity of English members of Parliament reassures me: we have no money left to purchase the Holy Ghost, who would live upon tares, if it had no other provision than what could be spared from the Houses of Lords and Commons.

There are rumours here of a coolness, even of quarrels, between this court and the new Emperor[2], who it is said insists that Parma should be held as a fief of the empire, and demands restitution of Lorraine. It would not surprise me: France, as England has done, will find that the court of Vienna obeys no law, observes no tie, but that of pride. As England and France are the two powers that can hurt one another the most, I wish them for ever connected. If this young German Cæsar begins already, I know where he will end—at impatience to reign over his mother's estates.

We are every day impatient for letters from England, where Mr. Pitt's conduct has occasioned great confusion. He has declared a little for some part of the administration, but strongly against the Duke of Newcastle; violently against Lord Bute; peremptorily against the last ministry, every one of whose acts he condemns; and, what is stronger than all, against the Parliament itself, which he says has taxed America without a right to do so, and by that act broke the original compact. His followers are exceedingly few; yet his name makes a sort of party, and you may be sure he has all the Americans with him. Lord Bute acts separately, as a fourth party—*if* he is allowed to do so, what becomes of the faith pledged to the present ministers, when

[2] Joseph II.

they were invited and entreated to take the lead? *If* he should join the late opposition, and they join him, how that bargain will complete the scandalous characters of both sides!—of theirs to stoop to him again; of his who brings back, from self-interest, to his master those who stigmatized the mother by Act of Parliament! How justly he will deserve the title he assumes, of the *King's friend*! and who will not recollect the *North Briton*, No. 45?

Your old friend, Lord Fane[3], is dead, and has left three thousand pounds a year to poor Lady Sandwich[4], who cannot enjoy it. She is shut up: the family blood and her misfortunes have turned her head. I do not doubt but Sandwich will find means to profit by her unhappy situation.

Pray mention to Sir James Macdonald that I have writ to thank him for his letter, and hope he has received mine.

We are again up to the ears in snow, yet I am robust and well, am become *très* French, never dine, but sup, sit up all night, and lie abed all day. In short, heartily enjoy the holidays I have given myself from Parliament. However, I think of returning home at the end of March, but have some suspicion that I shall now and then steal a winter here.

If my philosophy about the red riband does not convince you, at least you must not wonder that your want of philosophy does not persuade me; though, if it was in my power to bestow, I should certainly humour you with it. Your victorious campaign against the house of Stuart adds a new title to your pretensions. If a change should happen in England, I do not think that you would obtain it, after being in favour with the present ministers. The present reign cannot but be stormy, while there is a favourite,

[3] Charles, Viscount Fane; he had been minister at Florence before Sir Horace Mann. *Walpole.*

[4] Lady Sandwich was second sister of Lord Fane. *Walpole.*

who is too notorious a coward to venture his person, too ambitious and too treacherous to suffer anybody long who will not be his creatures. Should George Grenville return to power, I should at least be comforted to see equal ambition, equal pride, and equal treachery, bow to an idol he has abandoned, despised, and insulted. Adieu!

1094. To George Montagu.

Paris, Sunday, Feb. 23.

I cannot know that you are in my house, and not say, you are welcome. Indeed you are, and I am heartily glad you are pleased there. I have neither matter nor time for more, as I have heard of an opportunity of sending this away immediately with some other letters. News do not happen here as in London; the Parliaments meet, draw up a remonstrance, ask a day for presenting it, have the day named a week after, and so forth. At their rate of going on, if Methusalem was first president, he would not see the end of a single question. As your histories are somewhat more precipitate, I wait for their coming to some settlement, and then will return—but, if the old ministers are to be replaced, Bastile for Bastile, I think I had rather stay where I am. I am not half so much afraid of any power, as the French are of Mr. Pitt. Adieu!

Yours most faithfully,

Hor. Walpole.

1095. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Paris, Feb. 28, 1766.

As you cannot, I believe, get a copy of the letter to Rousseau, and are impatient for it, I send it you, though the brevity of it will not answer your expectation. It is no

answer to any of his works, and is only a laugh at his affectations. I hear he does not succeed in England, where singularities are no curiosity. Yet he must stay there, or give up all his pretensions. To quit a country where he may live at ease and unpersecuted, will be owning that tranquillity is not what he seeks. If he again seeks persecution, who will pity him? I should think even bigots would let him alone, out of contempt.

I have executed your commission in a way that I hope will please you. As you tell me you have a blue cup and saucer, and a red one, and would have them completed to six, without being all alike, I have bought one other blue, one other red, and two sprigged, in the same manner, with colours; so you will have just three pair, which seems preferable to six odd ones, and which, indeed, at nineteen livres apiece, I think I could not have found.

I shall keep pretty near to the time I proposed returning, though I am a little tempted to wait for the appearance of leaves. As I may never come hither again, I am disposed to see a little of their villas and gardens, though it will vex me to lose spring and lilac-tide at Strawberry. The weather has been so bad, and continues so cold, that I have not yet seen all I intend in Paris. To-day I have been to the Plaine de Sablon, by the Bois de Boulogne, to see a horse-race, rid in person by Count Lauragais and Lord Forbes[1]. All Paris was in motion by nine o'clock this morning, and the coaches and crowds were innumerable at so novel a sight. Would you believe it, that there was an Englishman to whom it was quite as new? That Englishman was I. Though I live within two miles of Hounslow, have been fifty times in my life at Newmarket, and have passed through it at the time of the races, I never before saw a complete one. I once went from Cambridge on purpose,

LETTER 1095.—[1] James Forbes (d. 1804), sixteenth Baron Forbes.

saw the beginning, was tired, and went away. If there was to be a review in Lapland, perhaps I might see a review too, which yet I have never seen. Lauragais was distanced at the second circuit. What added to the singularity was, that at the same instant his brother was gone to church to be married; but, as Lauragais is at variance with his father and wife, he chose this expedient to show he was not at the wedding.

Adieu, dear Sir.

Yours ever,
H. Walpole[2].

1096. To Sir Horace Mann.

Paris, Feb. 29, 1766.

I have received your letters very regularly, and though I have not sent you near so many, yet I have not been wanting to our correspondence, when I have had anything particular to say, or knew what to say. The Duke of Richmond has been gone to England this fortnight; he had a great deal of business, besides engagements here; and if he has failed writing, at least I believe he received yours. Mr. Conway, I suppose, has received them too, but not to my knowledge; for I have received but one from him this age. He has had something else to do than to think of Pretenders, and pretenders to pretensions. It has been a question (and a question scarcely decided yet) not only whether he and his friends should remain ministers, but whether we should not draw the sword on our colonies, and provoke them and the manufacturers at home to rebellion. The goodness of Providence, or Fortune by its permission, has interposed, and I hope prevented blood; though George Grenville and the Duke of Bedford, who so mercifully

[2] The letter to Rousseau follows here in the MS.

checked our victories, in compassion to France, grew heroes the moment there was an opportunity of conquering our own brethren. It was actually moved by them and their banditti to send troops to America. The stout Earl of Bute, who is never afraid when not personally in danger, joined his troops to his ancient friends, late foes, and now new allies. Yet this second race of Spaniards, so fond of gold and thirsting after American blood, were routed by 274; their whole force amounting but to 134. The Earl, astonished at this defeat, had recourse to that kind of policy which Machiavel recommends in his chapter of *back-stairs*. Cæsar[1] himself disavowed his ministers, and declared he had not been for the repeal[2], and that his servants had used his name without his permission. A paper was produced to his eyes, which proved this denial an equivocation. The ministers, instead of tossing their places into the middle of the closet, as I should have done, had the courage and virtue to stand firm, and save both Europe and America from destruction.

At that instant, who do you think presented himself as Lord Bute's guardian angel? only one of his bitterest enemies: a milk-white angel, white even to his eyes and eyelashes, very purblind, and whose tongue runs like

LETTER 1096.—[1] George III.

[2] The repeal of the Stamp Act. George III informed Lord Strange that he was not in favour of it. 'So extraordinary a tale soon reached the ear of Lord Rockingham, who immediately asked Lord Strange if it was true what the King was reported to have said to him? The other confirmed it. On that, Lord Rockingham desired the other to meet him at court, when they both went into the closet together. Lord Strange began, and repeated the King's words; and asked if he had been mistaken? The King said, "No." Lord Rockingham then pulled out a paper, and begged to know, if on such a day (which was minuted down on the paper) his Majesty had not determined for the repeal? Lord Rockingham then stopped. The King replied, "My Lord, this is but half"; and taking out a pencil, wrote on the bottom of Lord Rockingham's paper words to this effect: "The question asked me by my ministers, was, whether I was for enforcing the Act by the sword, or for the repeal? Of the two extremes I was for the repeal; but most certainly preferred modification to either."' (*Memoirs of George III*, ed. 1894, vol. ii. p. 205.)

a fiddlestick. You have seen this divinity[3], and have prayed to it for a riband. Well, this god of love became the god of politics, and contrived meetings between Bute, Grenville, and Bedford; but, what happens to highwaymen *after* a robbery, happened to them *before*; they quarrelled about the division of the plunder, before they had made the capture—and thus, when the last letters came away, the repeal was likely to pass in both Houses, and tyranny once more despairs.

This is the quintessence of the present situation in England. To how many *North Britons*, No. 45, will that wretched Scot furnish matter? But let us talk of your *Cardinal Duke of York*: so his folly has left his brother in a worse situation than he took him up! *York* seems a title fated to sit on silly heads—or don't let us talk of him; he is not worth it.

I am as sorry for the death of Lady Hilsborough[4], as I suppose Mr. Skreene is glad of his consort's departure. She was a common creature, bestowed on the public by Lord Sandwich. Lady Hilsborough had sense and merit, and is a great loss to her family. By letters hither, we hear miserable accounts of poor Sir James Macdonald; pray let him know that I have written to him, and how much I am concerned for his situation.

This court is plunged into another deep mourning for the death of old Stanislaus[5], who fell into the fire; it caught his night-gown and burnt him terribly before he got assistance. His subjects are in despair, for he was a model of goodness and humanity; uniting, or rather creating, generosity from economy. The Poles had not the sense to re-elect him, after his virtues were proved, they who

[3] The Duke of York.

[4] Lady Mary Fitzgerald, daughter of the Earl of Kildare, and first wife of Wills Hill, first Earl of Hilsborough. *Walpole.*

[5] Ex-King of Poland, and father of the wife of Louis XV.

had chosen him before they knew him. I am told such was the old man's affection for his country, and persuasion that he ought to do all the good he could, that he would have gone to Poland if they had offered him the crown. He has left six hundred thousand livres, and a *rente viagère* of forty thousand crowns to the Queen, saved from the sale of his Polish estates, from his pension of two millions, and from his own liberality. His buildings, his employment of the poor, his magnificence, and his economy, were constant topics of admiration. Not only the court-tables were regularly and nobly served, but he treated, and defrayed his old enemy's[6] grand-daughter, the Princess Christina[7], on her journey hither to see her sister the Dauphiness. When Mesdames his grand-daughters made him an unexpected visit, he was so disturbed for fear it should derange his finances, which he thought were not in advance, that he shut himself up for an hour with his treasurer, to find resources; was charmed to know he should not run in debt, and entertained them magnificently. His end was calm and gay, like his life, though he suffered terribly, and he said so extraordinary a life could not finish in a common way. To a lady who had set her ruffle on fire, and scorched her arm about the same time, he said, 'Madame, nous brûlons du même feu.' The poor Queen had sent him the very night-gown that occasioned his death: he wrote to her, 'C'étoit pour me tenir chaud, mais il m'a tenu trop chaud.'

Yesterday we had the funeral oration on the Dauphin; and are soon to have one on Stanislaus. It is a noble subject; but if I had leisure, I would compose a grand funeral oration on the number of princes dead within these

[6] Augustus II, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland. *Walpole.*

[7] Maria Christina, daughter of Frederick Augustus II, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland. In 1773 she became Abbess of the Convent of Remiremont.

six months. What fine pictures, contrasts, and comparisons they would furnish! The Duke of Parma and the King of Denmark reigning virtuously with absolute power! The Emperor at the head of Europe, and encompassed with mimic Roman eagles, tied to the apron-strings of a bigoted and jealous virago. The Dauphin cultivating virtues under the shade of so bright a crown, and shining only at the moment that he was snatched from the prospect of empire. The old Pretender wasting away in obscurity and misfortune, after surviving the Duke of Cumberland, who had given the last blow to the hopes of his family; and Stanislaus perishing by an accident,—he who had swam over the billows raised by Peter the Great and Charles XII, and reigning, while his successor and second of his name was reigning on his throne. It is not taking from the funereal part to add, that when so many good princes die, the Czarina is still living!

The public again thinks itself on the eve of a war, by the recall of Stahremberg, the Imperial minister. It seems at least to destroy the expectation of a match between the youngest Archduchess[8] and the Dauphin, which it was thought Stahremberg remained here to bring about. I like your Great Duke for feeling the loss of his minister. It is seldom that a young sovereign misses a governor before he tastes the fruits of his own incapacity.

March 1st.

We have got more letters from England, where the ministers are still triumphant. They had a majority of 108 on the day that it was voted to bring in a bill to repeal the Stamp Act. George Grenville's ignorance and blunders were displayed to his face and to the whole world; he was hissed through the Court of Requests, where Mr.

[8] The Archduchess Marie Antoinette, married to the Dauphin (afterwards Louis XVI) in 1770; guillotined on Oct. 14, 1793.

Conway was huzza'd. It went still farther for Mr. Pitt, whom the mob accompanied home with 'Io Pitts!' This is new for an opposition to be so unpopular. Adieu!

1097. To Miss Anne Pitt.

Paris, March 1, 1766.

At last, Madam, I have the honour of sending you the design of a ceiling, which you would have received much sooner if the person who drew it had not been very ill. I enclose Monsieur Mariette's letter as a *pièce justificative*, which will prove to you, Madam, that I had teased him with my impatience.

The design I think very beautiful; it is in the newest style, and taken in some measure, as everything here is now, from the oldest style, that is the antique. It may be executed either in stucco, colours, or *chiaroscuro*, and fills only the cove, leaving the ceiling, as you ordered, vacant except the small rose in the middle. The directions accompany it.

Your late silence, Madam, though not like my impatience, makes me fear you have thought me dilatory. I trust I shall now stand excused. Am I to order, or forbear ordering my Lady Cardigan's commodes? I hope neither you nor she blame my caution. I could not help stating a difficulty which I had experienced myself, and which has prevented my making some purchases to which I had great inclination. Whatever commands you may have for me, let me beg to know them soon; I am thinking of my return, and propose it for the end of this month or beginning of the next.

We are occupied here (with due deference and distance)

Letter 1097.—Not in C.; now printed from *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th Report, Appendix, Part III, vol. i. p. 154.

as you, all you, generally are in England; that is with the Parliament and a horse-race. On the first subject, the Parliament had won the last heat, and jockeyed the commission in Bretagne[1]; but two nights ago the King knocked up three grooms *à mortier* in the middle of the night, and it is said some of those gentlemen of the turf will be *distanced*. The latter article makes full as much noise. Lord Forbes and Count Lauragais rode a race on the Plaine de Sablon; all Paris was present. The latter's horse was ill, died that night, was opened, and proves to have been poisoned. You cannot imagine the noise this makes. *We* are treated as if we were Russians, assassins, subjects and disciples of the Czarina. It is in vain that I assure them that poison is the only trick I never heard allowed of at Newmarket, and that a man would forfeit his honour who should practise any cheat that is not according to the known rules. The truth, I believe, is that national honour interfered, and that an English groom belonging to Lauragais himself, or to Lord Forbes (for I scorn to clear a difficulty without starting a greater), committed the fact, that the four-footed champion of his country might be sure of the victory. In the meantime the spirit of racing has taken root, and *petits palefreniers* will be substituted to *petits maîtres*. As Monsieur de Lauragais, who has introduced this system of English policy, is now amongst you, I hope he will bring back the true code, the unwritten law, dictated in those wise and virtuous ages, when the legislators themselves could not write. If Mr. Hume means to preserve his renown here, he must return in a white satin waistcoat, black cap, nankin breeches, and tight boots.

[1] The Parliament of Brittany had been dissolved, and a commission of sixty members appointed in its stead.

1098. To George Montagu.

Paris, March 3, 1766.

I write because I ought, and because I have promised you I would, and because I have an opportunity by Monsieur de Lillebonne, and in spite of a better reason for being silent, which is, that I have nothing to say. People marry, die, and are promoted here, about whom neither you nor I care a straw. No, truly, and I am heartily tired of them, as you may believe, when I am preparing to return. There is a man in next room actually nailing my boxes: yet it will be the beginning of April before I am at home. I have not had so much as a cold in all this Siberian winter, and I will not venture tempting the gout by lying in a bad inn, till the weather is warmer. I wish, too, to see a few leaves out at Versailles, &c. If I stayed till August I could not see many; for there is not a tree twenty miles round, that is not hacked and hewed, till it looks like the stumps that beggars thrust into coaches to excite charity and miscarriages.

I am going this evening in search of Madame Roland; I doubt we shall both miss each other's lilies and roses: she may have got some peonies in their room, but mine are replaced with crocuses.

I love Lord Harcourt for his civility to you; and I would fain see you situated under the greenwood-tree, even by a compromise.

You may imagine I am pleased with the defeat, hisses, and mortification of George Grenville, and the more by the disappointment it has occasioned here. If you have a mind to vex them thoroughly, you must make Mr. Pitt

Letter 1098.—Addressed:
'To George Montagu, Esq.,
Chez moi.'

minister—they have not forgot him, whatever we have done.

The King has suddenly been here this morning to hold a *lit de justice*: I don't yet know the particulars, except that it was occasioned by some bold remonstrances of the Parliament on the subject of that of Bretagne. Louis told me when I waked, that the Duke de *Chevreuil*, the Governor of Paris, was just gone by in great state.

I long to chat with Mr. Chute and you in the blue room at Strawberry: though I have little to write, I have a great deal to say. How do you like his new house? Has he no gout? Are your cousins Cortez and Pisarro heartily mortified that they are not to roast and plunder the Americans? Is Goody Carlisle disappointed at not being appointed Grand Inquisitor? Adieu! I will not seal this till I have seen or missed Madame Roland. Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. I have been prevented going to Madame Roland, and must defer giving an account of her by this letter[1].

1099. To Lady Mary Coke.

Paris, March 3, 1766.

I am thoroughly concerned, dear Madam, at the account you give me of your health. If you would attend to advice on that subject, I would tell you that you harass both your mind and body. You have not been quite well a great while, and yet never take care of yourself for two

[1] Attached to this letter is the following, in Horace Walpole's handwriting:—

'French epigram on Louis XV holding a *lit de justice*:

Sçais-tu ce qu'on dit?
Dame Justice est offensée;
Le Roi l'a trouvée dans son lit,
Et l'a violée.'

Letter 1099. — Not in C.; reprinted from *Letters and Journals of Lady Mary Coke*, vol. iii. pp. xx–xxi.

days together. I would recommend to you to love your friends less, and to laugh at your enemies. The goodness of your heart makes you too attentive to both. For the dethroned Empress, who you tell me has been wanting in regard to you, she is surely below your notice. Rage, passion, and disappointment dictate all her actions, though she flatters herself that Art influences most of them. Take care of yourself, and be sure not to have the jaundice, which is the only thing in which you can ever resemble her.

You do me too much honour by far, in thinking that publicly or privately I could do any good. I did not leave England till I found I could not. I pressed what you wished, but was not listened to. When I return, which will be the end of this month, or the beginning of the next, it will most certainly not be to meddle with politics, of which I washed my hands for ever when I came away. Your nephews[1], Madam, and Dr. Smith[2] are coming into the Hôtel I inhabit. You may imagine that their ages and mine do not mate as very proper companions; but, as far as I can judge, you will have uncommon satisfaction in them. There is a natural modesty, good nature, and good breeding in them, which is particularly amiable in young men of their great rank. If their hearts are not like yours, I am much deceived. Lord and Lady Fife are gone to Holland, and fewer English than usual remain here. The King has been suddenly and unexpectedly at the Parliament to-day. I have not yet been out, nor know the particulars, but I should think it was on no favourable errand for them. They have lately made some high remonstrances, and three days ago he sent for their registers to Versailles. These

[1] Henry Scott (1746–1812), third Duke of Buccleuch, and his brother, the Hon. Hew Campbell Scott (the latter died in Paris in Oct. 1766).

[2] Adam Smith (1723–1790), who acted as tutor to the Duke from 1764 till 1766.

matters, as you may suppose, occupy them much, but to me, accustomed to livelier politics, they appear fleabites.

I have not heard of Lord Strafford this age, but hope he received my last of January 23rd. This is not to extort a letter from him, but to put him in mind of a very sincere humble servant of his and Lady Strafford. Of Lady Suffolk I know still less. May I beg your Ladyship to mention me to her? if I knew a syllable more than is in every gazette, I would write to her; and for my life it is so uniform, it would amuse nobody. I hope she is well, and that Marble Hill and Strawberry Hill will be as good neighbours this summer as ever.

You see, Madam, of what dabs of paragraphs I am forced to compose my letter. It is a better reason for concluding than for continuing it; but I could not resist returning my thanks for yours, and telling you, what I trust you are persuaded of, that your health is one of my first cares, and I hope will be the first of yours.

Your most faithful
and devoted humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. I have this moment received a letter from Lord Strafford, for which I must beg your Ladyship would thank him, and omit what I have said before.

1100. To JOHN CRAUFURD.

Paris, March 6, 1766.

YOU cannot conceive, my dear Sir, how happy I was to receive your letters, not so much even for my own sake as for Madame du Deffand's. I do not mean merely from the

LETTER 1100.—Collated with original in possession of Mr. John W. Ford.

pleasure your letter gave her, but because it wipes off the reproaches she has undergone on your account. They have at once twitted her with her partiality for you, and your indifference. Even that silly Madame de la Valière has been quite rude to her on your subject. You will not be surprised; you saw a good deal of their falsehood and spite, and I have seen much more. They have not only the faults common to the human heart, but that additional meanness and malice which is produced by an arbitrary government, under which the subjects dare not look up to anything great.

The King has just thunderstruck the Parliament, and they are all charmed with the thought that they are to continue to grovel at the foot of the throne—but let us talk of something more meritorious. Your good old woman wept like a child, with her poor no eyes, as I read your letter to her. I did not wonder; it is kind, friendly, delicate and just—so just that it vexes me to be forced to continually combat the goodness of her heart, and destroy her fond visions of friendship. 'Ah! but,' said she at last, 'he does not talk of returning!' I told her, if anything could bring you back, or me either, it would be desire of seeing her. I think so of you, and I am sure so of myself. If I had stayed here still, I have learnt nothing but to know them more thoroughly. Their barbarity and injustice to our good old friend is undescribable: one of the worst is just dead, Madame de Lambert—I am sure you will not regret her. Madame de Forcalquier, I agree with you, is the most sincere of her acquaintance, and incapable of doing as the rest do—eat her suppers when they cannot go to a more fashionable house, laugh at her, abuse her, nay, try to raise her enemies among her nominal friends. They have succeeded so far as to make that unworthy old dotard the Président treat her like a dog. Her nephew,

the Archbishop of Toulouse[1], I see, is not a jot more attached to her than the rest, but I hope she does not perceive it so clearly as I do; Madame de Choiseul I really think wishes her well; but perhaps I am partial. The Princess de Beauvau seems very cordial too, but I doubt the Prince a little. You will forgive these details about a person you love, and have so much reason to love; nor am I ashamed of interesting myself exceedingly about her. To say nothing of her extraordinary parts, she is certainly the most generous friendly being upon earth—but neither these qualities nor her unfortunate situation touch her unworthy acquaintance. Do you know that she was quite angry about the money you left for her servants? Viar[2] would by no means touch it, and when I tried all I could to obtain her permission for their taking it, I prevailed so little, that she gave Viar five louis for refusing it. So I shall bring you back your draft, and you will only owe me five louis, which I added to what you gave me to pay for the two pieces of china at Dulac's, which will be sent to England with mine.

Well! I have talked too long on Madame du Deffand, and neglected too long to thank you for my own letter: I do thank you for it, my dear Sir, most heartily and sincerely. I feel all your worth and all the gratitude I ought, but I must preach to you as I do to your friend. Consider how little time you have known me, and what small opportunities you have had of knowing my faults. I know them thoroughly; but to keep your friendship within bounds, consider my heart is not like yours, young, good, warm, sincere, and impatient to bestow itself. Mine is worn with the baseness, treachery, and mercenariness I have

[1] Étienne Charles de Loménie de Brienne (1727–1794), Archbishop of Toulouse, afterwards Archbishop of Sens and a Cardinal.

[2] Wiart, secretary of Madame du Deffand.

met with. It is suspicious, doubtful, and cooled. I consider everything round me but in the light of amusement, because if I looked at it seriously, I should detest it. I laugh that I may not weep. I play with monkeys, dogs, or cats, that I may not be devoured by the beast of the Gevaudan. I converse with Mesdames de Mirepoix, Boufflers, and Luxembourg, that I may not love Madame du Deffand too much—and yet they do but make me love her the more. But don't love me, pray don't love me. Old folks are but old women, who love their last lover as much as they did their first. I should still be liable to believe you, and I am not at all of Madame du Deffand's opinion, that one might as well be dead as not love somebody. I think one had better be dead than love anybody. Let us compromise this matter; you shall love her, since she likes to be loved, and I will be the confidant. We will do anything we can to please her. I can go no farther—I have taken the veil, and would not break my vow for the world. If you will converse with me through the grate at Strawberry Hill, I desire no better; but not a word of friendship; I feel no more than if I professed it. It is paper credit, and, like other bank-bills, sure to be turned into money at last. I think you would not realize me, but how do you, or how do I know, that I should be equally scrupulous? The Temple of Friendship, like the ruins in the Campo Vaccino[3], is reduced to a single column at Stowe. Those dear friends have hated one another, till some of them are forced to love one another again—and as the cracks are soldered by hatred, perhaps that cement may hold them together. You see my opinion of friendship: it would be making you a fine present to offer you mine!

Your ministers may not know it, but the war has been

[3] The Roman Forum, so called from the Middle Ages until the nineteenth century.

on the point of breaking out here between France and England, and upon a cause very English, a horse-race. Lord Forbes and Lauragais were the champions: they rode, but the second lost, his horse being ill: it died that night, and the surgeons on opening it swore it was poisoned. The English suspect that a groom, who I suppose had been reading Livy or Demosthenes, poisoned it on patriotic principles, to ensure victory to his country. The French, on the contrary, think poison as common as oats or beans, in the stables at Newmarket. In short, there is no impertinence they have not uttered, and it has gone so far, that two nights ago it was said that the King had forbidden another race which is appointed for Monday, between the Prince de Nassau and a Mr. Forth, to prevent national animosities. On my side I have tried to stifle these heats, by threatening them that Mr. Pitt is coming into the ministry again, and it has had some effect. This event has confirmed what I discovered early after my arrival, that the *Anglomanie* was worn out; if it remains it is *manie* against the English. All this, however, is for your private ear; for I have found that some of my letters home, in which I had spoken a little freely, have been reported to do me disservice. As we are *not* friends, I may trust to your discretion—may not I? I did not use to applaud it much.

Perhaps it is necessary to use still more caution in mentioning me to Lord Ossory. Do it gently, for though I have great regard for him, I don't design to make it troublesome to him.

You don't say a word of our Duchess[4], so superior to earthly Duchesses! How dignified she will appear to me after all the little *tracasseries* of Paris! I trust I shall see her soon. Packing-up is in all my quarters, but though I quit tittle-tattle, I don't design to head a squadron of

[4] The Duchess of Grafton.

mob on any side. I hate politics, as much as friendship, and design to converse at home as I have done here, with *dévots*, philosophers, Choiseul, Maurepas, the court, and the *Temple*.

What a volume I have writ! but don't be frightened: you need not answer it, if you have not a mind, for I shall be in England almost as soon as I could receive your reply. La Geoffriniska[5] has received three sumptuous robes of ermines, martens and Astracan lambs, the last of which, I suppose, the Czarina had the pleasure of flaying alive herself. 'Oh! pour cela oui,' says old Brantôme, who always assents. I think there is nothing else very new: Mr. Young puns, and Dr. Gem does not: Lorenzi blunders faster than one can repeat[6], Voltaire writes volumes faster than they can print, and I buy china faster than I can pay for it.

I am glad to hear you have been two or three times at my Lady Hervey's. By what she says of you, you may be comforted, though you miss the approbation of Madame de Valentinois. Her golden apple, though indeed after all Paris has gnawed it, is reserved for Lord Holdernesse! Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

1100*. To George Augustus Selwyn.

Paris, March 7, 1766.

I laughed till I cried at your description of Mr. Pitt, hopping, crawling, and dressing; but I took care not to publish it *here*, where they believe he is more alert and has longer talons than the beast of the Gevaudan. They have

[5] Madame Geoffrin.

[6] Lorenzi's blunders were proverbial; Grimm collected a number of them in his *Correspondance Littéraire* under the heading of *Lorenziana*.

Letter 1100*.—Not in C.; reprinted from Jesse's *Memoirs of the Life and Reign of George III*, ed. 1867, vol. i. pp. 378–80.

not dared to send a man to our boisterous colonies, for fear he should skip to New York. The Pope dare not acknowledge the Pretender while Mr. Pitt lives. Nay, one of the accusations against poor La Chalotais is that he corresponded with Mr. Pitt, to whom, though no longer a minister, they conclude a conspirator would address himself. In short, they consider him as the Chinese do the East India Company, whom they call *Mr. Company.* You see how true the saying is that nobody is a hero in the eyes of his own *valet de chambre*! In England you are all laughing at a man whose crutch keeps the rest of Europe in awe. It is now and then such a Clytus as you, that prevents a poor drunken mortal from passing for a god; for it does not signify whether they hiccup with Chian wine or vanity, nor whether they are adopted by Jupiter Ammon or Sir William Pynsent. Their heads are equally turned, and so are those of the spectators. I hope the godhead will not forget that his arm *is to be* lame, and knock your brains out with his crutch. When you make so free with our great men, I wonder you are so tender of our little ones; I mean our Princes. Consider that they would be still more troublesome if they were not totally insignificant.

I will endeavour to unkennel your Madame St. Jean, though, by what you hint, I believe the best way would be to address yourself to the *Lieutenant de Police.* I will inquire too for your Duc de Joyeuse[1] *en Capucin,* though I never heard of such a print. I have a great collection of prints after Guido at Strawberry, but do not remember such a head. I have bought a great quantity at the Quai de Ferraille, and so many other baubledoms that I should be ashamed if I did not know that *la nation angloise* is

[1] Henri, Duc de Joyeuse (1567–1608), Maréchal de France, who, after becoming a Capuchin after his wife's death, left the order in 1592 and took to a military life. He returned to the order in 1599.

not quite *si sage* as it is reckoned here. Our stocks, however, are prodigiously fallen in this country, and I question, if Mr. Hume was to arrive now for the first time, whether he would be thought the liveliest young fellow in the world. An unfortunate horse-race, in which Lauragais' horse was poisoned, has brought great disgrace upon us. It would comfort me if Madame de Sévigné was alive to write upon the subject as she did *à la* Brinvilliers. However, though you do not know it certainly, I can assure you that you *will* come to Paris this summer. They are determined to have races, and I do not know but a deputation of *Parlement* (who the King intends shall have nothing else to do) may not be sent to invite Lord March and Dick Vernon over, as the ancients invited legislators. This will be *à la grecque*. Madame du Deffand is much pleased with the idea of your returning. She is faithful and steady to the English, though suffering persecution on that account.

I am much concerned at what you tell me of Lord Holland, and shall be sorry to find him in such a situation. I am really coming, though I divert myself well enough, and have no sort of thirst after your politics. But lilac-tide approaches, and I long as much to see a bit of green, as a housemaid does that sticks a piece of mint in a dirty phial. I don't write to Mr. Williams because writing to you is the same thing; and I forget him no more than I hope he forgets me. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

P.S. Have you not felt a fright lately? If you have not there is no *sentiment* in you. Why! the Queen has been in great danger, received the *viatique*, and had the *prières des quarante heures* said for her. But be easy! She

is out of danger. La Maréchale de Luxembourg saw her the night before last, and congratulating her recovery, the Queen said, 'I am too unhappy to die.'

1101. To Miss Anne Pitt.

Paris, March 7, 1766.

Though I wrote to you, Madam, but the day before yesterday by Monsieur de Lillebonne, and sent your plan, I must add a few words, as, since he set out, I have received yours, dated so long ago as February 7th; where your letter stopped to drink I do not know. However, I instantly went to Poirier's and ordered him to bring me designs of commodes. As the pieces of granite are square, there will be more difficulty in adapting them to beautiful forms, though I think this may be remedied, and will omit nothing on my part to do justice to the commission. The discovery that *or moulu* is not counterband interests me personally, though it will cost me a little money.

You cannot conceive how much I think myself honoured by Lord Chesterfield's approbation and with the prospect of the party you promised me, Madam, at Strawberry, whither I hope you know you have unlimited power of inviting; but if his Lordship has the least favourable opinion of me, will not the whimsical indulgence of my imagination of Strawberry destroy it all? No, I have never passed myself off for a wise person, and his Lordship has too much sense and too much good humour to quarrel with folly, that cordial drop, for that is the true cordial drop, that heaven in our cup has thrown. If it was not for the consolation of one's own folly, one might wet a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs, like Heraclitus, over the follies of others.

Letter 1101.—Not in C.; printed from *Hist. MSS. Comm.*, 13th Report, Appendix, Part III, vol. i. p. 155.

Madame de Rochefort has received your letter, Madam, and is so good as to say she will take no pains to execute your orders of sending me over. Is not that negative positive disobedience? Would not it detain you? Yet set out I must, though I hate your Parliament and your politics, as much as *le Roi* does those here. He what you call plucked up a spirit, got into his cabriolet, and drove away to the Grande Chambre t'other morning and delivered a *discours* that frightened them, and I believe himself too, out of their senses. They have recovered theirs a little, and have sat ever since, like a cuckoo on a chalk egg, which they can neither hatch nor abandon. There is nothing else but funeral orations, on the Dauphin, Duke of Parma, and King Stanislas. They were on the point of having another for the Queen, but she is out of danger.

My Lady Suffolk has forgot me, Mr. Brand has forgot me; for the last I suppose he thinks of nothing but the colonies, so I excuse him. He dotes upon his country and hates the French, though the latter are up to the ears in whisk and horse-races: cannot those things mollify him? *Noir et tout noir* is to run against Life-line next Monday, but there is some difficulty, as the Prince of Nassau insists, like a good patriot, on riding in jack-boots[1].

1102. To Lady Hervey.

Paris, March 10, 1766.

There are two points, Madam, on which I must write to your Ladyship, though I have been confined these three or four days with an inflammation in my eyes. My watchings and revellings had, I doubt, heated my blood, and prepared it to receive a stroke of cold, which in truth

[1] Alluding to Lord Bute.

was amply administered. We were two-and-twenty at the Maréchale de Luxembourg's, and supped in a temple rather than in a hall. It is vaulted at top with gods and goddesses, and paved with marble; but the god of fire was not of the number. However, as this is neither of my points, I shall say no more of it.

I send your Ladyship Lady Albemarle's box, which Madame Geoffrin brought to me herself yesterday. I think it very neat and charming, and it exceeds the commission but by a guinea and half. It is lined with wood between the two golds, as the price and necessary size would not admit metal enough without, to leave it of any solidity.

The other point I am indeed ashamed to mention so late. I am more guilty than even about the scissors. Lord Hertford sent me word a fortnight ago, that an ensigncy was vacant, to which he should recommend Mr. Fitzgerald[1]. I forgot both to thank him and to acquaint your Ladyship, who probably know it without my communication. I have certainly lost my memory! This is so idle and young, that I begin to fear I have acquired something of the *fashionable man*, which I so much dreaded. It is to England then that I must return to recover friendship and attention? I literally wrote to Lord Hertford, and forgot to thank him. Sure I did not use to be so abominable! I cannot account for it: I am as black as ink, and must turn—*Methodist*, to fancy that repentance can wash me white again. No, I will not; for then I may sin again, and trust to the same nostrum.

I had the honour of sending your Ladyship the funeral sermon on the Dauphin, and a tract to laugh at sermons—your bane and antidote are both before you. The first is

LETTER 1102.—[1] Apparently George Robert Fitzgerald, son of George Fitzgerald by Lady Mary Hervey, daughter of Horace Walpole's friend and correspondent. After a life spent in extraordinary adventures, he was hanged for murder in June 1786.

by the Archbishop of Toulouse[2], who is thought the first man of the clergy. It has some sense, no pathetic, no eloquence, and, I think, clearly no belief in his own doctrine. The latter is by the Abbé Coyer[3], written livelily, upon a single idea; and, though I agree upon the inutility of the remedy he rejects, I have no better opinion of that he would substitute. Preaching has not failed from the beginning of the world till to-day, not because inadequate to the disease, but because the disease is incurable. If one preached to lions and tigers, would it cure them of thirsting for blood, and sucking it when they have an opportunity? No; but when they are whelped in the Tower, and both caressed and beaten, do they turn out a jot more tame when they are grown up? So far from it, all the kindness in the world, all the attention, cannot make even a monkey (that is no beast of prey) remember a pair of scissors or an ensigncy.

Adieu, Madam! and pray don't forgive me, till I have forgiven myself. I dare not close my letter with any professions; for could you believe them in one that had so much reason to think himself

Your most obedient humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE?

1103. To GEORGE MONTAGU.

Paris, March 12, 1766.

I CAN write but two lines, for I have been confined these four or five days with a violent inflammation in my eyes, and which has prevented my returning to Madame Roland. I did not find her at home, but left your letter. My right eye is well again, and I have been to take the air.

[2] Brienne de Loménie. *Walpole.*
[3] Gabriel François Coyer (1702–1782), author of a pamphlet called *De la Prédication.*

How can you *ask leave* to carry anybody to Strawberry? May not you do what you please with me and mine? Does not Arlington Street comprehend Strawberry? why don't you go and lie there if you like it?

It will, I think, be the middle of April before I return; I have lost a week by this confinement, and would fain satisfy my curiosity entirely, now I am here. I have seen enough and too much of the people.

I am glad you are upon civil terms with Habihuleo[1]. The less I esteem folks the less I would quarrel with them.

I don't wonder that Colman and Garrick write ill in concert, when they write ill separately—however, I am heartily glad the Clive shines[2]. Adieu!

Commend me to Charles Street.

Kiss Fanny, and Mufti, and Ponto for me, when you go to Strawberry; dear souls, I long to kiss them myself.

1104. To George Montagu.

Paris, March 21, 1766.

You make me very happy in telling me you have been so comfortable in my house. If you would set up a bed there, you need never go out of it: I want to invite you, not to expel you. April the tenth my pilgrimage will end, and the fifteenth, or sixteenth, you may expect to see me, not much fattened with the flesh-pots of Egypt, but almost as glad to come amongst you again as I was to leave you.

Your Madame Roland is not half so fond of me as she tells me; I have been twice at her door, left your letter and my own direction, but have not received so much as a message to tell me she is sorry she was not at home. Perhaps this is her first vision of Paris, and it is natural

Letter 1103.—[1] Probably Montagu's cousin, Lord Halifax.

[2] In the comedy of *The Clandestine Marriage*, by Garrick and Colman, recently produced at Drury Lane.

for a Frenchwoman to have her head turned with it; though what she takes for rivers of emerald, and hôtels of ruby and topaz, are to my eyes, that have been purged with euphrasy and *rue*, a filthy stream, in which everything is washed without being cleaner, and dirty houses, ugly streets, worse shops, and churches loaded with bad pictures. Such is the *material* part of this paradise—for the corporeal, if Madame Roland admires it, I have nothing to say—however, I shall not be sorry to make one at Lady Frances Elliot's[1]. Thank you for admiring my deaf old woman[2]; if I could bring my old blind one[3] with me, I should resign this paradise as willingly as if [it] was built of opal, and designed by a fisherman, who thought that what makes a fine necklace would make a finer habitation.

We did not want your sun; it has shone here for a fortnight with all its lustre; but yesterday a north wind, blown by the Czarina herself I believe, arrived, and declared a month of March of full age. This morning it snowed; and now, clouds of dust are whisking about the streets and quays, edged with an east wind, that gets under one's very shirt. I should not be quite sorry if a little of it tapped my lilacs on their green noses, and bade them wait for their master.

The Princess of Talmond sent me this morning a picture of two pug-dogs, and a black and white greyhound, wretchedly painted. I could not conceive what I was to do with this daub, but in her note she warned me not to hope to keep it—it was only to imprint on my memory the size, and features, and spots of Diana, her departed greyhound, in order that I might get her exactly such another. Don't you think my memory will return well stored, if it is

LETTER 1104. — [1] Lady Frances Nassau d'Auverquerque (d. 1772), eldest daughter of first Earl of Grantham; m. (1737) Captain Elliot.
[2] The Countess of Suffolk.
[3] Madame du Deffand.

littered with defunct lap-dogs? She is so devout that I did not dare send her word, that I am not possessed of a twig of Jacob's broom, with which he streaked cattle as he pleased.

T'other day, in the street, I saw a child in a leading-string, whose nurse gave it a farthing for a beggar; the babe delivered its mite with a grace and twirl of the hand. I don't think your cousin Twitcher's first grandson will be so well-bred. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

1105. To Sir Horace Mann.

Paris, March 21, 1766.

You are not very just to me, my dear Sir, in suspecting me of neglecting you. Do you think Paris has turned my head, or could make me, what England never could, forget you? Was not it so when I first arrived here? and did not you find at last that it was the post's fault, not mine? What can I do if they will not carry my letters to you? I write this on a scrap of paper, because I cannot promise myself that it will have better fortune than its predecessors. If it should, know, that since the beginning of this year, I have writ to you on Jan. 7th, Feb. 11th, and March 1st. Seldomer, it is true, than when I was at home; but I had found the difficulty of making my letters reach you, and besides could send you but very imperfect accounts of what was doing there. I shall be in London by the middle of April, and then I trust our correspondence will have no more interruptions: but sure you ought to distrust anything sooner than a friendship so unalterable as mine.

We do not yet actually know the last step of the repeal of the Stamp Act, but have all reason to conclude it passed[1] in

Letter 1105.—[1] The repeal passed the House of Commons on March 4, 1766.

the most satisfactory manner for the ministry, as, on the second reading in the House of Lords, it was carried by a majority of thirty-four, though no greater majority was expected than of five or six. The bloodthirsty protested, and intended to protest again on the last stage; an evident symptom of their despair; and a most foolish step, as it is marking out their names to the odium of the nation, and delivering down an attestation of their tyrannic principles to posterity. Lord Lyttelton drew the first, and I hope it will be bound up hereafter with his *Persian Letters*[2], to show on what contradictory principles his Lordship can oppose.

Grenville is fallen below contempt; Sandwich and his parson Anti-Sejanus[3] hooted off the stage. Mr. Pitt's abilities, I am told, have shone with greater lustre than ever, and with more variety. There is a report here that he has actually accepted the administration. I do not believe that he has yet, though I am sure no French *wishes* coined the report. I could not have believed, if I had not come hither, how much they dread him.

Well! all this paves the way to what I wish, liberty to my country and liberty to me. Tranquillity bounds my ambition. To see Grenville, and such wretches, grovelling in the mire, gilds the peaceable scene. How many wretches have I lived to see England escape! Thank God I am not philosopher enough not to be grateful for it! I would not wrestle like the *savants* here, against any powers beyond those of this world. I may spurn pigmies of my own size; but do not question what I cannot fathom. Gods of stone, or kings of flesh, are my derision; but of all gods that were ever invented, the most ridiculous is that old lumpish god of the Grecian sophists, whom the modern litterati want to reinstate—the god Matter. It would be like a revolution in

[2] Published in 1735.

[3] One Scott, a clergyman, employed by Lord Sandwich to write in the newspapers against Mr. Pitt. He signed his papers *Anti-Sejanus*. *Walpole.*

England in favour of the late Pretender after he was bedridden.

Soh! Master Matter and Cardinal Matter[4] make a very foolish figure! *À la bonne heure!*

If you receive any one of my letters, pray assure Sir James Macdonald that I have answered his; but when they miscarry to you, I have less hopes of one reaching him. Direct your next to Arlington Street.

1106. To George Montagu.

Paris, April 3, 1766.

One must be just to all the world: Madame Roland, I find, has been in the country, and at Versailles, and was so obliging as to call on me this morning, but I was so disobliging as not to be awake. I was dreaming dreams; in short, I had dined at Livry; yes, yes, at Livry, with a *Langlade* and *De la Rochefoucaults.* The abbey is now possessed by an Abbé de Malherbe, with whom I am acquainted, and who had given me a general invitation. I put it off to the last moment, that the *bois* and *allées* might set off the scene a little, and contribute to the vision—but it did not want it. Livry is situated in the Forêt de Bondi, very agreeably, on a flat, but with hills near it, and in prospect. There is a great air of simplicity and rural about it, more regular than our taste, but with an old-fashioned tranquillity, and nothing of *colifichet.* Not a tree exists that remembers the charming woman[1], because in this country an old tree is a traitor, and forfeits its head to the crown; but the plantations are not young, and might very well be as they were in her time. The Abbé's house is decent and smug—a few paces from it is the sacred pavilion built for

[4] Probably an allusion to the Pretender and his brother Cardinal York.

Letter 1106.—[1] Madame de Sévigné.

Madame de Sévigné by her uncle, and much as it was in her day; a small *salon* below for dinner, then an arcade, but the niches now closed, and painted in fresco with medallions of her, the Grignan, the Fayette, and the Rochefoucault. Above, a handsome large room, with a chimney-piece in the best taste of Louis the Fourteenth's time; a Holy Family in good relief over it, and the cipher of her uncle Coulanges; a neat little bedchamber within, and two or three clean little chambers over them. On one side of the garden leading to the great road is a little bridge of wood, on which the dear woman used to wait for the courier that brought her daughter's letters. Judge with what veneration and satisfaction I set my foot upon it! If you will come to France with me next year, we will go and sacrifice on that sacred spot together.

On the road to Livry I passed a new house, on the pilasters of the gate to which were two sphinxes in stone, with their heads coquetly reclined, straw hats, and French cloaks, slightly pinned, and not hiding their bubbies. I don't know whether I or Memphis would have been more diverted.

I shall set out this day se'nnight, the tenth, and be in London about the fifteenth or sixteenth, if the wind is fair. Adieu! Yours ever,

H. W.

P.S. I need not say, I suppose, that this letter is to Mr. Chute too.

1107. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Paris, April 6, 1766.

In a certain city[1] of Europe it is the custom to wear slouched hats, long cloaks, and high capes. Scandal and

Letter 1107. — [1] Madrid, where riots had taken place in consequence of an attempt to prevent the wearing of slouched hats and long cloaks.

the government called this dress *going in mask*, and pretended that it contributed to assassination. An ordonnance was published, commanding free-born hats to be cocked, cloaks to be shortened, and capes laid aside. All the world obeyed for the first day; but the next, everything returned into its old channel. In the evening a tumult arose, and cries of 'God bless the King! God bless the kingdom! but confusion to the prime minister[2].' The word was no sooner given, but his house was beset, the windows broken, and the gates attempted. The guards came and fired on the *weavers*[3] of cloaks. The weavers returned the fire, and many fell on each side. As the hour of supper approached and the mob grew hungry, they recollected a tax upon bread, and demanded the *repeal*[4]. The King yielded to both requests, and hats and loaves were set at liberty. The people were not contented, and still insisted on the permission of murdering the first minister; though his Majesty assured his faithful commons that the minister was never consulted on acts of government, and was only his private friend, who sometimes called upon him in an evening to drink a glass of wine and talk botany[5]. The people were incredulous, and continued in mutiny when the last letters came away. If you should happen to suppose, as I did, that this *history* arrived in London, do not be alarmed; for it was at Madrid: and a nation who has borne the Inquisition cannot support a cocked hat. So necessary it is for governors to know when lead or a feather will turn the balance of human understandings, or will not!

I should not have entrenched on Lord George's[6] province

[2] Squillace, an Italian, whom the King was obliged to banish. *Walpole.*

[3] Alluding to the mobs of silk weavers which had taken place this year in London. *Walpole.*—The riots took place in 1765.

[4] Alluding to the repeal of the Stamp Act.

[5] An allusion to George III and Lord Bute. The latter was fond of botany.

[6] Lord George Lenox, only brother to the Duke of Richmond. *Walpole.*

of sending you news of revolutions, but he is at Aubigné[7]; and I thought it right to advertise you in time, in case you should have a mind to send a bale of slouched hats to the support of the mutineers. As I have worn a flapped hat all my life, when I have worn any at all, I think myself qualified, and would offer my service to command them; but, being persuaded that you are a faithful observer of treaties, though a friend to repeals, I shall come and receive your commands in person. In the meantime I cannot help figuring what a pompous protest my Lord Lyttelton might draw up in the character of an old grandee against the revocation of the act for cocked hats.

Lady Ailesbury forgot to send me word of your recovery, as she promised; but I was so lucky as to hear it from other hands. Pray take care of yourself, and do not imagine that you are as weak as I am, and can escape the scythe, as I do, by being low: your life is of more consequence. If you don't believe me, step into the street and ask the first man you meet.

This is Sunday, and Thursday is fixed for my departure, unless the Clairon should return to the stage on Tuesday se'nnight, as is said; and I do not know whether I should not be tempted to borrow two or three days more, having never seen her: yet my lilacs pull hard, and I have not a farthing left in the world. Be sure you do not leave a cranny open for George Grenville to wriggle in, till I have got all my things out of the Custom House. Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

[7] The Duke of Richmond's country seat in France. *Walpole.*

1108. To the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Paris, April 8, 1766.

I sent you a few lines by the post yesterday with the first accounts of the insurrections at Madrid. I have since seen Stahremberg, the Imperial minister, who has had a courier from thence; and if Lord Rochford has not sent one, you will not be sorry to know more particulars. The mob disarmed the Invalids; stopped all coaches, to prevent Squillaci's flight; and meeting the Duke de Medina Celi, forced him and the Duke d'Arcos to carry their demands to the King. His most frightened Majesty granted them directly; on which his Highness the people dispatched a monk with their demands in writing, couched in four articles: the diminution of the gabel on bread and oil; the revocation of the ordonnance on hats and cloaks; the banishment of Squillaci; and the abolition of some other tax, I don't know what. The King signed all; yet was still forced to appear in a balcony, and promise to observe what he had granted. Squillaci was sent with an escort to Carthagena, to embark for Naples, and the first commissioner of the treasury appointed to succeed him; which does not look much like observation of the conditions. Some say Ensenada[1] is recalled, and that Grimaldi is in no good odour with the people. If the latter and Squillaci are dismissed, we get rid of two enemies.

The tumult ceased on the grant of the demands; but the King retiring that night to Aranjuez, the insurrection was renewed the next morning, on pretence that this flight was a breach of the capitulation. The people seized the gates of the capital, and permitted nobody to go out. In this state were things when the courier came away. The ordonnance

Letter 1108.—[1] Zenon Silva, Marquis de la Enseñada, who had been minister in the reign of Ferdinand VI.

against going in disguise looks as if some suspicions had been conceived; and yet their confidence was so great as not to have two thousand guards in the town. The pitiful behaviour of the court makes one think that the Italians were frightened, and that the Spanish part of the ministry were not sorry it took that turn. As I suppose there is no great city in Spain which has not at least a bigger bundle of grievances than the capital, one shall not wonder if the pusillanimous behaviour of the King encourages them to redress themselves too.

There is what is called a change of the ministry here; but it is only a crossing over and figuring in. The Duc de Praslin has wished to retire for some time; and for this last fortnight there has been much talk of his being replaced by the Duc d'Aiguillon, the Duc de Nivernois, &c.; but it is plain, though not believed till *now*, that the Duc de Choiseul is all-powerful. To purchase the stay of his cousin Praslin, on whom he can depend, and to leave no cranny open, he has ceded the marine and colonies to the Duc de Praslin, and taken the foreign and military department himself. His cousin is, besides, named Chef du Conseil des Finances; a very honourable, very dignified, and very idle place, and never filled since the Duc de Béthune[2] had it. Praslin's hopeful cub, the Viscount[3], whom you saw in England last year, goes to Naples; and the Marquis de Durfort[4] to Vienna—a cold, dry, proud man, with the figure and manner of Lord Cornbury.

Great matters are expected to-day from the Parliament, which reassembles. A mousquetaire, his piece loaded with a *lettre de cachet*, went about a fortnight ago to the notary who keeps the parliamentary registers, and demanded them.

[2] Paul François (1682-1759), Duc de Béthune.

[3] The Vicomte de Choiseul.

[4] Emmanuel Félicité (1715-1789), Duc de Durfort.

They were refused—but given up, on the *lettre de cachet* being produced. The Parliament intends to try the notary for breach of trust, which I suppose will make his fortune; though he has not the merit of perjury, like Carteret Webb.

There have been insurrections at Bourdeaux and Toulouse, on the militia, and twenty-seven persons were killed at the latter: but both are appeased. These things are so much in vogue, that I wonder the French do not dress *à la révolte*. The Queen is in a very dangerous way. This will be my last letter; but I am not sure I shall set out before the middle of next week. Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

1109. To Sir Horace Mann.

Calais, April 20, 1766.

I AM here waiting for the tide, my dear Sir, and cannot employ my leisure better than in reviving our correspondence, which has not languished from any fault in me, but from the difficulties and dilatoriness of the French couriers, from my want of English news, and from my unwillingness to talk on our affairs in the heart of Paris. All those obstacles cease now, and you will find no change or coolness in my friendship.

Mr. Conway has been twice dangerously ill, both times from neglect. He had a scorbutic eruption, caught cold, neglected it, it turned to a high fever, he was thrice blooded, and recovered. His first sally was to his Sabine farm, whither the opposition wanted so much to send him. A deep snow fell, but he would walk out to see his improvements. The eruption, which had returned on his breast, struck in suddenly, and he fainted away; but it took a rheumatic turn, and the Duke of Richmond writes me word that he is recovering. In the meantime affairs have

run into confusion. Mr. Pitt, notwithstanding he has been so much announced for coming in, has certainly not yet been treated with, and probably grows impatient, for of late he has suddenly turned his artillery against the ministry, —for who saves their country for their country's sake? I expect to find things in much disorder; but I am used to that, and grown indifferent to it.

The Hereditary Prince has landed on this side, and will make you a visit before his return. As he has left affairs unsettled, I cannot think Mr. Pitt's junction very likely, which I do not doubt but his Highness has much laboured. He will not probably be so much in fashion at Paris as he would have been two years ago. Their admiration is more worn out than the sense of their losses. Our papers say it has been discovered that France was at the bottom of the insurrections of the Whiteboys in Ireland. It is the age of revolts, and one has just broken out which she did not expect, and which is likely to tie up her best instrument. You do not hesitate, to be sure, to guess that I mean the insurrection at Madrid. Perhaps Squillace is even already landed with you. The King of Aranjuez refuses to return to his capital: sometimes he is sick, sometimes it is the season; in bigger moments, he will fix at Seville. In short, whether frightened or betrayed, he has made a wretched figure, and I have no doubt but the Spanish nobility are heartily glad he has, if they are not more.

When the Spanish diadem totters, what royal head but must ache? I would not answer, but there may be some twitches in the one [1] that has lately declared itself so omnipotent, and retained so much of his ancient Jesuit confessor's lessons as to distinguish between an oath to God *for* his people and *to* his people. It is such a declaration as must have

LETTER 1109.—[1] Louis the Fifteenth: he had lately held a *lit de justice*, in which he had asserted his authority in very strong terms, and forbidden the Parliament to dispute his acts. *Walpole.*

made deep impressions, though the thunder has hitherto struck everybody dumb. The first moment of difficulty or disaster, the first war, will undoubtedly revive the resentment of a nation, who have chosen to crouch; but pretended to say that it was voluntarily and from affection. For the nobility, they are to a man rejoiced; they hate these discussions, and are glad to be eased of thinking, which is equivalent to the headache in a man of quality.

You will naturally here ask me how I like France upon the whole? So well, that I shall certainly return hither. I have received most uncommon civilities and real marks of friendship, and shall ever preserve great gratitude for them. I wish the two nations to live eternally at peace, and shall be glad to pass my time between them. My principles can never grow monarchic, but I never entered in the least into their politics. In the first place, politics were what I came hither to avoid; and in the next, I think it indecent in a stranger to meddle with those of another country, where he is well received. Tranquillity is all I ask for the rest of my days, and I shall sedulously avoid every occasion of disturbing myself. When I reflect on how prodigious a quantity of events I have been witness to or engaged in, my life seems equal to Methuselah's. I sometimes can hardly believe that I have not lived twice; but indeed there has been no pause to distinguish my two lives. My natural life, between an excellent constitution and the repairer gout, seems likely to add a codicil to Methuselah's.

I shall leave the rest of my paper for London, where I must pass some days before I get to Strawberry Hill, though thither my impatience is all pointed. Good night.

Wednesday, April 23rd, Arlington Street.

I arrived last night. Mr. Conway is not yet come to town, nor well, but is expected to-morrow. Mr. Pitt has

kicked and cuffed to right and left, and all is disorder. I don't guess what the sediment will be!

Lord Clive has just sent us the whole kingdom of Bengal, which the Great Mogul[2] has yielded to this little Great Mogul without a blow. He has made an infant nabob[3], and settled a regency; and when all expenses are paid there will be remitted to England yearly a million and half; we may buy another war in Germany and subsidize two or three electors, for we shall scorn to be the better for this money ourselves. East India stock is risen ten per cent. Adieu!

1110. To Lord Hailes (?).

Arlington Street, May 6, 1766.

I am returned from Paris, Sir, and have the pleasure of having procured you all or most of the Nanteuils you wanted, with a scripture-piece by him, which is bad indeed, but extremely scarce, and which perhaps you have not got. Be so good as to let me know how to convey them to you.

I discovered the name of the person who wrote the *Anecdotes des Reines de France*, but I could by no method find out where he lives; I should think not in Paris. However, I have left your commission with Father Gordon, the Principal of the Scotch College, and he has promised to endeavour to search for him and procure the sonnet, if possible.

I was so ill, or so ill recovered all the winter, and the next season was so bad, that I ventured but once to the

[2] Shah Alum had signed a warrant empowering the East India Company to collect and administer the revenues of Bengal, Orissa, and Behar.

[3] Najam-ud-Dowlah, a boy of eighteen, had been placed on the throne by the East India Company before Clive's arrival.

Letter 1110.—The addressee of this letter is unknown, owing (as Cunningham states) to the loss of the cover. It was probably written to Sir David Dalrymple (Lord Hailes), who was a collector of prints by Nanteuil. See letter to him of Jan. 31, 1764.

King's Library, where their caution never suffers any fire. Mr. Hume will return to Paris, I believe, next month, and I dare to say would be very willing, as well as most capable of searching for and obtaining anything you want there.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
Hor. Walpole.

1111. To the Duchesse de Choiseul.

[6 Mai 1766.]

Je fus bien tenté, Madame, à mon retour dans mon pays, de vous marquer ma reconnaissance de toutes les bontés que vous avez daigné me prodiguer; mais votre politesse naturelle, Madame la Duchesse, m'en empêchait, et je n'osais mettre sur mon compte les grâces que vous répandez sur tout le monde,—il ne résultait pas de ce que vous m'avez été favorable que je l'eusse mérité; l'excellence de votre caractère aurait pu mettre vos lumières en défaut; je vous estimais trop, Madame, pour m'en estimer davantage. Madame du Deffand veut me persuader, car elle est très sujette à s'engouer, que vous m'aviez un peu distingué du commun, et pour preuve m'envoie votre billet; je vous en remercie très humblement, Madame la Duchesse, et quoique mon peu de mérite me rend encore très défiant sur mon propre chapitre, je n'y suis pas moins sensible. Je suis persuadé que vous vouliez faire plaisir à ma bonne amie, et j'ai trop de raisons pour l'aimer pour ne pas goûter des attentions pour elle, pour le moins autant que si elles m'eussent été adressées. Voyez, Madame, jusqu'à quel point j'honore votre caractère quand j'ose vous faire un pareil aveu. Le fils d'un premier ministre ose être sincère avec

Letter 1111.—Not in C.; now first printed from copy in possession of Mr. W. R. Parker-Jervis.

la femme d'un premier ministre. Ce n'est pas au[1] disgrâce des cours, mais c'est vous, Madame, qui en retirez tout l'honneur, car vous jouissez[1]; votre philosophie ne s'est pas attendu à se former aux leçons d'une chute; vous avez fait davantage, Madame, vous rapprochez les gens de partis opposés. J'ai eu l'honneur de causer une demie heure avec M. le Duc de Bedford sur votre chapitre; j'ai presque envie de vous raconter tout ce qu'il m'a dit sur ce sujet — mais quoiqu'on devient babillard en parlant de vous, Madame la Duchesse, je n'ose pousser trop loin la liberté que j'ai pris de vous écrire, je veux être sage pour que vous me continuiez vos bontés à mon retour. Moi qui suis un peu glorieux vis-à-vis de mes compatriotes, ne rougirais pas d'être un des courtisans de votre antichambre; il n'y a point d'Anglais qui tiendrait contre un pareil charme.

J'ai l'honneur d'être, Madame la Duchesse, votre très humble, très respectueux, et très obéissant serviteur,

HORACE WALPOLE.

1112. To the Rev. William Cole.

Arlington Street, May 10, 1766.

At last I am come back, dear Sir, and in good health. I have brought you four cups and saucers, one red and white, one blue and white, and two coloured; and a little box of pastils. Tell me whether and how I shall convey them to you, or whether you will, as I hope, come to Strawberry this summer, and fetch them yourself. But if you are in the least hurry, I will send them.

I flatter myself you have quite recovered your accident, and have no remains of lameness. The spring is very wet and cold, but Strawberry alone contains more verdure than all France.

[1] This sentence is probably corrupt; it stands thus in the copy.

I scrambled very well through the Custom House at Dover, and have got all my china safe from that here in town. You will see the fruits when you come to Strawberry Hill. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. Walpole.

1113. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir, Arlington Street, May 13, 1766.

I am forced to do a very awkward thing and send you back one of your letters, and, what is still worse, opened. The case was this: I received your two at dinner, opened one and laid the other in my lap; but forgetting that I had taken one out of the first, I took up the wrong, and broke it open, without perceiving my mistake, till I saw the words, *Dear Sister*. I give you my honour I read no farther, but had torn it too much to send it away. Pray excuse me; and another time I beg you will put an envelope, for you write just where the seal comes; and besides, place the seals so together, that though I did not quite open the fourth letter, yet it stuck so to the outer seal, that I could not help tearing it a little. Your things shall be ready whenever they are called for. Adieu!

Yours ever,
H. W.

1114. To the Rev. William Cole.

Dear Sir,

If you wonder you have not received the china and pastils, I must tell you the reason. They were sent for late in the evening when I was not at home. The servant

Letter 1114.—Not in C.; printed in the 4to ed. (1818) of the Letters to Cole; now printed from original in British Museum.

desired they might be ready by eight next morning, but did not come for them, but afterwards left word they were to go by the waggon. I knew that was not safe for the china, and would reduce the pastils to powder, and therefore did not send them. When you send for them, be so good as to let me have a day or two of notice, because I am never at home in an evening, and often out of town.

The cups certainly cost but nine livres apiece, and nineteen was a mistake.

Yours ever,
H. W.

END OF VOL. VI

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